The Adventures of Roderick Random

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

Edited by

JAMES G. BASKER, NICOLE SEARY,

and PAUL-GABRIEL BOUCÉ

VISIT…

THE WORKS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT

The Adventures of Roderick Random

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This edition includes all of the works by which Tobias Smollett was best known in his own day and by which he most deserves to be remembered. The edition conforms to the highest standards of textual and editorial scholarship. Individual volumes provide carefully prepared texts together with biographical and historical introductions and extensive explanatory notes.

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The Adventures of Roderick Random

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

Introduction and Notes by

JAMES G. BASKER

PAUL-GABRIEL BOUCÉ

NICOLE A. SEARY

The Text Edited by

O M BRACK, JR.

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TO
Angela Vallot, Anne Vallot-Basker,
and Katherine Vallot-Basker,

TO
Genete Scura Seary and the late Alan Preston Seary,

AND TO
THE MEMORY OF
Paul-Gabriel Boucé

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The frontispieces from the fourth edition, designed by Francis Hayman, engraved by Charles Grignion, and first included in the second edition (1748), are reproduced from a copy held privately; the title pages to volumes 1 and 2 of the fourth edition (London, 1755) are reproduced from a copy owned by O M Brack, Jr. The engravings by Thomas Rowlandson (after George Moutard Woodward and Henry Singleton), along with those by J. C. Stadler (after Samuel Collings), are reproduced from a collection listed as "Illustrations to *Roderick Random*" (London, 1792) and held by Harvard's Houghton Library. The illustrations solely by Rowlandson, dated 1793, are cataloged individually in the Prints Collection at the Lewis Walpole Library, Yale University; they were apparently intended for the 1793 London edition of *Roderick Random*, published by J. Sibbald. Also from 1793 are four images from the Columbia University copy of a rival London edition printed for C. Cooke, three designed by Richard Corbould (engraved by Joseph Saunders, William Hawkins, and Charles Grignion) and one by H. Hamilton (engraved by Hawkins). The nineteenth-century illustrations by George Cruikshank are reproduced from the Harvard copy of the 1831 London edition. The title page of volume 5 of *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages* (London, 1756) and the map of Cartagena from that volume are reproduced from a copy held privately.

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PREFACE

This is the most elaborate scholarly edition of *Roderick Random* yet undertaken, though the novel has had a long and rich publishing history. The introduction and notes incorporate new findings about the publication and reception of the novel and about the relationship of the novel to Smollett's other writings. This is also the first edition to include an annotated version of Smollett's "Account of the Expedition against Carthagene," together with introductory material that establishes its date of composition in the 1740s and adds new information to the story of its composition, reception, and relation to the Cartagena sections of *Roderick Random*.

Since its first publication in 1748, *Roderick Random* has never been out of print. Smollett closely revised the second (1748), third (1749), and fourth (1755) editions. Because the fourth edition incorporates Smollett's latest revisions, it has been taken as copy-text for this edition. By the time of Smollett's death in 1771, *Roderick Random* had gone through at least eight editions in London, with numerous others in Ireland and Scotland, and translations into German and French. Another ten editions of *Roderick Random* appeared before 1800, and the novel was invariably included in the collected editions of Smollett's works published from 1790 on. The most important of these were the six-volume Edinburgh edition, *The Miscellaneous Works of Tobias Smollett*, published in 1796, edited by Robert Anderson, and the rival eight-volume collection, *The Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D.*, published in London in 1797, edited by John Moore. Anderson drew extensively on information provided by people who had known Smollett, and Anderson continued to revise and enlarge his prefatory biography in five subsequent reissues of the collection, down through 1820. He was the first to include Smollett's "Account of the Expedition against Carthagene" in the author's works, beginning with the revised edition of 1800. Moore, himself a novelist and man of letters, was Smollett's cousin and good friend, and he drew on personal knowledge to write the "Memoirs of [Smollett's] Life" that he included with his 1797 edition of Smollett's *Works*.

Over the course of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, *Roderick Random* continued to appear in separate editions and in collections of Smollett's works. The most impressive separate edition appeared at the end of the nineteenth century, in 1899, when *Roderick Random* was selected for publication as one of the "*Daily Telegraph* 100 Best Novels." Noteworthy among the collected editions are those compiled or introduced by Sir Walter Scott (1821), Thomas Roscoe (1841), David Herbert (1870), J. P. Browne (1872), George Saintsbury (1889–1901), W. E. Henley and T. Seccombe (1899–1901), and G. H. Maynadier (1902), as well as the elegant *Shakespeare Head Edition of Smollett's Novels* published by Basil Blackwell in eleven volumes (Oxford, 1925–26). Other fancy editions of *Roderick Random* were brought out by the Navarre Society in the 1920s (with plates by George Cruikshank) and by the Folio Society in 1961. But the novel also remained widely available over the decades in less expensive

form, beginning with the Everyman's Library edition of 1927 and the World's Classics edition of Oxford University Press (1930) and continuing with innumerable paperback editions such as the Signet Classics/New American Library (1964) and Penguin (1995) editions. The most useful annotated editions have been Paul-Gabriel Boucé's World's Classics paperback of 1979 and David Blewett's Penguin paperback of 1995, though of course both limited their annotations and apparatus in accordance with their primary purpose as inexpensive texts for college use. Today, thanks to the digital revolution, one can find multiple editions of *Roderick Random* in online archives and other digital forms as well as by way of print-on-demand.

The editors of this edition have benefited from the long accumulation of biographical, critical, and textual information. In the twentieth century, Smollett scholarship grew steadily, especially from the 1940s on. Of the many studies that have appeared, the most valuable have been Louis Martz, *The Later Career of Tobias Smollett* (1942), Lewis M. Knapp, *Tobias Smollett: Doctor of Men and Manners* (1949), Paul-Gabriel Boucé, *The Novels of Tobias Smollett* (1971; trans. 1976), and Jerry Beasley, *Tobias Smollett: Novelist* (1998). But as a glance through Robert Donald Spector, *Tobias Smollett: A Reference Guide* (1980), and Mary Wagoner, *Tobias Smollett: A Checklist of Editions of His Works and an Annotated Secondary Bibliography* (1984), or a quick search on the Internet will show, there are scores of books and thousands of essays and articles that have shed light on *Roderick Random* in particular and Smollett's life and works in general over the past seventy-five years.

Equally valuable in preparing this edition have been the earlier volumes of the University of Georgia Press Edition of the Works of Tobias Smollett as they have appeared, beginning with *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* (ed. Jerry Beasley and O M Brack, Jr., 1987) and including *The History and Adventures of an Atom* (ed. Robert Adams Day and O M Brack, Jr., 1989), *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* (ed. Thomas Preston and O M Brack, Jr., 1990), *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton"* (ed. Byron Gassman and O M Brack, Jr., 1993), *The Adventures of Telemachus* (ed. Leslie A. Chilton and O M Brack, Jr., 1997), *The Life and Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* (ed. Robert Folkenflik and Barbara Laning Fitzpatrick, 2002), *Don Quixote* (ed. Martin Battestin and O M Brack, Jr., 2003), *The Devil upon Crutches* (ed. O M Brack, Jr., and Leslie A. Chilton, 2005), and *The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane* (ed. O M Brack, Jr., and Leslie A. Chilton, 2011). The shelfful of knowledge that these editors have assembled has eased the way for all of their successors. We have attempted to follow the standards and practices they established in terms of textual apparatus and annotations, providing information that makes the novel more accessible for general readers while also offering students and scholars leads to reliable sources where they can more thoroughly investigate the detail in question.

Illustrators have long been drawn to *Roderick Random*, beginning with Francis Hayman, who designed frontispieces for the second edition in 1748 (engraved by Charles Grignion) that would reappear in many editions thereafter. In 1780 illustrations by R. Dodd appeared in the *Novelists Magazine* edition of *Roderick Random*, and in 1793 Thomas Rowlandson provided illustrations to a new edition of the novel that year. A variety of other artists followed, from Cruikshank, Charles Robert Leslie, and W. P.

Frith in the nineteenth century to Patrick Jobson, Frank Martin, and B. Linklater in the twentieth. From these we have selected illustrations by Hayman, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank for reproduction in this edition as works that bring us closest chronologically and stylistically to the *Roderick Random* of the mid-eighteenth century. Reproduced and interspersed throughout the text of the novel, together they suggest the many ways that *Roderick Random* has always seemed to invite and excite visual interpretation, and we hope they enrich the reader's imaginative experience of the novel.

A word remains to be said about the editorial team that has prepared this volume. It represents in a sense a three-generation team of eighteenth-century scholars. With O M Brack, Jr., having begun to edit the text, James G. Basker undertook the annotations and other contextual research in the early 1990s, with, from 1997 to 2010, the invaluable assistance of Nicole A. Seary. In 1998 Paul-Gabriel Boucé offered his assistance in reviewing and amending the notes as they were being researched and written. Thanks to the University of Georgia Press and the Editorial Board of the Smollett Edition and with the enthusiastic support of Basker and Seary, Boucé was officially invited to become a coeditor of the volume. He continued actively in that role (assisted by his devoted wife, the scholar Elizabeth Durot-Boucé) until his death in July 2004.

Boucé's legacy includes far more than his contribution to the annotations in this edition of *Roderick Random* and more even than his many scholarly books and other writings on eighteenth-century literature, which scholars and students will draw on for years to come. It encompasses also the thousands of students in France and England he taught and mentored; the innumerable academic colleagues to whom he was unfailingly generous and good humored; and the Sorbonne's wonderful international colloquium on eighteenth-century literature, which he founded and which was subsequently renamed in his honor.

J.G.B.

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Finally, our patient and loving family members deserve eternal gratitude: Genete Scura Seary and Alan Preston Seary, James W. and Anne G. Basker, Mary Anne Sandoval, Toni Howell, Judith Basker, Bob Basker, Anne and Katherine Vallot-Basker, and Angela Vallot.

J.G.B., N.A.S.

The general editor wishes to thank David Holdeman, chair of the Department of English at the University of North Texas.

ABBREVIATIONS

Basker	James G. Basker, *Tobias Smollett: Critic and Journalist* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1988)
Boucé	Paul-Gabriel Boucé, *The Novels of Tobias Smollett*, trans. Antonia White in collaboration with the author (London: Longman, 1976), originally published as *Les romans de Smollett* (Paris: Didier, 1971)
Buck	Howard Swazey Buck, *A Study in Smollett, Chiefly "Peregrine Pickle," with a Complete Collation of the First and Second Editions* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1925)
Complete History	Tobias Smollett, *A Complete History of England*, 4 vols. (London, 1757–58)
Ferdinand Count Fathom	Tobias Smollett, *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* (1753), ed. Jerry C. Beasley and O M Brack, Jr. (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1988)
Harding	Richard Harding, *Amphibious Warfare in the Eighteenth Century: The British Expedition to the West Indies, 1740–1742* (Suffolk: Boydell, 1991)
Humphry Clinker	Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* (1771), ed. Thomas R. Preston and O M Brack, Jr. (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1990)
Johnson, *Dictionary*	Samuel Johnson, *A Dictionary of the English Language*, 2 vols. (London, 1755)
Knapp	Lewis M. Knapp, *Tobias Smollett: Doctor of Men and Manners* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1949)
Letters	*The Letters of Tobias Smollett*, ed. Lewis M. Knapp (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970)
Maitland	William Maitland, *The History of London from Its Foundation to the Present Time*, 2 vols. (1739; 2nd ed., London, 1756)
OED	*Oxford English Dictionary Online* (Oxford University Press, 2008)

Poems, Plays, and "The Briton"	Tobias Smollett, *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* ed. Byron Gassman and O M Brack, Jr. (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1993)
Present State	Tobias Smollett, ed., *The Present State of All Nations*, 8 vols. (London, 1768–69)
Quincy	John Quincy, *Lexicon Physico-Medicum: or, A New Medical Dictionary* (1719; 5th ed., London, 1736)
Sir Launcelot Greaves	Tobias Smollett, *The Life and Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* (1760–62), ed. Robert Folkenflik and Barbara Laning Fitzpatrick (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2002)
Travels	Tobias Smollett, *Travels through France and Italy* (1766), ed. Frank Felsenstein (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1979)

INTRODUCTION

When *The Adventures of Roderick Random* was published on 21 January 1748, this raucous novel by the Scotsman Tobias Smollett marked a major breakthrough in its author's career and in the history of fiction. Still only twenty-six years old, the Glasgow-trained surgeon had been trying for more than eight years to succeed as a writer. In 1739 Smollett had come to London, like James Thomson and Samuel Johnson before him, with the manuscript of a tragedy in hand and other projects under way. Yet until *Roderick Random* he had not succeeded in publishing anything more than two short poems and a pair of verse satires in the style of Juvenal.[1] When his career stalled in its first year, Smollett was forced to turn elsewhere, resorting to a two-year stint as a surgeon's mate in the navy and a period of fortune hunting in the Caribbean before returning to London in 1744. Still his progress was frustratingly slow. Suddenly in 1747, brimming now with raw life experience acquired abroad, inspired by new trends in publishing and the enormous commercial success of Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* (1740) and Henry Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* (1742), Smollett turned to the novel, with stunning results.

It was a big risk for him. Nothing about *Roderick Random* amounted to playing it safe. Tackling a genre that was still marginal and contentious and to him entirely new, Smollett devoted eight months of precious time—while juggling the responsibilities of a new marriage and a struggling medical practice—to produce a literary work many times longer than anything he had written before. At 220,000 words, the novel was almost half again as long as *Joseph Andrews*, and in its slashing style, risqué language, exotic settings, and global scale, it exploded the cultural and geographical boundaries to which Richardson's and Fielding's early novels had confined themselves. Yet to Smollett's delight, it proved a big success, selling out immediately and reaching four editions within its first seven years. Smollett instantly became a presence in the London literary world. He would go on, during a career hampered by illness and foreshortened by his death at the age of fifty, to write five more full-length novels as well as an astonishing volume of work in other fields—many thousands of pages of translation, drama, history, journalism, and editorial writing. No major British author produced more published work in the third quarter of the eighteenth century than Smollett, and in the whole of the century perhaps only Defoe matched him for sheer volume.[2]

But none of his works made a greater impact than his first novel. His contemporaries were startled by the newcomer, their responses ranging from enthusiastic laughter to sniffy indignation. *Roderick Random* gave her "many a horse laugh," wrote Admiral Boscawen's wife, Fanny, a week after it was published.[3] In the January 1748 issue of the *British Magazine*, in the first published notice of Smollett's novel, an anonymous writer mused about the "soul expressing portrait" exhibited in *Roderick Random*.[4] The eminent Dr. Thomas Birch, Fellow of the Royal Society and a friend of Samuel Johnson, praised its "variety of characters" for their "vivacity and humor" and immediately

began recommending it to his literary and society friends. Richardson's friend Catherine Talbot, by contrast, was skeptical: "strange book," she wrote to the woman of letters Elizabeth Carter on 15 February 1748. When the smoke of its immediate reception had cleared, the impact of *Roderick Random* proved to be much more than a short-term phenomenon. Enjoyed by critics and general readers, it has remained in print for more than 250 years and had become by the twentieth century a solidly canonical novel. In terms of character, language, and theme, *Roderick Random* daringly expanded the possibilities of fiction in ways that would reverberate through the works of Dickens, Melville, and Thackeray in the nineteenth century and those of Arthur Conan Doyle, William Faulkner, George Orwell, Elizabeth Bowen, V. S. Pritchett, Anthony Burgess, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., John Barth, John Sladek, and Don Winslow in the twentieth.[5] More broadly, with its sweeping depiction of human depravity and the recurrent cruelty of fate, *Roderick Random* can be seen in many ways as a key text in the emergence of the whole noir sensibility of modern literature and film.

BIOGRAPHICAL BACKGROUND

Born 21 March 1721 in Dumbartonshire, Scotland, Smollett had an early life that instilled in him intense family pride, confidence in his talents, and hunger to succeed along with a dark view of human nature and a fierce attachment to codes of honor and integrity. His grandfather Sir James Smollett (1648–1731) had been knighted by King William in 1698, served on the commission that drafted the Articles of Union between Scotland and England in 1707, and was one of the first MPs to represent Scotland in the British parliament. Until his death in 1731, Sir James remained a prominent figure among the Scottish country gentry and political leadership. But Smollett's father, Archibald, was a less-accomplished man who, despite a legal education in Leiden, was sickly and unsuccessful. Moreover, Archibald married without his father's approval an intelligent but penniless woman, Barbara Cunningham, and then died early, leaving her a widow with three children. As a result, despite some idyllic moments in the fields around the family estate, Smollett grew up the youngest child in the Scottish version of a Jane Austen family: clever and cultured but poor, with sharply diminished expectations.[6] The middle name his parents bestowed on him, George, signaled the family's Whiggish loyalty to the union of Scotland and England and to Britain's Hanoverian monarchy. But the complexities and competing tugs of Smollett's Scottish roots versus those of the dominant English culture were to trouble him throughout his adult life.[7]

The difficulties that Smollett endured in his youth, born of the family's declining fortunes, were primarily psychological and were not perhaps debilitating in any real sense. Nonetheless, they left their mark on him. A much-admired older brother, James, who showed great promise and was commissioned a captain in the army, died suddenly when his ship was lost off the coast of America. Long into adulthood Smollett felt the sorrow of James's death. In 1754 he wrote about a friend who had suffered a similar loss: "I know what a man of Jack's sensibility must feel upon such an occasion; for I once sustained the same Calamity, in the Death of a Brother whom I loved and honoured."[8] Perhaps also, as often happens, his older sibling's death had moved Tobias

to take the expectations and responsibilities of the dead brother onto himself. His parents' poverty precluded the gentlemanly life he might have hoped for, restricting his career options to a practical field like medicine and necessitating an arduous sequence of medical apprenticeships in Glasgow. He applied himself and did well. But Smollett's expertise and skill at medicine would be counterbalanced by his frustrations at trying to develop a clinical practice and his restlessness to escape the field in order to pursue his first love, which was literature.

Two things buoyed him up: intellectual brilliance and education. Smollett benefited from Scotland's national system of free grammar schools (an important underpinning of the Scottish Enlightenment), attending the Dumbarton Grammar School from about 1727 to 1732. The headmaster, John Love, was a renowned classicist who years later was remembered even by his scholarly rivals as one of the finest schoolmasters in all of Scotland.[9] Under Love's tutelage, Smollett gained a classical education that not only prepared him for university study but also enabled him, like his Eton-educated rival, Fielding, to lace his fictional works with learned allusions and to hold his own in intellectual quarrels with Oxford- and Cambridge-educated literati. In chapter 10 of *Roderick Random*, for example, Smollett builds a comic scene out of his classical learning: Roderick and a pedantic schoolmaster engage in escalating banter conducted entirely in Latin, and Roderick is able to parry and return every thrust of the old man's classical erudition.[10]

After grammar school, from ages fourteen to eighteen, Smollett studied medicine in Glasgow, attending lectures by the medical faculty while also serving apprenticeships in the Glasgow Dispensatory and then with two surgeons, William Stirling and John Gordon. By all accounts, Stirling and Gordon were accomplished and well established, and they form an early link in the network of Scottish physicians (including John Armstrong, James and John Douglas, and John and William Hunter) with whom Smollett remained connected throughout his life. During the Glasgow years Smollett also managed to indulge his love of literature, attending lectures in the humanities and trying his hand at occasional poetry.[11] In his late teens the writer's bug got the better of him. Filled with a sense of his creative talent, Smollett somehow got free of his medical apprenticeship two years early and departed for London in 1739. Like so many before him, from Marlowe and Shakespeare to Thomson, Fielding, and Johnson, his dream was to write for the stage. It was not an irrational ambition. For all the new opportunities in the burgeoning world of print culture, the theater was still the place where writers could make big money and achieve fame most quickly. But it was a long shot.

The key, with only two licensed theaters staging plays, was getting one's play chosen for production. After arriving in London in mid-1739, Smollett soon learned that the praise of his Scottish friends and the names of contacts in the literary world were not enough. Making the rounds of prospective producers and patrons with his verse tragedy *The Regicide*, Smollett, like Johnson with his play *Irene*, found himself shut out and disappointed at every turn. To make matters worse, no grand medical jobs came his way either. After war was declared against Spain in October 1739 (soon labeled "The War of Jenkins' Ear"), Smollett began pursuing what may have been his fallback position all along. Responding to the massive mobilization, he applied to the navy for ap-

pointment as a medical professional. On 10 March 1740 he received his warrant as a surgeon's second mate. The pay was only £2 per month, but it provided a steady income that included room and board and during wartime could lead to prize shares or other riches. On 3 April he reported aboard the *Chichester*, an eighty-gun man-of-war that carried six hundred men, and after a few months cruising in home waters his ship joined in October one of the largest fleets ever assembled in British history to mount an expedition against the Spanish in the Caribbean, especially their stronghold at Cartagena.

Smollett's experience of the war, like his youth in Scotland and his struggles in London, raises a problem that has haunted his biographers and critics: how to distinguish between the facts of his life and those of his fictional first-person narrator Roderick Random. One of Smollett's fellow officers from the Cartagena campaign, for example, insisted that Smollett had stuck closely to real events in the novel: Smollett's "account of the expedition, given in *Roderick Random*," he is recorded as saying, "[was] very accurate and faithful in every particular."[12] Many of Smollett's contemporaries claimed to recognize real people behind the various characters in the novel. Such concerns moved Smollett to offer denial after denial, first in the preface he wrote for *Roderick Random* in 1748 and then in the apologue he added to the fourth edition in 1755, though there is no denying that where facts are known, much of the material of the novel does correspond to elements of Smollett's life. On the other hand, modern scholars, led by Knapp and Boucé, have warned against succumbing to the "autobiographical temptation" and presented instance after instance where the novel and Smollett's life bear no correlation.[13] Some instances are small and suggestive, such as the fact that aboard the *Chichester* we know Smollett witnessed the flogging of a sailor named Samuel Murray for "mutiny" on 18 December 1740, yet no such episode appears in *Roderick Random*.[14] Other differences are large and fundamental, such as the fact that as a result of the expedition, Smollett met and courted his future wife, Anne Lassells, in Jamaica, where she was born and raised, while in the novel Smollett has Roderick meet his beloved Narcissa in England (in rural Sussex), later marrying her there. In fact, Smollett does not include a single female character from Jamaica in his novel.[15]

Leaving aside point-to-point correlations, there is no question that Smollett's wartime experience shaped the novel, both its story line and its narrative tone. Particularly after the First and Second World Wars, we assume that war scars many of those it does not kill, and we readily understand how Smollett's experiences could have permanently affected his sensibility. He endured physical hardships himself and witnessed the suffering and deaths of countless men. Crossing the Atlantic, the *Chichester* was struck by gales so fierce that they split her mainsail; two men were washed overboard and lost. Every day at sea in Smollett's intense little world of the surgeons' "cockpit" (located below the lower gun deck) there were numbers of sick and injured men to be cared for. The records show that some died almost every day.[16] Smollett himself endured at least one major illness, and he was billed a large sum (more than ten shillings) for medicines. During the fierce combat at Cartagena, which lasted weeks and involved more than 120 ships and 27,000 men, Smollett was involved in treating the massive casualties produced by widespread disease, the constant bombardment, and the series of fu-

tile troop landings. A fellow surgeon later offered an eyewitness report that Smollett was on the shore with him, struggling to assist the wounded among the troops pinned down on the beaches.[17] By every account, there were thousands of sick, injured, and dead men at Cartagena. In his own record of events at Cartagena, drafted two years after the battle, Smollett remembered the sheer numbers of dead men, "their naked bodies . . . floating up and down the harbour, affording prey to the carrion crows and sharks."[18]

Smollett's personal experience of war and his translation of that experience into the angry, unblinking prose of *Roderick Random* made him one of the earliest wartime writers in English literature. No other major English novelist of the eighteenth century had firsthand experience of combat, nor did any attempt the kinds of graphic depictions that Smollett created. Though the physicality of his fiction is sometimes seen as a remnant of the coarseness and brutality of earlier times, Smollett may actually have anticipated modern sensibilities. Leigh Hunt was extraordinarily perceptive in 1819 when he wrote to Percy Bysshe Shelley that, despite finding something "very unpleasant" about Smollett's writings, he thought he had "done immense good to the poor wounded sailors in naval fights, by those pictures of pitiless surgery and amputations in *Roderick Random*."[19] Using such graphic techniques to awaken empathy and deflate prowar jingoism was ahead of the times. Perhaps not until the aftermath of the First and Second World Wars would British novelists again present their readers with such deliberately shocking images of the mangled bodies and grisly deaths that war brings.

After the failure at Cartagena in late April, Smollett's ship withdrew with the fleet to Jamaica and then a few months later sailed for England, arriving in September 1741.[20] Here a two-and-a-half-year gap opens up in Smollett's life, a period about which little is known. The few surviving biographical clues point to three developments. First, upon his return to England, Smollett again devoted time and effort to drumming up support for *The Regicide*. By 1742 the play was under serious consideration with Charles Fleetwood, manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, for production in a future season. As Fleetwood delayed making a decision, Smollett managed to get the play into the hands of an unidentified but influential nobleman who also proceeded to do nothing. So it would go for Smollett for years to come, doggedly refusing to abandon his dreams for the play but steadily forced to make his living in other ways.

Second, by February 1742 Smollett had again left England, almost certainly returning to Jamaica, though no longer serving in the navy. Despite one source's claim that Smollett served with the British fleet in its attack on the Spanish port of La Guaira (in modern-day Venezuela) in 1743, there is no record of him among British naval rosters at that time, and it is very difficult to imagine that, after his experiences at Cartagena and in the military generally, he would have signed on for more such action.[21] What is clear is that in this period Smollett spent time in Jamaica, courting and marrying the Jamaican-born Englishwoman Anne Lassells. Her ancestors were landowners who had been in Jamaica since the early 1600s, though her immediate family was only moderately wealthy by Jamaican standards. In the late 1730s Anne's twice-widowed mother owned about £20,000 in moveable property, including twenty-four slaves worth £754 and an unspecified but significant amount of land. Unfortunately for Smollett, a step-

brother and then two of her biological brothers stood between Anne and the main family inheritance. Still, to someone of Smollett's meager resources (he hadn't yet paid the tailor's bill from his student days in Glasgow), Anne would have been an attractive match. On her part, perhaps she and her family were taken with what they learned of Smollett's family background, and certainly the prospect of going to London and sharing in this dashing young naval veteran's future success as a doctor or writer must have been appealing.

No one knows what Smollett did to earn a living during these two and a half years. The logical thing would have been to practice medicine, and probably he tried to get work as a doctor in Jamaica. Suggestively, in the novel Smollett has another character tell Roderick that there is "a great scarcity of surgeons in the West-Indies" (chapter 35). No doubt to Smollett's distaste, the biggest demand for physicians in Jamaica was to work among the slaves, whether on a plantation or aboard ship in the transatlantic slave trade itself. Perhaps, like another Scottish physician and writer he would come to know (and dislike) in later years, James Grainger, Smollett took work as an overseer and doctor on a large plantation.[22] Or perhaps, as has elsewhere been suggested, Smollett took work on a slave ship. Although the potential profits from such employment were high, so were the risks, especially for physicians, who worked among the slaves in the hold and so had a higher rate of illness and death than other officers did.[23] Whether or not they were based on his personal experience, Smollett serves up examples of both kinds of medical jobs in *Roderick Random*. The naval surgeon Thompson, who had slipped overboard from the *Thunder* and was presumed dead as a suicide, resurfaces in chapter 36 as a thriving Jamaican plantation overseer hoping to marry the owner's daughter. And in chapter 65 Roderick himself makes a small fortune in a slave-trading venture on which he sails as physician and investor, carrying slaves from West Africa to Buenos Aires in South America.

Whatever he did in Jamaica did not hold him for long, as is evident from the third known development of this period: by May 1744 Smollett was back in London, on his own, apparently establishing himself before sending for his bride. By 1744 he had also managed a short trip to France, his first ever to the Continent. Clearly hopeful about his prospects as a doctor, Smollett aimed high. Perhaps subsidized by Anne's family, he launched his practice in expensive premises that he took over from the widow of the prominent surgeon John Douglas, who had died in 1743. He let the world know his medical offices were open for business: "You may henceforth direct for Mr. Smollett, surgeon, in Downing Street, West[minster]," he wrote to a friend on 22 May 1744.[24] But income from medicine did not meet expectations, and he was soon forced to retrench. Within nine months he had moved, and by 1746 he was in a cheaper rental in a back street in Mayfair, where the annual rent of £8 was less than a third of what the Downing Street digs had cost.[25] Here he would stay until 1748, when the revenue from *Roderick Random* would enable him to move with Anne, who had arrived sometime in 1747, into a bigger and more expensive house in Beaufort Street. Interestingly, after 1747, when income from writing would increasingly be his livelihood, Smollett continued to identify himself professionally as a doctor. In 1750 he took the trouble to acquire a medical degree in absentia (as was routinely done) from Marischal College in

Aberdeen, and in 1752 he published a pamphlet, *An Essay on the External Use of Water*, both measures designed to bolster his credentials as a physician.[26]

Meanwhile, between 1744 and 1747 Smollett achieved his first modest literary successes. In 1745 his four-stanza poem "A New Song," set to music by James Oswald, was included in the *Universal Harmony or, The Gentleman and Ladie's Social Companion. Consisting of a Great Variety of the Best and Most Favourite English & Scots Songs*, published by John Newbery. That Smollett took pride in the poem is evident. He revised it and gave it a new title, "On Celia playing on the harpsichord and singing," and contrived a way to include it in the text of *Roderick Random* (chapter 40) two years later.[27]

More painful is the story of his next publication, "The Tears of Scotland," in 1746. It was inspired by the bloody rout of the Scottish Jacobites at Culloden in April 1746, news of which reached London on 16 April. Smollett was out that night with his Scottish friend Alexander Carlyle, who later recalled that there was so much anti-Scottish violence in London that he and Smollett found it prudent to walk home on back streets, with swords drawn. Smollett warned Carlyle not to speak, lest his Scottish accent incite a mob to attack them.[28] Smollett was a loyalist, but he was deeply upset by the unnecessary slaughter of Scotsmen that followed the defeat at Culloden. Another of his contemporaries remembered an evening in the tavern when, with his "Tears of Scotland" still circulating in manuscript, Smollett was cautioned that the poem was politically inflammatory and might upset people. Immediately, and "with an air of great indignation" (goes the story), Smollett added one final and even more emotional stanza, fervently proclaiming his "resentment of my country's [i.e., Scotland's] fate."[29] That the poem was widely reprinted and anthologized between 1746 and 1753 (at least six different times) did little to quell the anger and anxiety Smollett often felt at the way Scots were treated in midcentury London.[30]

In September 1746 Smollett published his most substantial work to date, a formal verse satire in the style of Juvenal, *Advice: A Satire*, which appeared as a separate pamphlet under the imprint of "M. Cooper" and sold for a shilling a copy. Like Richard Savage and Samuel Johnson in the late 1730s, Smollett was inspired by the example of Alexander Pope, the reigning master of satiric verse who had died in 1744.[31] In 248 lines of sharp-edged rhyming couplets, Smollett denounced the political and moral corruption of the times. With its fresh take on current affairs and its resoundingly angry voice, *Advice* sold very well. Smollett quickly followed up, and in January 1747 his publisher issued *Reproof: A Satire. The Sequel to Advice*. Like *Advice* in form and tone, *Reproof* also sold out rapidly, as we can tell from the publisher's decision a few months later to commission a second edition of the two poems together—in a print run of 750 copies—which was published in March 1748.[32] Smollett had a growing sense of himself as an author. In a 1747 letter to Carlyle in Scotland, Smollett proudly reported that his "Tears of Scotland" had been "very well received" in London and that the "Two Satires called Advice and Reproof . . . made some Noise here."[33]

The same letter made it clear, however, that Smollett's obsession with the theater had not subsided. Smollett recounts his recent disappointment at the hands of John Rich at the Covent Garden theater and "that little rascal [David] Garrick" at the Drury Lane, adding two more names to his ever-expanding list of villains and frauds in the

theater world who failed to see the merits of *The Regicide*. But even Smollett was beginning to sense how tiresome the subject could be. To go into more detail, he admitted to Carlyle, "would Exceed the bounds of a Letter, as well as your Patience." Indeed, between 1742 and 1747, Charles Fleetwood and his successor, James Lacy, at the Drury Lane, Rich at the Covent Garden, actors James Quin and David Garrick, and several other influential literary patrons had repeatedly put Smollett through the same painful cycle of encouragement, delay, and rejection.[34] But Smollett could not let it drop. He would recount the whole business in excruciating detail in the preface he wrote for *The Regicide* when he published it in 1749, and he would use it as the basis for much of the miserable writer Melopoyn's story in chapters 61–64 of *Roderick Random*. Moreover, there is evidence that from the early 1740s on, Smollett had been writing and shopping other plays for the stage, including at different times at least one comedy, a farce, and lyrics for an opera.[35] There was no sign at all that he was about to redirect his colossal creative energy into an entirely different kind of writing, one that he had never tried before.

COMPOSITION, PRINTING, AND RECEPTION

No one knows what prompted Smollett to begin writing a novel in early 1747. Perhaps the reality of the commercial publishing world was sinking in. Like Johnson and others of the time, Smollett may have begun to see that the era of lugubrious verse tragedies and formal verse satires was waning and that new and more popular forms were taking over. Certainly, he had watched the tremendous success of Richardson's *Pamela*, Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, and some of their imitators: *Pamela* went through six editions between 1740 and 1742, and *Joseph Andrews* reached three editions (a total of 6,500 copies) in 1742–43.[36] In retrospect, we can see that in 1747 the minds of several great fiction-writing talents were converging in ways that would make 1748 a kind of annus mirabilis in the history of the novel. In 1748 not only *Roderick Random* but John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* and the last five volumes of Richardson's *Clarissa* would be published, and Fielding would complete and send to the press the manuscript of his greatest work, *Tom Jones*. Perhaps, too, Smollett was excited by the moralistic and satiric energies he had unleashed in his satires and saw prose fiction as a more effective way to express them. The first time he is known to have mentioned *Roderick Random* in private, he stated plainly that "it is intended as a Satire on Mankind," and he opened his preface to the novel with a discussion of satire in prose fiction.[37] Or perhaps Smollett was simply responding to suggestions made by friends over drinks in the pub or by a publisher he met one day for lunch who knew his talents as a storyteller.

Whatever the factors that decided him, there was nothing tentative or experimental about his approach. He went at it furiously. We have Smollett's own account of the phenomenal rate at which he composed the novel, beginning in the early days of 1747: "[T]he whole [of *Roderick Random*] was begun and finished in the Compass of Eight months, during which time several Intervals happened of one, two, three and four Weeks, wherein I did not set pen to paper."[38] By his own estimate, Smollett composed the 220,000-word novel at a rate of at least 6,300 words per week and probably nearer

7,500–8,000 words per week, if the times of respite were as he remembered. When he set out, he must have had serious encouragement from a publisher, such as an advance and a contract based on an early specimen. It is unimaginable, after all the false hopes and wasted revisions he had expended on *The Regicide*, that Smollett would have risked so much of his time and invested so much work in a manuscript whose future was uncertain. There is a hint of such an arrangement in a letter that he wrote while the novel was still at the printer's and not yet publicly available, assuring a friend that "by the Reception it has met with in private from the best Judges here I have reason to believe it will succeed very well."[39] Somehow Smollett the novelist had been discovered and become known to an inner circle of backers before the general public had read a word of his fiction.

The publisher who had faith in Smollett's talent is the one whose name appears by itself on the title page of *Roderick Random*: John Osborn of Paternoster Row. Osborn was the son and heir to a well-established bookseller and publisher of the 1730s and 1740s, also named John Osborn, who published or copublished books in every field from religion, science, and discovery to politics and literature.[40] The Osborns did not often invest in novels, though it must have gratified Smollett that they had been among the booksellers who backed Richardson's *Pamela* in 1739–40 and *Clarissa* in 1747–48.[41]

Young Osborn, who had been involved in his father's firm since the early 1730s and inherited it when his father died in 1742, seems to have been moving the business in a new direction, investing in more literary ventures. Osborn had spotted Smollett as a coming talent, probably through his satires *Advice* and *Reproof*: when the printer William Strahan was engaged to print the second edition of them in 1747, his records show that it was Osborn, the new publisher, who paid for the printing.[42] Clearly, Osborn believed in Smollett and wanted to please him. In this same period he purchased from Smollett half the copyright of a theatrical comedy titled *The Absent Man* (ultimately, it was never staged or printed), paid to print two thousand copies of the "proposals" for the private subscription edition of Smollett's *Regicide* and collected subscriptions in his shop (the embarrassingly short list of subscribers was never published), and then put his name on the title page as lead bookseller for the trade edition of *The Regicide* in 1749.[43] It has been estimated that when Osborn bought the manuscript of *Roderick Random* he would have paid Smollett about the same as Fielding had received in 1742 from publisher Andrew Millar (a business associate of Osborn's) for his first novel: £183.[44] But given how profitable novels like Fielding's had proven by 1747 and how much enthusiasm Osborn was displaying to buy up other Smollett titles, he may well have paid him more—probably £200 or more, many times the annual rent of £26 that Smollett was paying for the upscale residence to which he moved his family (his daughter and only child, Elizabeth, was born this year) in 1748.

The surest sign of Osborn's faith in Smollett was that he ordered a run of two thousand copies for the initial printing of *Roderick Random*, a first novel by a virtual unknown. To get the novel printed in time—it was advertised in the newspapers as forthcoming on 12 December 1747 and as available for sale on 21 January 1748—typesetting had to begin well before Smollett had finished the manuscript, perhaps as early

as August or September. As the release date approached, Osborn paid for ads in six different newspapers in London and another in Edinburgh.[45] When *Roderick Random* hit the bookshops in January, sales took off. Within days it was clear that a second edition would be needed. Strahan was again set to work, this time on a run of three thousand copies. The pressure was such that Strahan outsourced half the printing to another shop, saving weeks of time so that the second edition could be rushed forward and ready for sale by 7 April 1748.[46] Osborn also invested in enhancements to the book, paying the artist Francis Hayman and the engraver Charles Grignion to create engraved frontispieces for each of the two volumes. The scenes they chose, no doubt in consultation with Smollett and Osborn, depict the violent confrontation between Roderick and Captain Weazel in chapter 12 and Roderick's emotional reunion with Tom Bowling in a public house in Boulogne in chapter 41. The two engravings, which were rapidly produced and bear the date 28 March 1748, were first published in the second edition and are reproduced in this volume (iv, 180). They were also included in the third (1749) and fourth (1755) editions of the novel.[47]

In the background was Smollett, enjoying the public's enthusiastic response but having to hurry to make what corrections he could before the second edition went to press. Sensitive to how quickly the novel had been composed and typeset, he labored intensively to correct errors, clarify the narrative, and improve bits of dialogue. Modern textual analysis shows that Smollett made an average of one substantive amendment every two pages throughout the first volume, although, probably because of time constraints, the rate dropped to one revision every three pages in the second volume.[48] Most of his changes improved the style, but some altered concrete details. For example, the harbor at Cartagena had been "blocked up by several old galleons" in the first edition (chapter 33) but more specifically "by several old galleons and two men of war" in the second.[49] In chapter 45 Smollett changed a pub name from "the Samson and Lion" in the first edition to "the Union Flag" in the second, removing any doubt in readers' minds that, with the Jacobite uprising only three years in the past, this Scottish author was loyal to the British union. Some alterations improve character and dialect. Tom Bowling's outburst "Whoever told him so, was guilty of a damn'd lie" (chapter 3) gains more nautical color in the second edition: "[W]hoever told him so, was a lying lubberly rascal, and deserved to be keel-hauled." Similarly, the scheming Clarinda's love letter is embedded with more self-revealing illitericisms: "[T]he lovesick harrums of thy faithful . . . Clayrender" in the first edition becomes "the loafseek harms of thy faithfool . . . Clayrender" in the second (chapter 16). It is clear that, even as Smollett hurriedly revised, his creative powers were still in play, touching up favorite characters and elaborating comic effects.

Roderick Random quickly became, in the way of modern consumerism and media, something of a "brand" and a reference point for contemporary culture. Many of the novel's early commentators made it clear that reading *Roderick Random* was part of "keeping up." On 12 March 1748 John Boyle, the Earl of Orrery, wrote a friend what his household was reading: "*Clarissa* kept us up till two in the morning. *Rhodoric* [i.e., *Roderick Random*] will keep us up all night, and he, I am told, is to be succeeded again by *Clarissa*."[50] At the level of street entertainment, *Roderick Random* also struck a chord

with the public: an entertainment at Bartholomew Fair in August 1748 included a comic interlude titled *The Volunteers; or the Adventures of Roderick Random, and his Friend Strap, performed at the Great Booth in the George Yard, in West-Smithfield*.[51] Capitalizing on the excitement, the promoters advertised in the papers that the piece had never been acted before, and they found it worthwhile to print copies and sell them for sixpence apiece.[52] The *British Magazine* managed to mention *Roderick Random* in four different articles over the course of 1748, including two in January, the month it was published, and one each in July and August.[53] Similarly in Scotland, ads and notices began appearing in the press immediately in January 1748, and in Ireland the publishers promoted a Dublin edition printed in 1749.[54] The writer and woman of leisure Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, while traveling abroad, made sure to read *Roderick Random* and to write her literary friends with speculations about its authorship.[55] Provincial and colonial booksellers rushed to acquire copies and let their customers know they had them in stock. "Just Imported . . . a choice Collection of Books [including] . . . *Roderick Random*," declared a Charleston bookseller in the *South Carolina Gazette* on 11 September 1749.[56] Back in England, the struggling *Sussex Weekly Advertiser* attracted readers by printing an installment of *Roderick Random* on the front page every week from late 1749 until 1751, and in August 1750 the *Gentleman's Magazine* reported that a horse named Roderick Random was one of a team of carriage horses that won a thousand-guinea wager at Newmarket.[57]

Even moralists and preachers invoked *Roderick Random*. A commentator used a scene from *Roderick Random* to bring home a point in a sermon by Edward Cobden, chaplain to George II, that he was reviewing for the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1749. Glossing the Reverend Cobden's reference to the misery of fallen women, the anonymous writer points to a moral message in Smollett's novel: "Of this wretched state, a most lively and striking picture is exhibited in *Roderick Random*, which we have here copied as a warning to one sex, and a remonstrance t'other." After reprinting an excerpt from the story of the former prostitute Miss Williams (chapters 21–23), he closes by noting (in a line that must have amused Smollett greatly) that *Tom Jones* and other recent books have similar stories about the seduction and fall into prostitution of young women, but he recommends against them because "the loose images in these pieces perhaps incite to vice more strongly than the contrast figures alarm us into virtue."[58] Fielding, of course, paid Smollett the backhanded compliment of imitating scenes and characters from *Roderick Random* in his *Tom Jones*—at least that is what the anonymous pamphlet *Habbakkuk Hilding* (now thought to be by Smollett himself) alleged at the time.[59] On his part, as soon as *Tom Jones* appeared, Smollett saw Fielding as his foremost rival. His letters of 1749 show him making wry comments to his friends about flaws in *Tom Jones* that, Smollett wrote, even Fielding's "most Sanguine admirers" had to acknowledge.[60] Their mutual resentments were to break out more publicly in the early 1750s.[61] More important, the immediate rivalry and flurry of insults between Fielding and Smollett confirmed to the booksellers and to the reading public that *Roderick Random* had instantly placed Smollett among the top novelists of the time.

For their own reasons, Smollett and his publisher were also seeking to build on the reputation of *Roderick Random*. Osborn was busily buying up Smollett's other writings

and commissioning more work from him. In addition to investing in Smollett's *Regicide* and *Absent Man* (and perhaps other plays in manuscript), Osborn hired Smollett immediately after *Roderick Random* was finished to begin translating Alain René Le Sage's novel *L'Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane*; the translation was at the printer's by September 1748 and in bookshops by October. He joined with others in funding the translation of *Don Quixote*, on which Smollett began work in June 1748, and in 1749 he engaged Smollett to translate Le Sage's *Le Diable boiteux*, which appeared in February 1750.[62] Osborn was making Smollett into a one-man writing industry, specializing in picaresque fiction. (It would only be derailed by Osborn's bankruptcy in 1751.)[63] Meanwhile, Smollett made sure that in February 1749, when the published proposals and newspaper ads for the subscription edition of *The Regicide* started going out, they specified very clearly that the play was "By the author of Roderick Random." In May and June 1749, when the subscription and trade editions of *The Regicide* were actually published, he again made sure the title pages of each bore the same identification, this time in large type, midpage, just beneath the title of the play. Smollett also contrived to get his friend John Cleland to review *The Regicide* in the first issue of the new literary journal, the *Monthly Review*, in May 1749. In the second sentence of his highly favorable review, Cleland helpfully noted that the play was by "the author of *Roderick Random*" and that its preface exhibited his characteristic "strokes of humour, and portraiture."[64]

For the rest of Smollett's life, however his other books fared, *Roderick Random* remained the cornerstone of his reputation as a writer. The second edition sold out, and a third was printed in November 1749 and then a fourth in 1755. Never content, Smollett showed his continuing solicitude for the novel by revising both of these editions with care. The 1755 fourth edition bears the last of his efforts to improve the text and thus is used as the basis for this volume.[65] Beginning with the second edition of *Gil Blas* in 1750 and *Ferdinand Count Fathom* in 1753, Smollett's publishers introduced his fictional works in their advertisements and on the title page with the tag "By the author of Roderick Random."[66] By the time Smollett died in Italy in 1771, *Roderick Random* had gone through eight editions. Translations had appeared in German (Hamburg, 1754) and French (Paris, 1761; Amsterdam, 1762).[67] Over the years since, however, many have come to agree with the judgment of Cleland, who ranked Smollett's final novel, *Humphry Clinker*, above *Roderick Random* as his greatest: "Cleland," a friend wrote Smollett in July 1771, "gives [*Humphry Clinker*] the stamp of excellence . . . and puts it before anything you ever wrote."[68] We will never know whether Smollett shared that view. But it is telling that even twenty-three years after *Roderick Random* first appeared, when Smollett's last novel was being seen through the press by his friends in London and Smollett lay ill and dying in Livorno, the decision was taken to inscribe the title page of *Humphry Clinker* also as "By the author of Roderick Random."

Readers have continued to admire and respond to *Roderick Random* over many generations. Robert Burns found in it "incomparable humour," William Godwin thought it and all of Smollett's novels "peculiarly excellent," and Charles Lamb ranked it with *Robinson Crusoe* among the greatest novels of the eighteenth century.[69] *Roderick Random*

remained alive in popular culture too. At the end of the century the novel was adapted into a comic opera, performed at the Theatre Royal in Manchester, and printed for distribution.[70] Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats all read *Roderick Random* attentively, Wordsworth even making notes (according to Thomas De Quincey) in his copy.[71] He and Keats had mixed feelings about *Random*, but Coleridge seemed to find in it unalloyed pleasure.[72] Sir Walter Scott, on balance, thought Fielding a greater novelist but credited Smollett in *Roderick Random* and elsewhere with having a "greater brilliancy of genius and inexhaustible richness of invention" than Fielding. In 1810 Smollett's first female editor, Anna Laetitia Barbauld, described *Roderick Random* as "replete with humour and character" and discerned in the admirable Tom Bowling "the original of most sailor characters which have been exhibited since."[73] How right she proved. Smollett's Tom Bowling, thanks to a ballad of that name composed by Charles Dibdin in 1789, became a folkloric mainstay. In 1820 "Tom Bowling" figured in a story by Washington Irving; in the 1840s sailors were singing "Tom Bowling" aboard a man-of-war in Melville's *White-Jacket*; and in the 1980s it was being performed and recorded by modern folksingers.[74]

Beyond the English-speaking world, *Roderick Random*'s international readership continued to expand. New translations into French (Geneva, 1782; Rheims, 1784), German (Berlin, 1790), and Russian (Moscow, 1788) had appeared by the end of the eighteenth century. Dutch (1802) and Danish (1816) translations appeared in the following century. The twentieth century extended *Roderick Random*'s international readership still further, with new translations appearing not only in German (1914), French (1948, 1964), and Russian (1949) but also in Czech (1905), Swedish (1924), Polish (1955), Estonian (1957), Romanian (1965), and Italian (1965, 1968).[75] The Communist-era editions in Russia and eastern Europe suggest that even behind the iron curtain, readers remained interested in the fierce individualism and struggle to rise of a hero like Roderick Random.

From the beginning, American readers responded to *Roderick Random* as well. The Charleston, South Carolina, bookshop that rushed to stock it in 1749 still advertised *Random* for sale during the 1750s, 1760s, and 1770s.[76] *Roderick Random* seemed to be popular throughout the American colonies. Bookseller catalogs list it for sale, often describing it as "Imported in the last Vessels from England," in New York in 1755, Boston in 1766, 1772, and 1773, and Philadelphia in 1767 and 1773.[77] It not only sold well but was seen by the cultural elite as essential reading. In 1771 Thomas Jefferson included *Roderick Random* among the books he recommended to a young American who had asked for advice on starting his personal library.[78] At least two other prominent Americans of the founding era were admirers of the novel. The New York lawyer and Continental congressman Robert R. Livingston kept copies of *Roderick Random* in his personal collection.[79] And Richard Smith of New Jersey, also a lawyer and colonial leader, wrote Smollett in 1763 what we recognize today as a fan letter, in which he expressed particular admiration for *Roderick Random* and asked how much of Smollett's own life was reflected in Roderick's story. (Once again, Smollett was ardent in his denials that Roderick's life, especially its "low situations," mirrored his own.)[80] More widely, as community libraries established themselves in colonial America, *Roderick*

Random showed up in their holdings one after another: the New York Society Library in 1758, the Redwood Library of Newport, Rhode Island, in 1764, and the Library Company of Philadelphia in 1765.[81]

After the Revolutionary War *Roderick Random* continued to be popular in the newly independent United States. Between 1786 and 1801, beyond the booksellers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston who had stocked it all along, *Random* was also advertised by bookshops in Salem, Worcester, and Leominster, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island; New Haven, Connecticut; and Albany, New York—in all, more than twenty-five different stores in ten different American cities.[82] If anything, its popularity seemed to be increasing. In four bookshops *Roderick Random* was the only Smollett novel they advertised or, apparently, kept in stock; and as of 1789 it was the only novel of Smollett's listed in the holdings of the Library Company of Philadelphia.[83] *Roderick Random* was the first work of Smollett's to be republished in the United States, by Mathew Carey of Philadelphia in 1794, who advertised it priced at $1.50 or on "fine paper" for $1.75.[84] Bookseller catalogs from New York and Massachusetts show abridged editions and chapbook versions of *Random* circulating in America, as they did in Britain, sometimes specifically targeted to young readers under the heading "Books for Children."[85] Spin-offs continued too. In 1810 a juvenile tale appeared, jointly published in London and Philadelphia, under the title *The Comical Adventures of Roderick Random and His Friend Strap, with Their Voyage to South America*.[86]

From the beginning, of course, *Roderick Random* also had its detractors. It was always a controversial book. In 1748 an "Oxford Scholar," conceding it was "entertaining, and very full of poignant Satire," faulted *Roderick Random* for excessive realism: "[S]ome Truths are not to be told, and the most skilful Painters represent Nature with a Veil."[87] In 1754 Laetitia Pilkington objected to depictions of heroes like Roderick for some of the same reasons that Mrs. Barbauld would warn readers in 1810 about having to overlook the "grossness, vulgarity, and licentious morals" in *Roderick Random*.[88] A tradition of faulting *Random* (and all of Smollett's novels) for moral lassitude and indecency persisted, and as often as not the moralists were male. Mark Twain used *Roderick Random*, along with *Tom Jones*, as representative of low morals and coarse language to mock English pretensions in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* in 1889.[89] For all the concern on their behalf, women readers exposed to *Roderick Random* proved remarkably resilient. In prim and proper Boston, a woman novelist in 1801 depicted one of her female characters casually reading *Roderick Random* without embarrassment or self-consciousness.[90] George Eliot brushed aside the whole business with a touch of irony in *Middlemarch* when she had Mr. Brooke give this advice to the overserious Casaubon: "[G]et Dorothea to read you light things, Smollett—'Roderick Random,' 'Humphry Clinker:' they are a little broad, but she may read anything now she's married, you know."[91]

By the nineteenth century, *Roderick Random* was a fixture. Regardless of the ups and downs in its reputation, everyone seemed to read it. Thomas Carlyle wrote of his childhood, "I remember few happier days than those in which I ran off into the fields to read *Roderick Random*."[92] Similarly, in *David Copperfield* Dickens created from his own experience a powerful childhood memory that symbolizes the deep and abiding

presence of Smollett's works, and *Roderick Random* in particular, in the collective imagination of the nineteenth century:

> My father had left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs to which I had access (for it adjoined my own), and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphry Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Robinson Crusoe* came out, a glorious host, to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy, and my hope of something beyond that place and time. . . . It is curious to me how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles (which were great troubles to me), by impersonating my favourite characters in them. . . . I have been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe.[93]

A few pages later, David has a low moment and turns again to *Roderick Random* for imaginative support: "Having by this time cried as much as I possibly could, I began to think it was of no use crying any more, especially as neither Roderick Random, nor that Captain in the Royal British Navy, had ever cried, that I could remember, in trying situations."[94] Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Scott, Melville, Thackeray, Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson, and many other nineteenth-century writers also acknowledged *Roderick Random* as part of their formative experience. The novel endured as more than a sentimental memory of childhood reading. In 1814 William Hazlitt, in one of his most prescient comments, said that in contrast with *Tom Jones*, *Roderick Random* had "a much more modern air with it."[95] The twentieth century would bear him out.[96] In ways he could never have imagined, Smollett's decision in 1747 to take the risk and plunge into writing fiction has been vindicated many times over.

FORM, INFLUENCES, AND THEMES

What kind of book did Smollett think he was writing as he drafted *Roderick Random* in 1747? The standard term for such long prose fictions emerged eventually as "the novel," but it was not yet settled in Smollett's time. Such books usually bore the name of an ordinary-sounding person—Robinson Crusoe, Pamela Andrews, Tom Jones—and presented themselves as his or her "life," "history," "adventures," "memoirs," "peregrinations," or some other mundane word for an individual's story. The primary aim was to distinguish this "new species of writing," as Fielding called it in his preface to *Joseph Andrews* in 1742, from the inherited form of the "romance," with its idealized characters, improbable events, and stylized conventions. As the need for such a preface attests, there was widespread anxiety and self-consciousness about the novel in the mid-eighteenth century—its origins, legitimacy as a literary genre, formal characteristics, and moral impact. Not only Fielding but writers as various as Samuel Richardson and Samuel Johnson, John Cleland and Charlotte Lennox, George Colman and Laurence Sterne shared these concerns, along with seemingly every anonymous literary critic in the periodical press. This self-consciousness would still be apparent early in the next century, when Austen's narrator in *Northanger Abbey* felt it necessary to defend novels as works in which "the greatest powers of the mind are displayed . . .

[and] the liveliest effusions of wit and humour are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language."[97]

Smollett entered into this discussion at the outset. In *Roderick Random* he hints, through his writerly alter ego, Melopoyn, at the uncertain reputation of fiction: a publisher asks Melopoyn to write something more saleable than poetry, perhaps (he suggests) "a piece of secret history . . . or a volume of adventures, such as those of Robinson Crusoe, and Colonel Jack, or a collection of conundrums, wherewith to entertain the plantations" (chapter 62). Melopoyn declines, and readers understand that for writers of quality, fiction—even like that of Daniel Defoe—is dangerous territory. More directly, in his preface to *Roderick Random*, Smollett asserts the legitimacy of the novel as a genre, defends its moral impact, and, distinguishing it from the romance, with its murky origins in "the dark Ages of the world," presents the novel as a modern cultural product of the Enlightenment. In Smollett's account, the romance is historically connected with "priest-craft," "negromancy," and "monstrous hyperbole," while the new prose fiction exposes such superstition by setting it "in the right point of view" and redirecting attention to "ordinary life." The novelist, Smollett writes, must tell "an interesting story" about a hero with whom the reader "sympathizes," avoid "the ludicrous and unnatural," never lose "sight of probability," pursue "the graces of novelty" with a "variety of invention," and above all "animate the reader against the sordid and vicious disposition of the world." It was a long checklist and a demanding standard, but Smollett's critical ruminations in this preface, together with the novel it introduced, contributed to making the 1740s the most formative decade in the history of what, looking back, we can see was the most important narrative form before the advent of film in the twentieth century.[98]

Throughout his career, Smollett would continue to think about what the novel should be. In 1753, in the preface to *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, he offered a more visual and consciously artistic definition:

> A Novel is a large diffused picture, comprehending the characters of life, disposed in different groupes, and exhibited in various attitudes, for the purposes of an uniform plan, and general occurrence, to which every individual figure is subservient. But this plan cannot be executed with propriety, probability or success, without a principal personage to attract the attention, unite the incidents, unwind the clue to the labyrinth, and at last close the scene by virtue of his own importance.[99]

During his years as editor of and reviewer for the *Critical Review* from 1756 to 1763, Smollett showed, in evaluating a variety of novels (including *Candide* and *Tristram Shandy*), that he continued to take a close interest in the ways the novel was evolving in his time—not always happily, as his reactions to Sterne's radical experiments indicate.[100] More important, Smollett himself never stopped innovating and developing as a writer. In each of the five novels that followed *Roderick Random*—*Peregrine Pickle* (1751), *Ferdinand Count Fathom* (1753), *Sir Launcelot Greaves* (1760–62), *Adventures of an Atom* (1769), and *Humphry Clinker* (1771)—Smollett experimented with one or more elements of fiction, whether characterization, narrative voice, plot shape, chapter length, wordplay, or moral vision.[101] The novel has never stopped being self-conscious

and experimental, of course, but as critics have shown, Smollett worked in that spirit as much as any writer during the novel's formative years—both when experiments succeeded (writing the first truly serialized novel, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, or crafting a satiric novel in epistolary form, *Humphry Clinker*) and when they faltered (using a villain as the narrative speaker, *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, or building a story around an inanimate particle, *Adventures of an Atom*).

From first page to last, *Roderick Random* exhibits a wide variety of literary influences. One of the most evident is classical literature: Smollett embeds allusions to more than twenty different classical writers in the novel, including Homer, Aesop, Sappho, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristotle, and Plato among the Greeks and Virgil, Tibullus, Pliny, Horace, and Juvenal among the Latin writers. Of these, Horace is by far Smollett's favorite, reflecting his reputation in the eighteenth century as the greatest poet of the Augustan age. Smollett quotes or refers to him more than fifteen times in *Roderick Random*, and a volume of Horace is one of only two books Random carries with him when, in chapter 7, he sets off to London to make his fortune.[102] More important, from the moment he flourishes a motto from Horace's *Satires* in Latin on the title page of *Roderick Random*, Smollett indicates that he will maintain an elevated register of language and culture. Here and on several other occasions in the novel, Smollett includes Latin phrases and quotations without translating them into English, intending, apparently, not so much to exclude or mystify his uneducated readers (their basic significance can be inferred from context) as to establish rapport with an elite subset of his audience.[103] Whether they understand the whole reference or not, readers are gratified to be implicitly assumed to be classically literate, while at the same time Smollett achieves a note of mock-heroic archness, derived from his Horatian model, that fosters the ironic detachment the satirist needs to make his point. These classical allusions establish the novel's literary pedigree, exhibiting the DNA of their classical ancestors and confirming the credentials of their classically educated author.

A second influence is the theater, which Smollett loved and, despite his lack of success, viewed initially as his true calling. At various points in *Roderick Random*, Smollett draws in songs and lines from more than a dozen different plays, including several from an earlier generation that remained popular in his time, such as Thomas Otway's *The Orphan* (1680), Nicholas Rowe's *The Fair Penitent* (1702), and George Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* (1707).[104] He references as many as ten different plays of Shakespeare's, of which his favorites seem to be *Henry IV (Part 2)*, *Henry V*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Othello*.[105] But it is in his narrative style, in character and scene creation, that Smollett shows his strongest theatrical instincts. Smollett will, for example, invoke a contemporary stage performance, such as Theophilus Cibber's well-known role as Falstaff's follower Pistol, as a shorthand way to visualize a character. Thus, in chapter 46 Roderick describes Bragwell, embroiled in a tavern argument: "[H]e snatched his hat and hanger, and assuming the looks, swagger, and phrase of Pistol, burst out in the following exclamation, 'Ha! Must I then perform inglorious prank, of Sylvan ape in the mountain forest caught!'"[106] Smollett builds other scenes theatrically, from the exaggerated physiognomy and costumes of his characters to the lines of comic dialogue they exchange. Scene after scene unfolds this way: from Tom Bowling's showdown

with Roderick's abusive family (chapter 3) and Roderick's grilling by the grotesque, lecherous pharmacist Crab (chapter 7), to the quarrel among a wagonload of poseurs (chapter 11), the confrontation of Monsieur Lavement with his unfaithful wife and her Irish lover (chapter 19), and even Roderick's encounter with the effeminate, mincing Captain Whiffle (chapter 35). With these comic sketches unfolding at regular intervals throughout the novel, *Roderick Random* becomes at one level a kind of "tour de farce." Although he would finally succeed in staging his own theatrical comedy (*The Reprisal*) in 1757, Smollett did some of his best dramatic writing here in *Roderick Random* and in the novels that followed.

Another of the most pervasive influences is the artistry of William Hogarth. In chapter 47, when the loyal Strap, who had lent Roderick all his savings, learns that Roderick has squandered eighteen guineas at the gambling tables in one night, his reaction is beyond words. "It would require the pencil of Hogarth," Smollett writes, "to express the astonishment and concern of Strap, on hearing this piece of news; the bason in which he was preparing the lather for my chin, dropped out of his hands, and he remained some time immoveable in that ludicrous attitude, with his mouth open and his eyes thrust forward considerably beyond their station." Some Hogarthian images we can tie quite specifically to scenes in *Roderick Random*. In chapter 18, Strap, searching desperately for Roderick, who has disappeared in the underworld of London, is told by a cruel onlooker that he has just seen Roderick passing by, headed "towards Tyburn in a cart, [and] if you make good speed, you may get thither time enough to see him hanged."[107] The nod to Hogarth is precise. In 1747 he had produced a famous image of a young criminal being carried in a cart to Tyburn for execution (*The Idle 'Prentice Executed at Tyburn*) during the same months Smollett was composing *Roderick Random*. But everywhere the Hogarthian influence can be felt in the grotesque faces and physiques, the harshness and cruelty of street life, the emblematic scenes of social and political corruption. Smollett is so imbued with the visual vocabulary of Hogarth that, as Jerry C. Beasley has written, "If we would read Smollett's novels well we must approach them very much as we would *The Rake's Progress* or *Marriage à la Mode*."[108]

The Hogarthian qualities of Smollett's visual style are reinforced by one other nonliterary influence: his training as a physician. With the acuity of a painter, the attentive physician notices every detail and deformity of the human subject he examines, as, for example, in Roderick's first impression of Crab the pharmacist:

> [He] was aged fifty, about five foot high, and ten round the belly; his face was capacious as a full moon, and much of the complexion of a mulberry: his nose resembling a powder-horn, was swelled to an enormous size, and studded all over with carbuncles; and his little grey eyes reflected the rays in such an oblique manner, that while he looked a person full in the face, one would have imagined he was admiring the buckle of his shoe. (Chapter 7)

The observant physician and the caricaturist often speak in one voice. Smollett introduces young Jennie's consort, the "old cent per cent fornicator" Isaac, this way: "[A]fter her, came limping, an old man with a worsted night-cap, buttoned under his chin. . . . His eyes were hollow, bleared, and gummy; his face was shriveled into a thousand wrinkles, his gums were destitute of teeth, his nose sharp and drooping, his chin

peeked and prominent, so that when he mumped or spoke, they approached one another like a pair of nut-crackers" (chapter 11). *Roderick Random* is bursting with such memorable physiognomies, which is why not only Hayman and Grignion but also Rowlandson, Cruikshank, and many artists since have found in it such rich material for illustration.[109]

Of all the influences on *Roderick Random*, however, by far the most fundamental and pervasive—as Smollett was the first to declare—were two models of early modern fiction, Cervantes's *Don Quixote* (2 vols., 1605–15) and Le Sage's *Gil Blas* (4 vols., 1715–35). In the preface to *Roderick Random*, Smollett paid tribute to Cervantes as the pivotal figure in the history of fiction. Lamenting the "ludicrous and unnatural" excesses of medieval romances, Smollett declares that two centuries ago "the world actually began to be infected with the spirit of knight-errantry, when Cervantes, by an inimitable piece of ridicule [i.e., *Don Quixote*], reformed the taste of mankind, representing chivalry in the right point of view, and converting romance to purposes far more useful and entertaining." Following Cervantes's lead came "other Spanish and French authors," among whom (he notes) the most successful was "Monsieur Le Sage, who in his adventures of Gil Blas, has described the knavery and foibles of life, with infinite humour and sagacity." For that reason, Smollett writes, "the following sheets [*Roderick Random*], I have modeled on his plan, taking the liberty, however to differ from him in the execution, where I thought his particular situations were uncommon, extravagant, or peculiar to the country in which the scene is laid." Smollett's most serious departure from Le Sage, he claims, concerns morality: Gil Blas' "transitions from distress to happiness . . . are so sudden" that neither the hero nor the reader is able to feel "the affliction" and form the right moral conclusions about "the sordid and vicious disposition of the world." Even as Smollett embraced *Gil Blas* as his model, *Don Quixote* was never far from his imagination: in the course of *Roderick Random*, at least four different females are called "Dulcinea" (chapters 8, 17, and 50), an "urganda" stalks Roderick (chapter 50), and, says a sailor, only what "induced Don Quixote to attack the windmill" can explain a crazy battlefield decision at Cartagena (chapter 33).

Scholars have explored the relationship of *Roderick Random* to *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* in great detail, but for most readers a handful of similarities will stand out.[110] First is the itinerant hero, who travels with his faithful sidekick from adventure to adventure, generating the episodic form of the novel. In this case, Strap, the loyal Sancho figure, is Roderick's companion through the early sections of the novel and at intervals thereafter, while Roderick's adventures—not all of them heroic—take him across the world and into every stratum of society. With this comes a sense of chance and the unpredictability of events, validating Roderick's dream of himself as a tennis ball batted around by fortune and demonstrating the aptness of his surname. Like *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*, *Roderick Random* exhibits the deflating, disillusioning ethos of a tough realism: illusions and pretenses are repeatedly exploded, often in violent ways. The agents of this disillusionment—the physiological comedy, with its cudgel blows, razor cuts, cracked pates, and broken teeth, and its near kin, the chamber-pot humor—all trace back to Cervantes and Le Sage as well. Like them, Smollett is also willing to suspend his tale temporarily for an interpolated narrative: the most outstanding of these

"stories within a story" are the tale of Miss Williams, the prostitute turned helpmate, in chapter 22, and the woeful story of the poet Melopoyn, Roderick's fellow inmate in the Marshalsea Prison, in chapters 61–63. Finally, like *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*, *Roderick Random* is insistently rooted not only in the psychology of real human beings (however selfish, vicious, and cruel that may make their behavior) but also in the institutions and events of the contemporary world (i.e., the 1740s) rather than any remote or imaginary realm where readers might miss the application of the novel's satiric message to their own lives and circumstances.

For all of its literary pedigree, *Roderick Random* is a work that resists categorization. It has been read at various times as a romance, a picaresque, an autobiographical novel, a comedy, a satire, an adventure fiction, and a novel of imperialism. It also has elements of a bildungsroman, or coming-of-age novel (Smollett coins the Dickensian phrase "great expectations" in chapter 50), a love story, an angry young man's novel, a wartime novel, a political novel, a psychological novel, even a novel of linguistic experimentation. None of these fits exactly, as readers discover for themselves, but they all have bearing. *Roderick Random* is a big-canvas novel and has the power to startle one with its energy and scale. Many of the big themes are here: love, sex, war, empire, politics, money, culture, language. Readers follow Roderick's fate being acted out on a vast stage, far beyond the London drawing rooms and country houses of more domestic fiction. His adventures are set in Scotland, England, Jamaica, Colombia, Haiti, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Africa (Gambia to Angola), and South America (Paraguay and Buenos Aires) as well as aboard ships in the English Channel, the Atlantic, and the Caribbean. Four continents, three empires (French, Spanish, and British), many seas: more than any novel of its time, *Roderick Random* is global in scope. A host of sharply distinguished characters pour through the book, drawn from different regions of Great Britain and several foreign countries, from every social rank and profession, with every physiognomy, temperament, and personal tic one can imagine. One after another, colorful individuals stand out, even those who are more caricatures than fully rounded characters: good-hearted Strap, the Latin-speaking Scottish barber; the honest British sailor Tom Bowling; Lavement, the cuckolded Huguenot apothecary; the cruel and incompetent Captain Oakhum; Morgan, the kindly, loquacious Welsh medic; Lord Strutwell, the closeted gay English lord; Clarinda, the malapropistic seductress; Father Balthazar, the sybaritic French monk; Narcissa's aunt, the snuff-taking mad poet. Even some of the incidental characters prove memorable: Joey, the gentle wagon driver who gives Strap and Roderick a ride; Mrs. Sagely, the generous widow accused of witchcraft; Narcissa's loutish brother, the drunken squire Roderick dubs "the Savage."

One theme is irrepressible: *Roderick Random* seethes with sexual energy. The reader loses count of all the seductions, adulteries, unexpected pregnancies, midnight rendezvous, bed tricks, randy overtures, lusty gropes, and lascivious leers. Roderick is a young man with a healthy sexual appetite: after a few drinks one night, he admits that "nothing would serve me but a wench" (chapter 17). In a barn in France with the buxom lass Nanette, Roderick tries to suppress desire by thinking of his beloved Narcissa, but it has the opposite effect: the thoughts "rather increased than allayed" his excitement,

and he succumbs to it, though afterward "the young paisanne had no reason to complain of my remembrance" (chapter 42). Indeed, a long series of women have no reason to complain about Roderick's sexual prowess, from Crab's maidservant in chapter 7 to Roderick's bride, Narcissa, on their wedding night in chapter 68.

But not all the sexual activity is healthy or happy. Roderick Random is one of the only heroes in English fiction to have had a venereal disease. Miss Williams tells a long and miserable tale, all too common in the eighteenth century, of her seduction as a young woman and her descent into a life of street-walking prostitution; among the details of innumerable encounters, she recounts five separate occasions on which she pretended to sell her virginity to wealthy men with an appetite for innocence. Rape and sexual predation are never far away, and at one point even the idealized Narcissa is attacked, though Roderick rescues her at the last minute (chapter 41). Roderick fends off the homosexual advances of Lord Strutwell in chapter 51, using that episode and the shipboard scenes with Captain Whiffle and his companion in chapters 34–35 to stigmatize homosexuality as "unnatural, absurd, and of pernicious consequence"—an attitude voiced by increasing numbers of writers in the 1740s. Throughout the novel, sexual desire is acknowledged as an omnipresent force driving human relations, for good or ill.

For all its male-centeredness, *Roderick Random* is surprisingly attentive to the condition of women. In ways that would shock many nineteenth- and early twentieth-century readers, women in *Roderick Random* are often granted a degree of sexual agency. The sexual desire of women is generally acknowledged. From servant girls in the North, to Mrs. Lavement and her grown daughter in London, to Miss Sparkle at Bath, to Nanette and her sister in France, female characters are driven by sexual desire just like males and often humiliate themselves in the same ways as well. But Smollett shows subtler sympathies too. Miss Williams's first-person story invites the reader's sympathy for her and for all the young women so ruined, abused, and cast out. After she and Roderick move in together and nurse one another back to health, she changes from a romantic interest into an ideal companion, a platonic female friend of a kind unlooked-for in a picaresque novel, one who will later help him woo his true love, Narcissa. Mrs. Sagely in Sussex is another unexpected model of female virtue: an elderly army widow neglected by the government and suspected of witchcraft by the locals, she takes Roderick in when he is helpless, clothes and feeds him, gets him a job, and takes an almost maternal interest in his life. Elsewhere, Smollett uses less sympathetic female characters to reveal ways in which women are systematically victimized: Mrs. Gawkey in chapter 52 is an example of a banished woman whose family refuses to support her; and Melinda in chapter 49, for all her foibles, is the intended prey of fortune-hunters like Roderick who would entrap her in a loveless marriage and steal her wealth. Even Smollett's depiction of Narcissa's aunt, the eccentric poetess who is so disheveled and unfeminine in appearance, has notes of sympathy for the extremes to which a woman of passionate intellectual and literary interests might be driven. Smollett is not Austen, but there is here an intuitive understanding of the ways that women are subjugated in his world and the kinds of injustice and suffering that they endure as a result.[111]

Another of the novel's major themes is language itself. Smollett exhibits a Shake-

spearean love of language in all its variety, from the properest to the most outlandish, the chastest to the lewdest. He quotes Miltonic verse from *Paradise Lost* to praise Narcissa's beauty (chapters 67 and 68) and elsewhere descends to obscenities like "the black joke" (chapter 53) and "the best in Christendom" (chapter 56), both street slang for female genitalia. Like Shakespeare, Smollett has an ear for every kind of obscenity, curse, innuendo, and double entendre, sometimes borrowed from foreign languages (Lavement's "foutre") and sometimes homegrown (Mrs. Weazel's insult to her husband: "You poor, withered, sapless twig"). Even characters' names serve for wicked wordplay, none better than the homosexual sea captain Whiffle (eighteenth-century slang for "relaxation of the scrotum") and his companion Vergette (from French for "little penis"). Often language *is* character: Morgan with his Welsh dialect, Rourk Oregan with his Irish, and Lavement with his "Franglais" as well as the provincial working-class accents of Joey in the North and the farmhands in Sussex and the affected speech of a boorish country squire ("Meester Randan"). To Roderick's disgust, a Scotsman has set himself up in London as a teacher of English elocution, which is Smollett's one joke at the expense of his fellow Scots and their burrish accents. (Tellingly, Scots brogue is the one dialect he does not place, phonetically, in the mouth of any character in the novel, perhaps out of sensitivity about his own and his friends' accents back home.)

Unusual and preposterous diction is borrowed from every source. Scenes are built around the specialized jargons of professions and trades—those of medicine, law, banking, teaching, writing, publishing, and, in the unforgettable person of Tom Bowling, the navy. Bowling is proof that in Smollett's world, mastery of "correct" English has no correlation with the quality of a man's character. Words and phrases imported from Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian pop up throughout the novel, as do more exotic words imported from non-European origins that remind us of Smollett's relish for words from every corner of the world—"banyan" (Hindu), "Bashaw" (Turkish), "canoe" (African), and "cham" (Middle Eastern).[112] Not surprisingly, given its linguistic inclusiveness, *Roderick Random* proved a rich source for the *Oxford English Dictionary*. There are twenty-five entries in the *OED* that cite the usage of a word in *Roderick Random*, including five in which it is the earliest example of the word's use (two of these the only example, "diving" and "symptomatics") and one for which it is the latest, bar one, of a word no longer in use ("uncleanness"). Two more passages from *Roderick Random* might have been quoted in the *OED* (for "quartern" and "valet de chambre"), but the editors instead cited examples from *Sir Launcelot Greaves* and *Humphry Clinker*. Written while Johnson was compiling the famous *Dictionary of the English Language* that would move Anglophone culture further toward standardization, *Roderick Random* is a kind of starburst of linguistic energy, a celebration of slang, colloquialisms, Gallicisms, jargons, dialects, and all the linguistic variety that resists regulation and animates the human comedy.[113]

Inevitably, in a satiric novel of such scope, social and political commentary are everywhere. Contemporary politics, public institutions, social mores, professions, commerce, culture, theater, fashion: all come under scrutiny and the satirist's lash in *Roderick Random*. But Smollett is no revolutionary or nihilist, nor is he narrowly con-

cerned with party politics and the fights between Whigs and Tories. Instead, he seems to espouse patriotism and the ideals of John Locke when in chapter 43 he has Roderick defend his country from the aspersions of a Frenchman:

> I adduced all the arguments commonly used to prove that every man has a natural right to liberty; that allegiance and protection are reciprocal; that when the mutual tie is broken by the tyranny of the king, he is accountable to the people for his breach of contract, and subject to the penalty of the law; and that those insurrections of the English, which are branded with the name of rebellion, by the slaves of arbitrary power, were no other than glorious efforts to rescue that independence which was their birthright, from the ravenous claws of usurping ambition.

In the world of *Roderick Random*, the "natural right to liberty" seems to include—at least as an ideal—the right to rise according to one's talent and exertions. But it also includes the freedom to fall and languish, which Roderick does all too often during the novel. In *Roderick Random* the hope of rising by merit and effort is everywhere set against the relentless and often senseless blows of fate, the latter perhaps a shadow of the Presbyterian fatalism of Smollett's upbringing.

Thus, the central questions of the novel are less political than philosophical, specifically, existential. For all its satiric comedy, Roderick's story retraces a series of crises, each reducing him to misery and despair, each brought on by events that are cruel, unjust, and unforeseen. At the opening of chapter 20, Roderick is knocked cold by a blow from an unseen attacker and "left for dead" in the streets of London. One chapter later, he finds himself, "by the iniquity of mankind, in a much more deplorable condition than ever": fired from his job, broke, reviled as a thief, abandoned by his friends, infected with venereal disease, and reduced to feverish solitude in a cheap garret room. In chapter 29 aboard the *Thunder*, Roderick's misery reaches a new low. Capriciously arrested by the captain, he has been chained to the deck and exposed to the elements for twelve days when a battle breaks out. A man next to him has his head shot off, and Roderick is splattered by his brains and then smothered by the body of a second man who has been mangled by shrapnel. Covered in blood and gore, helpless and exhausted, with cannonballs and bullets flying all around him, Roderick says he "became frantick," venting his rage in oaths and screams until he passed out.

Increasingly, the crises test Roderick's ability to survive psychologically as much as physically. In chapter 37, robbed, beaten, and left for dead on the Sussex shore, he resigns himself to death: "I cursed the hour of my birth, the parents that gave me being, the sea that did not swallow me up, . . . the villainy of those who had left me in that miserable condition, and in the exstacy of my despair, resolved to lie still where I was and perish." In chapter 43, robbed and abandoned in France, Roderick examines the injustice of his fate more closely: "I revolved all the crimes I had been guilty of, and found them so few and venial, that I could not comprehend the justice of that providence, which after having exposed me to so much wretchedness and danger, left me a prey to famine at last in a foreign country, where I had not one friend or acquaintance to close my eyes, and do the last offices of humanity to my miserable carcase." Accidents befall him and accidents rescue him, but answers to his questions are not forth-

coming. In chapter 44 he meditates on his career options—medicine, business, or government posts, either abroad in Europe or back in England or Scotland—and decides they are all hopeless. In chapter 60 Roderick becomes so desperate that he considers making his living as a highwayman on Bagshot Heath; and by chapter 61 he has bottomed out once again, having been arrested for debt and thrown into the Marshalsea Prison. There Roderick is "seized with a deep melancholy" and descends into the languid squalor of suicidal depression—only to be relieved at the last moment, yet again, by an unexpected twist in the plot.

Roderick's sense of disconnection from the rest of humanity and his struggle to find any interpretive framework with which he can understand his fate and find his place in the world are what make him quintessentially modern. It is this quality that one of Smollett's earliest and most unexpected admirers, the Anglo-American writer Susanna Rowson, discerned two hundred years ago. In the midst of a novel about Sarah Darnley, a battered and abused wife who flees the persecutions of her evil husband and endures one cruel setback after another, Rowson creates a scene in which her fugitive heroine, cowering in a rented room, is touched by the story of Roderick Random: "In a closet belonging to the room where I sleep, and indeed, where I pass almost all my solitary hours, I found an odd volume of Smollett's works . . . the first volume of Roderic Random; I sat down in the hope that it might occupy my mind, and draw me for a few moments from myself." Instead, reading about Roderick's early life only deepens Sarah's sense of isolation. Like Roderick, she is cast out alone in the world, struggling to survive, but she lacks even the occasional crumbs of respite he receives, such as when he and Strap are grudgingly allowed a place in the Yorkshire wagon. At that point in the story, says Sarah, "I felt so forcibly that not even that humble mode of traveling was open to me, that I was . . . separated from every being who was in the smallest degree interested in my fate, that I dropped the book, and burst into an agony of tears. . . . I am so sensible of my unprotected, forlorn situation."[114] Remarkably, *Roderick Random* is the only novel Rowson's heroine reads or mentions anywhere in *Sarah or the Exemplary Wife* (1813). Apparently, it rather than any other novel of the eighteenth century spoke best to Sarah's sense of isolation and despair.

It is Smollett's dark side that has attracted some of the novelist's strongest admirers, especially since the middle of the twentieth century. Writing in September 1944, five years into a world war that was still raging in Europe and the Pacific, George Orwell was drawn to Smollett and chose to devote an entire essay to him in one of the newspapers. Perhaps Smollett seemed to fit well at that moment amidst the unending news of battles and deaths and human suffering. Singling out *Roderick Random* as one of Smollett's two "masterpieces" (the other was *Peregrine Pickle*), Orwell praised the author for his "outstanding intellectual honesty." Smollett, wrote Orwell, "is willing to mention things which do happen in real life but are almost invariably kept out of fiction." Above all, Orwell concludes, Smollett "accepts as a law of nature the viciousness, the nepotism and the disorder of eighteenth-century society"—as Smollett would have concluded about *our* society (Orwell all but says), could he have seen it.[115]

Neither Rowson nor Orwell mentions it, but of course *Roderick Random* does not end on a despairing note. The final chapters of the novel are devoted to Roderick's

astonishing turn of fortune: riches gained, a lost father recovered, true love won and wed, family estate repurchased, and Roderick and Narcissa ensconced as squire and lady in an idealized rural community in Scotland, far from the corruptions of modern urban life. But does this resolution of the plot, as idealized and formulaic as that in any romance, resolve the real questions about human existence raised in the novel? Is the end of *Roderick Random* any less an imaginative retreat or popular concession than, say, Mark Twain's famously unrealistic resolution at the end of *Huckleberry Finn* (itself one of *Random*'s literary descendants)? Readers will decide for themselves. But in doing so they will experience Smollett's extraordinary success in his debut novel at interweaving the extremes of human emotion—laughter and anger, love and despair—in a story that leaves few readers unmoved.

SMOLLETT'S "CARTHAGENE" AND *RODERICK RANDOM*

Smollett has been generally known to be the author of "An Account of the Expedition against Carthagene" since it was first published in 1756 as one of thirty voyage narratives in the seven-volume collection he compiled and edited, *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*.[116] Smollett inserted his "Carthagene" at the end of volume 5, following "The Voyage of Mr. Lionel Wafer to the Isthmus of America," based on an account Wafer first published in 1695.[117] The placement was probably prompted by Cartagena's geographical proximity to the Isthmus of Panama, because chronologically Smollett's "Carthagene" would have fit more logically with the contents of the seventh and final volume, which contained the most recent voyages such as George Anson's "Voyage Round the World" (1740–44).[118]

Although Smollett's name did not appear on the title page of the *Compendium*, contemporaries assumed from the outset that the collection as a whole and "Carthagene" in particular were Smollett's. Thomas Francklin, who was Smollett's close colleague on the *Critical Review*, tacitly acknowledged as much in his review of the *Compendium* in May 1756, the first notice to appear in print. In his highly favorable article, Francklin singled out for special attention "Carthagene," even quoting with approval a long passage from the pamphlet that captured Smollett's essential purpose in writing it—to rebut and revise the version of events disseminated by Adm. Edward Vernon, Capt. Charles Knowles, and other partisans of the navy back between 1741 and 1745, when the controversy over the disaster at Cartagena originally unfolded.[119] Smollett himself openly admitted his authorial involvement with the *Compendium*, even in correspondence with strangers.[120] But the full story of how Smollett came to write it, and why, only began to emerge two hundred years later, thanks to the research of modern scholars led by Louis Martz in the 1940s, and to that story new information can now be added.[121]

The story begins not in 1756, when Smollett simply added the text of his "Carthagene" to a large editorial project that was going ahead anyway, but more than a decade earlier, in 1741–44, when the Battle of Cartagena was a major public issue. When Smollett returned to London in 1744, the latest in a series of pamphlets were still appearing, as the interested parties continued to dispute what actually happened

in the disaster at Cartagena and who was responsible. As Smollett knew from firsthand observation, the Battle of Cartagena had been one of the worst and most surprising defeats in the history of British warfare. The British had assaulted Cartagena with a combined force of 124 ships and 27,000 men, including 15,000 sailors and 12,000 soldiers. The troops included thousands of British regulars, regiments from the American colonies (Lawrence Washington, George's older brother, led the Virginians), and even a troop of Maroons conscripted from Jamaica. The British forces enjoyed overwhelming advantages: the Spanish at Cartagena had less than half the manpower, an undersupplied set of forts and settlements, and only four warships in port, three of which were sunk to block the harbor rather than be captured. The main Spanish fleet was away at sea, beyond recall and unaware of the impending attack on the base at Cartagena. The attack began on 4 March 1741 and lasted six weeks, until 16 April 1741, when a final five-hour assault on the Spanish forts was repelled and the British, faced with enormous casualties (more than ten thousand dead), epidemical disease among the troops, and dwindling supplies of water, decided to call it off and withdraw. The last of the British forces had left Cartagena and the surrounding area by 9 May.[122]

The race to control the story began even before the siege had ended. It was a hard truth of eighteenth-century military and political life that it was as important to control official reports and press coverage back home as it was to win the battle in the field. An early and symbolic success (capture of the Spanish admiral's abandoned flagship) moved Admiral Vernon to dispatch premature good news back to England, announcing that overall victory was at hand. The misleading report, which reached London in time to be published in the *London Gazette* (19 May 1741), was soon regretted.[123] When the final last-ditch attack failed and the humiliating defeat was clear, Vernon dispatched another swift messenger ship to London, this time bearing the self-serving and deceptively titled report "The Disappointment of General Wentworth in His Attack on Carthagena." The battle for spin control was on, and Admiral Vernon had taken an early lead in shifting the blame for defeat on to the leader of the army, Brig. Gen. Thomas Wentworth. Officially, Wentworth had been joint commander with Vernon of the whole expedition. But in fact, Wentworth, who was a competent administrator but had never seen combat, had only recently succeeded to command of the army's forces when the original commander, General Cathcart, died en route to the Caribbean. The reticent and indecisive Wentworth had deferred to Vernon at every juncture, and Vernon had assumed to himself the role of commander in chief, in charge of strategy and all key decisions, throughout the Battle of Cartagena. Under Vernon's command, multiple mistakes compounded each other: reliance on inaccurate and dated maps, underestimation of the enemy, refusal to send ships close enough to shore for their cannon to damage Spanish forts or cover infantry on the ground, denial of reinforcements, rejection of tactical expertise and sound advice from other officers, even the belated release of medical support to tend the wounded and dying.[124]

Military and political careers were at stake, so when the principals were back in England, more pamphlet fighting followed. Knowles, the instrument of some of Vernon's worst battlefield decisions and subsequently one of his most ardent apologists, wrote in the summer of 1741 "An Account of the Expedition to Carthagena." It circulated

in manuscript for more than a year and then was published in early 1743.[125] General Wentworth responded with his own account, *A Journal of the Expedition to Carthagena* (1744), which defended the army's role and blamed the defeat on Vernon's mistakes and the navy's failings. Vernon in turn responded to Wentworth's attack with a series of three pamphlets, all published in 1744, each of them drawing on official documents and correspondence but very selectively, with an editorial gloss that redirected blame back onto Wentworth and the army.[126]

This is the context in which Smollett began writing his own account of Cartagena, sometime in 1744, when he was back in London and it was clear that Vernon's version of events was generally prevailing. Here we are able radically to amend and correct the date of Smollett's composition, which was posited by Martz as between 1753 and 1755. As Martz demonstrated from close textual analysis, in "An Account of the Expedition against Carthagene" Smollett drew heavily on Wentworth's *Journal of the Expedition* (published in December 1743, bearing a 1744 imprint) and borrowed two smaller bits from Vernon's *Original Papers Relating to the Expedition to Carthagena* (1744).[127] Thus, from internal evidence Smollett could have started his pamphlet any time from the beginning of 1744 on. But Martz assumed that Smollett's earliest written account of events at Cartagena was actually what he wrote in *Roderick Random* (chapters 31–34) in 1747. Martz attributed the similarities between the novel and "Carthagene" to Smollett's having drawn on the *Roderick Random* passages when, in the mid-1750s, he wrote his "Carthagene" for inclusion in the *Compendium*. This unfortunately reverses the actual order of composition.

It is true that Smollett signed a contract to compile the *Compendium* on 5 May 1753 and agreed to finish the work by 1 August 1754; he actually completed the manuscript in late 1755, leaving enough time for the typesetting of all seven volumes to be finished by the date the collection was officially published, 29 April 1756. But Smollett had absolutely no reason to write a text like "Carthagene" in the mid-1750s or indeed at any time after 1747, and he had many reasons not to. In 1744 the Cartagena controversy was still roiling, and Smollett was relatively close to the events and was still an unpublished author. He was eager to have his voice heard, see his writing in print, and set matters straight in an ongoing public controversy. After 1747, as the money poured in for *Roderick Random* and other lucrative writing jobs were lined up one after another, deadlines pressing and income pending, Smollett had no incentive or time to write a pamphlet about a military campaign that was now several years in the past and utterly gone from public attention. Meanwhile, he was getting paid by the sheet for compiling the *Compendium*, reprinting and adapting narratives that already existed. There was no need to compose original work from scratch. It would only have slowed him down. But the *Compendium* did enable him to pull from a drawer and publish a text he had written years before, conveniently turning otherwise wasted prose into profitable pages. Thus, while Smollett may have revised and polished the text of "Carthagene" in the mid-1750s, it seems certain that he originally composed it in 1744.

This helps to explain the tone and particular emphases of Smollett's "Carthagene." At least twice Smollett pauses from recounting past events to speak in the present tense and address a controversy that seems to be going on around him. "A report indeed was

industriously circulated. . . . But it *now plainly appears* . . . ," Smollett writes as he settles a point critical to the disputants' claims about whether the harbor was deep enough to have allowed Vernon's ships to enter and bombard the Spanish forts.[128] Vernon had held his warships back, claiming afterward that the harbor was too shallow to float them, and the unscathed Spanish forts had then repelled the foot soldiers' exposed and unsupported assaults. Farther on, Smollett pauses to hammer on this point, again speaking in the present tense about the controversy: "If the partizans of Vernon insinuate that there is no water for such vessels, they must be referred again to the soundings of the harbour; they must be desired to take notice that the galleons lie in a bason close up to the walls [and] that the Spaniards have very lately erected a battery . . . for the defense of the town on the side of the harbour."[129] This is not the voice of someone recalling events from twelve or fourteen years ago but a writer responding to adversaries in the present, jumping into an argument about which (as Smollett did in the 1740s) he cares very deeply.

Smollett held both Wentworth and Vernon responsible for the disaster at Cartagena. He described Wentworth as "defective in . . . experience, confidence, and resolution" and Vernon as "a man of weak understanding . . . [and] boundless arrogance," and he damned them both for being "so weak or wicked as to take all opportunities of thwarting and manifesting their contempt for each other, at a time when the lives of so many brave fellow-subjects were at stake." But overall, Smollett cared most to redress the imbalance of opinion generated by Vernon and Knowles against the army. Throughout his "Carthagene," Smollett inserts or shades details that would redound to the army's credit or exculpate its officers from alleged mistakes and failings. For example, pro-Vernon pamphlets had disparaged the army officers as political appointees and "abandoned wretches of the Town," so Smollett made sure to praise them for their experience and qualifications, as "gentlemen of character and capacity for military operations."[130] Vernonites had mocked the army and its chief engineer for constructing a concealed battery within a grove of trees, so Smollett singles it out in a separate passage as a stroke of tactical genius.[131] At a critical moment in the battle, Vernon had refused to release five thousand reserves aboard ship that Wentworth requested to reinforce his beleaguered troops onshore, so Smollett is careful to recount how Vernon had agreed to this reinforcement in a council of war before action began and then reneged on his commitment in the heat of the battle, leaving the troops onshore to their fate.[132] Thus Smollett proceeds, shaping his account at more than twenty different points in ways that directly refute or undermine the version that Vernon and his supporters had promulgated in 1743–44.[133]

No one knows why Smollett's pamphlet was not published in 1744. Smollett may have tried it with a publisher; but, because he lacked stature, his essay may have been rejected. Or friends may have persuaded him against such a dangerous step, a neophyte with no standing or resources plunging into political pamphlet wars that involved powerful figures in Parliament and the British navy. Besides, there was no money in it, and he had the more pressing need to make a living. Smollett may have consoled himself with sending off anonymous little pieces about Cartagena to the magazines and newspapers, where hundreds of such articles appeared. No one knows, and the authorship

of all those anonymous writings is now unrecoverable. Still, whatever the backstory, Smollett seems to have held on to the unpublished manuscript of his "Carthagene," only pulling it out again in 1747 when he came to the sections of *Roderick Random* that involved his hero in the expedition to Cartagena.[134]

This sequence helps explain why the naval sections of *Roderick Random* have such an air of immediacy and concrete detail. Smollett adapted several passages from "Carthagene" almost verbatim in *Roderick Random*. In the earlier work, for example, Smollett describes a storm at sea thus:

> He was waked early in the morning, by a dreadful concert produced from the clanking of chain-pumps, the creaking of gun-carriages, the cracking of cabins strained by the violent motion, the dashing of the sea, the howling of the wind, the rattling of the rigging, and the confused clamours of six hundred men running up and down the deck in confusion.

The passage is transposed, reordered slightly, and intensified in chapter 28 of *Roderick Random*:

> I was wakened by a most horrible din, occasioned by the play of the gun carriages upon the decks above, the creaking of cabins, the howling of the winds through the shrouds, the confused noise of the ship's crew, the pipes of the boatswain and his mates, the trumpets of the lieutenants, and the clanking of the chain-pumps.

Similarly, lines depicting the misery of the sick and wounded in "Carthagene" are repeated, with subtle elaboration and reemphasis, in *Roderick Random*:

> They were pent up between decks in small vessels, where they had not room to sit upright; they wallowed in filth: myriads of maggots were hatched in the putrefaction of their sores. ("Carthagene")

> The space between decks was so confined, that the miserable patients had not room to sit upright in their beds. Their wounds and stumps being neglected, contracted filth and putrefaction, and millions of maggots were hatched amid the corruption of their sores. (*Roderick Random*, chapter 33)

In passages such as these, Smollett's "Carthagene" has the qualities of embedded battlefield journalism, with its eyewitness reporting and tone of exposé.[135] It is this vividness and adherence to graphic detail, with the steely-eyed clarity and assurance of someone who was there, that give the corresponding sections of *Roderick Random* (chapters 28–33) much of their power.

Although *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages* was to inspire several imitations, including Samuel Johnson's *World Displayed* (1759–61), the "Carthagene" narrative attracted almost no attention when it was published in 1756.[136] Apart from Smollett's own *Critical Review*, only a writer in the *Monthly Review* seemed to notice it, and he dismissed it in a single sentence as essentially "a satirical account," admittedly "written with spirit" but with too much "acrimony and abuse."[137] The indifference is understandable. The controversy over Cartagena had long since died down, and the public's attention in 1756 was completely taken up with the recent outbreak of what would become the Seven Years' War against France. But there was one man who

would have read Smollett's "Carthagene" closely and with intense resentment: Charles Knowles. Smollett had focused more of his criticism on Knowles than on any other figure, rebutting Knowles's 1743 pamphlet on every point and mentioning Knowles in the narrative more often and with more sarcasm than anyone save Vernon himself. It would be a couple of years, but in 1758 Smollett took one further step that triggered an explosive response from Knowles and enabled him to punish Smollett in ways the writer would long regret.

By 1758 Knowles and Smollett were very different men from their days at Cartagena seventeen years before. Long since promoted from captain, Knowles had risen to power and influence: by 1758 he was a vice admiral in the navy, a former member of Parliament, and a former governor of Jamaica. Smollett, meanwhile, had established himself as a man of letters: he had published three big novels, three major translations, and several other works; started writing a serious history of England; and launched (in 1756) what quickly became one of the two leading literary journals in the country. But Smollett may have overestimated himself. He certainly stepped over a line. In the *Critical Review* for May 1758, Smollett wrote an anonymous scathing review of a pamphlet by Knowles defending his conduct in the 1757 Battle of Rochefort. Smollett attacked him ruthlessly, invoking Cartagena and advising Knowles he should "have saved himself the trouble of stirring up the remembrance of a dirty expedition, which has stunk so abominably in the nostrils of the nation." Knowles, unleashing all his pent-up resentment, struck back with a lawsuit for seditious libel that led to Smollett acknowledging in court his authorship of the offending review. Libel law of the time was clear-cut (rank was all that mattered, and the truth was no defense), so the result was a foregone conclusion. Smollett was convicted, fined £100, and sentenced to three months in prison, which he served in the King's Bench Prison from the end of November 1760 to late February 1761.[138] Smollett drew on his prison experience for material in his next novel, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, but the humiliation lived with him for a long time.[139] He had to post security in the amount of £500 for his "good behaviour" over the next seven years, and he had to remove the offending article from all future reprintings of the *Critical Review*. Obviously chastened, he decided to tone down the journal's political commentary thereafter. He was taunted by his enemies—of whom there were plenty—and felt the stigma for years to come.[140]

Thus, Smollett's "Carthagene," in itself neither a major work nor a success with the reading public, nonetheless figured in significant ways in Smollett's life and writing. It is connected with some of his most painful life experience, both early, during the war in the Caribbean, and later, in a London courtroom and in prison. But it is more important for its place in his writing career. With its composition established in 1744, "An Account of the Expedition against Carthagene" emerges as Smollett's first known work of prose. Writing it sharpened Smollett's narrative style, fostering both the eyewitness reporting skills and the sense of moral indignation that would inform *Roderick Random*. It captured material and generated passages that Smollett could use to gird up sections of a first novel that is, after all, substantially autobiographical. "Carthagene" can be seen in miniature to foreshadow the essential form of *Roderick Random*: a solitary and sensitive reporter, narrating a clear-eyed story from the center of the mael-

strom—whether a battle for empire in the Caribbean, the struggle to survive in the streets of London, or the effort to preserve his sanity in a corrupt and unfeeling world. In this way, both works speak to us still.

Notes

1. See Byron Gassman, introduction to *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 3–15.
2. For a complete list of Smollett's publications, see Mary Wagoner, *Tobias Smollett: A Checklist of Editions of His Works and an Annotated Secondary Bibliography* (New York: Garland Publishing, 1984), 9–107. For Defoe, see Philip Nicholas Furbank and W. R. Owens, *A Critical Bibliography of Daniel Defoe* (London: Pickering and Chatto, 1998).
3. See Knapp, 96.
4. *British Magazine* 3 (January 1748): 47. This periodical is not to be confused with the *British Magazine; or Monthly Repository for Gentlemen and Ladies*, which Smollett helped found and edit in 1760.
5. See Frans Dirk Wierstra, *Smollett and Dickens* (Den Helder: C. de Boer, Jr., 1928); Jerry Phillips, "Narrative, Adventure, and Schizophrenia: From Smollett's *Roderick Random* to Melville's *Omoo*," *Journal of Narrative Technique* 25 (1995): 177–201; and Damian Grant, *Tobias Smollett: A Study in Style* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1977). For recent instances of influence, see Doyle, *Through the Magic Door* (London: Smith, Elder, 1907), 137–38; Faulkner, "A Word to Young Writers," in *Faulkner in the University*, ed. Frederick L. Gwynn and Joseph L. Blottner (New York: Vintage, 1965), 243; Orwell, "Tobias Smollett: Scotland's Best Novelist," in *As I Please 1943–45*, ed. Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus, vol. 3 of *The Collected Essays, Journalism, and Letters of George Orwell*, 4 vols. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1968), 244–48; Bowen, "English Novelists," in *Romance of English Literature*, ed. W. J. Turner (New York: Hastings House, 1944), 241; Pritchett, "Books in General," *New Statesman and Nation* 23 (1942): 145; Burgess, *English Literature: A Survey for Students* (London: Longman, 1958); Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse Five* (New York: Dell, 1969); Barth, afterword to Smollett, *The Adventures of Roderick Random* (New York: New American Library, 1964), 469–79; Sladek, *Roderick at Random* (New York: Carroll and Graf, 1983); and Winslow, *A Cool Breeze on the Underground* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1991), 128–29.
6. See Knapp, 3–26. Smollett's "Ode to Leven-Water" celebrates the beauties of the countryside in which he grew up (see *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 56). The Smollett family estate that he remembered so vividly remained in the family until the late twentieth century, descending through his sister Jane, who married Alexander Telfer. The Telfer Smolletts occupied Cameron House until 1980, and the ancestral house still stands, serving since 1996 as a luxury hotel.
7. See Knapp, e.g., 57–61. See also Boucé, 215–23; and James G. Basker, "Scotticisms and the Problem of Cultural Identity in Eighteenth-Century Britain," *Eighteenth Century Life* 15 (February–May 1991): 81–95.
8. Smollett to Alexander Carlyle, 15 April 1754 (*Letters*, 38).
9. See Knapp, 8.
10. See similar instances in *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* (London, 1751), vol. 1, chap. 12, 87, and vol. 1, chap. 24, 176; and *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, 23–26.
11. See Knapp, 10–23.
12. Knapp, 33.

13. See Boucé, 40–50; Knapp, 27–43.
14. See Knapp, 32.
15. See Knapp, 38–43; cf. *Roderick Random*, below, chap. 39, 201.
16. See Knapp, 32. See also Smollett, "An Account of the Expedition against Carthagene," below, 383, 385, 386.
17. See *Gentleman's Magazine* 80 (June 1810): 597.
18. Smollett, "Carthagene," below, 385; see also *Roderick Random*, below, chap. 33, 164.
19. Lionel Kelly, ed., *Tobias Smollett: The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1987), 334.
20. See Knapp, 35.
21. See Knapp, 36.
22. In the early 1760s, Grainger wrote a long poem in four books based on his experience as physician and overseer on a Jamaican slave plantation. See *The Sugar Cane* (London, 1764); and James G. Basker, headnote to "James Grainger," in *Amazing Grace: An Anthology of Poems about Slavery, 1660–1810*, ed. Basker (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 2002), 153. See also Basker, 156, 167–68.
23. See James G. Basker, "Smollett's Racial Consciousness in *Roderick Random*," *1650–1850: Ideas, Aesthetics, and Inquiries in the Early Modern Era* 6 (2002): 83.
24. Smollett to Robert(?) Barclay, 22 May 1744 (*Letters*, 2).
25. See Knapp, 45–46, 73.
26. See Jerry C. Beasley, introduction to *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, xxi–xxiii. *Don Ricardo Honeywater Vindicated*, an anonymous 1748 pamphlet on a medical controversy, has also been tentatively attributed to Smollett; see Robert Adams Day, introduction to *"The Cornutor of Seventy-Five" and "Don Ricardo Honeywater Vindicated,"* ed. Day (Los Angeles: William Andrews Clark Library, 1987), vii–viii.
27. See *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 23; O M Brack, Jr., textual commentary to *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 552–53.
28. See Knapp, 57–58.
29. Knapp, 58–59.
30. For the publishing history of "The Tears of Scotland," see Brack, textual commentary to *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 555–59.
31. Smollett expressed his admiration for Pope many times, most fully in his review of Joseph Warton's *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope* in *Critical Review* 1 (1756): 226–40. See also Basker, 88–89, 92–97. Savage's *Of Public Spirit in Regard to Public Works* (London, 1737) and Johnson's *London* (London, 1738) are verse satires similar in tone and scope to Smollett's *Advice*.
32. See Brack, textual commentary to *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 560–64.
33. *Letters*, 5.
34. Knapp, 49–57.
35. See James G. Basker, "Another Smollett Play?" *Notes and Queries*, n.s., 28 (1980): 33–34; and see *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 76–79.
36. See David Blewett, *Passion and Virtue: Essays on the Novels of Samuel Richardson* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2001), [xi]–xii; and Martin C. Battestin, introduction to Henry Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, ed. Battestin (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1967), xxix, xxxii–xxxiii.
37. Smollett to Alexander Carlyle, ? 1747 (*Letters*, 6).
38. Smollett to Alexander Carlyle, 7 June 1748 (*Letters*, 8).
39. Smollett to Alexander Carlyle, ? 1747 (*Letters*, 6–7).

40. For details of the Osborn family publishing business, see Alexander Pettit, introduction to Samuel Richardson, *Early Works*, ed. Pettit (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011); and Martin C. Battestin, introduction to *The History and Adventures of the Renowned Don Quixote*, trans. Tobias Smollett, ed. Battestin and O M Brack, Jr. (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2003), xlv n. 6.
41. See Pettit, introduction to Richardson, *Early Works*. Young Osborn's name appears on the title page of the first edition of *Clarissa*.
42. See Brack, textual commentary to *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 560–61.
43. See Knapp, 92; Gassman, introduction to *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 78; and Brack, textual commentary to *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 572–74. See also *Roderick Random*, below, chap. 62, 323 and n. 5 (473–74).
44. See Battestin, introduction to Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, xxx.
45. Wagoner, *Tobias Smollett*, nos. 2,193–2,202.
46. O M Brack, Jr., and J. B. Davis, "Smollett's Revisions of *Roderick Random*," *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 64 (1970): 295–96.
47. Grignion was Hayman's frequent collaborator during this period and would engrave many of the illustrations that Hayman created for Smollett's translation of *Don Quixote* in 1755; see Battestin, introduction to *Don Quixote*, trans. Smollett, xxi–xxiii. Hayman became friends with Smollett and by 1750 was interceding on Smollett's behalf with David Garrick; see *Letters*, 13–14. Perhaps because of the time pressure, neither Hayman nor Smollett noticed in 1748 that Bowling appears in the second frontispiece clean-shaven, while in the novel Smollett describes him as wearing the "disguise of a long beard" (below, chap. 41, 211). The illustration was reissued without correction in later editions because, unlike fixing textual errors, which could be done when the text was being reset for a new edition anyway, altering illustrations required redesigning and reengraving the whole plate and would have been very expensive. Instead, the decision was taken to simply reuse the original plates in the third and fourth editions, quietly ignoring any inaccuracies.
48. Brack and Davis, "Smollett's Revisions," 297 n. 6; see also the textual commentary, below, 508–9, 512–13.
49. This and the following examples are taken from Brack and Davis, "Smollett's Revisions," 306–11.
50. Knapp, 96.
51. See Knapp, 97–98 and nn. 22–23. See also *The Northern Heroes; or, the Bloody Contest . . . With a Comic Interlude, call'd The Volunteers; or, the Adventures of Roderick Random, and his Friend Strap* (London, 1748).
52. Knapp, 97–98 and nn. 22–23.
53. *British Magazine* 3:14, 47, 300–301, 364.
54. Wagoner, *Tobias Smollett*, 9, 417.
55. Knapp, 96.
56. Quoted in Hennig Cohen, *The South Carolina Gazette 1732–1775* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1953), 135.
57. R. M. Wiles, *Freshest Advices: Early Provincial Newspapers in England* ([Columbus]: Ohio State University Press, 1965), 334 and n. 14; *Gentleman's Magazine* 20 (August 1750): 379.
58. *Gentleman's Magazine* 19 (March 1749): 126.
59. See *A Faithful Narrative of the Base and Inhuman Arts that Were Lately Practiced upon the Brain of Habbakkuk Hilding* (London, 1752); and Robert Folkenflik and Barbara Laning Fitzpatrick, introduction to *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, xxxiii.
60. Smollett to Alexander Carlyle, 1 October 1749 (*Letters*, 11).

61. See Knapp, 125–33; and Kelly, *Tobias Smollett*, 80–87.
62. For details of Osborn's efforts to market *The Devil upon Crutches* and *Gil Blas* on the reputation of *Roderick Random*, see O M Brack, Jr., and Leslie A. Chilton, introduction to Alain René Le Sage, *The Devil upon Crutches*, trans. Tobias Smollett (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2005), xx–xxi and n. 28.
63. Battestin, introduction to *Don Quixote*, trans. Smollett, xlv; and Brack and Chilton, introduction to *The Devil upon Crutches*, trans. Smollett, xxv.
64. *Monthly Review* 1 (May 1749): 72.
65. See the textual commentary, below, 513.
66. The exception was *Peregrine Pickle* (1751), which for still inscrutable reasons Smollett decided to publish himself, alienating booksellers and eliminating their motivation to publicize that novel.
67. See Wagoner, *Tobias Smollett*, 9–10, 16–18.
68. Quoted in Knapp, 296.
69. See Kelly, *Tobias Smollett*, 250, 276–77, 278.
70. Samuel William Ryley, *Roderick Random, a Comic Opera* (Huddersfield, c. 1800).
71. Thomas De Quincey, *Literary Reminiscences; From the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater* (Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields, 1851), 2:25.
72. See Kelly, *Tobias Smollett*, 25, 343–46.
73. Anna Laetitia Barbauld, ed., *The British Novelists* (London, 1810), 30:v.
74. See George M. Kahrl, *Tobias Smollett, Traveler-Novelist* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1945), 14–15; and *Roderick Random*, below, chap. 3, n. 13.
75. See Wagoner, *Tobias Smollett*, 16–19.
76. See Cohen, *South Carolina Gazette*, 137, 152–53.
77. See *A Catalogue of Books . . . to Be Sold by Garrat Noel* (New York, 1755); John Mein, *A Catalogue of Curious and Valuable Books* (Boston, 1766); David Hall, *Imported in the Last Vessels from England* (Philadelphia, 1767); Edward Cox and Edward Berry, *A Catalogue of a Very Large Assortment of . . . Books* (Boston, 1772); *A Catalogue of Books, Imported and to be Sold by Henry Knox* (Boston, 1773); and *Robert Bell's Sale Catalogue of a Collection of New and Old Books* (Philadelphia, 1773).
78. Thomas Jefferson to Robert Skipwith (3 August 1771), quoted in Kevin J. Hayes, *The Road to Monticello: The Life and Mind of Thomas Jefferson* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), 123.
79. See *Catalogue of Books in the Library of the Hon[orable] Robert R. Livingston* (New York, 1800).
80. Smollett to Richard Smith, 8 May 1763 (*Letters*, 112–14). Smith's letter to Smollett of 26 February 1763 is missing, but something of its contents can be inferred from Smollett's lengthy response.
81. See *A Catalogue of the Books Belonging to the New-York Society Library* (New York, 1758); *Catalogue of Books Belonging to the Company of the Redwood-Library* (Newport, R.I., 1764); and *A Catalogue of Books, Belonging to the Association Library Company of Philadelphia* (Philadelphia, 1765).
82. Based on James G. Basker's examination of the American bookseller catalogs from 1785 to 1801 held by the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.
83. See *Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets, Maps, and Prints Published by Mathew Carey* (Philadelphia, 1795); *Catalogue of Books, for Sale by [John] Carter and [William] Wilkinson* (Providence, R.I., 1795); *Robert B. Thomas Has for Sale . . . the Following Books and Stationery* (Leominster, Mass., 1796); and *A Catalogue of Books . . . for Sale at the Bookstore of John West* (Boston, 1797). See also *A Catalogue of the Books belonging to the Library Company of Philadelphia* (Philadelphia,

1789). The Library Company did have copies of Smollett's nonfiction, however, including his *Complete History of England* (4 vols.; London, 1757–58) and its *Continuation* (5 vols.; London, 1760–65), and the *Travels through France and Italy* (London, 1766).

84. *Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets, Maps, and Prints Published by Mathew Carey*.
85. *Catalogue of Books to Be Sold by Isaiah Thomas* (Worcester, Mass., 1787). See also *Catalogue of Books and Stationary &c., Sold by Hugh Gaine* (New York, 1787) and *Samuel Campbell's Sale Catalogue for 1787* (New York, 1787); and *Samuel Campbell's Catalogue of Books, for 1789* (New York, 1789).
86. See Wagoner, *Tobias Smollett*, 13 (item 74).
87. *The Parallel; or, Pilkington and Phillips Compared* (London, 1748), 7–8.
88. See *The Third and Last Volume of the Memoirs of Mrs. Laetitia Pilkington* (London, 1754), 13–14; and Barbauld, *British Novelists*, 30:v.
89. Twain, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1889), chap. 4, 30–31.
90. Tabitha Gilman Tenney, *Female Quixotism: Exhibited in the Romantic Opinions and Extravagant Adventures of Dorcas Sheldon* (1801), ed. Cathy N. Davidson, Jean Nienkamp, and Andrea Collins (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992), 227.
91. George Eliot, *Middlemarch* (London, 1874), bk. 3, chap. 30, 211.
92. Quoted in Moncure D. Conway, *Thomas Carlyle* (London, 1881), 31–32.
93. Charles Dickens, *The Personal History of David Copperfield* (London, 1850), chap. 4, 41; cf. Dickens, "Autobiographical Fragment," in John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens*, 3 vols. (London, 1872–74), 1:37–38.
94. Dickens, *David Copperfield*, chap. 5, 47.
95. William Hazlitt, *Lectures on the English Comic Writers* (London, 1819), 229.
96. See above, n. 5.
97. See, e.g., Samuel Johnson, *Rambler*, no. 4 (31 March 1750); Charlotte Lennox, *The Female Quixote* (London, 1752); George Colman, *Polly Honeycombe: A Dramatick Novel* (London, 1760); Laurence Sterne, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* (London, 1759–67); Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey* (London, 1818), vol. 1, chap. 5. For Cleland's reviews of fiction in the *Monthly Review* in the 1740s and 1750s, see B. C. Nangle, *The Monthly Review, First Series 1749–1789: Indexes of Contributors and Articles* (Oxford, 1934).
98. For scholarly discussion of the development of the novel in the 1740s, see Alan Dugald McKillop, *The Early Masters of English Fiction* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1956); Ian Watt, *The Rise of the Novel: Studies in Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957); and Michael McKeon, *The Origins of the English Novel: 1600–1740* (Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1987).
99. *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, 4.
100. See Smollett's review of *Tristram Shandy* in *Critical Review* 11 (April 1761): 314–17; and see Basker, 139.
101. See, e.g., Beasley, introduction to *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, xix–xlii; Folkenflik, introduction to *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, xvii–liv; Robert Adams Day, introduction to *The History and Adventures of an Atom* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1989), xxv–lxxvi; and Thomas R. Preston, introduction to *Humphry Clinker*, xxi–liv. For critical studies of *Roderick Random* and Smollett's development as a novelist, see Jerry C. Beasley, *Tobias Smollett, Novelist* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1988); Harold Bloom, ed., *Modern Critical Views: Tobias Smollett* (New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1987); Paul-Gabriel Boucé, *The Novels of Tobias Smollett* (London: Longman Group, 1976); O M Brack, Jr., ed., *Tobias Smollett: Scotland's First Novelist: New Essays in Honor of Paul-Gabriel Boucé* (Newark: University of Delaware Press,

2007); Aileen Douglas, *Uneasy Sensations: Smollett and the Body* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995); Grant, *A Study in Style*; George M. Kahrl, *Tobias Smollett: Traveler-Novelist* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1945); Louis L. Martz, *The Later Career of Tobias Smollett* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1942); George S. Rousseau and Paul-Gabriel Boucé, eds., *Tobias Smollett: Bicentennial Essays Presented to Lewis M. Knapp* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1971); Robert Donald Spector, *Tobias George Smollett* (New York: Twayne, 1968); Raymond A. Stephanson, "The Non(Sense) of an Ending: Subversive Allusion and Thematic Discontent in *Roderick Random*," *Eighteenth-Century Fiction* 1 (1989): 103–18; John P. Zomchick, "'Inordinate Sallies of Desire' Restrained and 'Unutterable Rapture Possessed': The Emplotment of the Reader in *Roderick Random*," in *Reader Entrapment in Eighteenth-Century Literature*, ed. Carl R. Kropf (New York: AMS Press, 1992), 201–27.

102. The other book is Richard Wiseman's *Several Chirurgical Treatises* (1676); see below, chap. 7, 40 and n. 24.
103. See, e.g., Latin quotations throughout *Roderick Random*, chaps. 10 and 11.
104. See *Roderick Random*, below, chap. 61, n. 13; chap. 22, nn. 10, 14; chap. 9, n. 15; and chap. 13, n. 4.
105. See below, chap. 11, n. 16; chap. 17, n. 10; chap. 45, n. 19; chap. 46, nn. 34, 36; chap. 65, n. 19; and chap. 66, nn. 8, 19.
106. See below, chap. 46, 245 and nn. 34, 36.
107. See below, chap. 18, n. 4.
108. Beasley, *Tobias Smollett, Novelist*, 24.
109. See illustrations reproduced in this volume by Cruikshank and Rowlandson on 25, 33, 57, 60, 66, 71, 108, 111, 140, 221, 320, 331, 339, 345, and 363.
110. See, e.g., Boucé, 71–99; Leslie A. Chilton, "Smollett as Professional Translator," in Brack, *Scotland's First Novelist*, 186–200; Battestin, introduction to *Don Quixote*, trans. Smollett, [xxxiii]–xlix; and Brack and Chilton, introduction to *The Devil upon Crutches*, trans. Smollett, [xv]–xxviii.
111. For studies that focus on Smollett and women, see Robert Donald Spector, *Smollett's Women: A Study in an Eighteenth-Century Masculine Sensibility* (London: Greenwood, 1994); John Skinner, *Constructions of Smollett: A Study of Genre and Gender* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1996); and T. G. A. Nelson, "Smollett's Representation and Critique of the Traffic in Women: A Narrative Strand in *Roderick Random*," *Philological Quarterly* 78 (1999): 283–300.
112. In other contexts Smollett could be a stickler for the correct usage of English; see Basker, 76–80.
113. Johnson began work on his dictionary in 1746; it was published in 1755, the year in which demand for *Roderick Random* prompted the publication of a fourth edition. For studies of Smollett and language in *Roderick Random*, see G. N. Underwood, "Linguistic Realism in *Roderick Random*," *JEGP* 69 (1970): 32–40; T. K. Pratt, "Linguistics, Criticism, and Smollett's *Roderick Random*," *University of Toronto Quarterly* 42 (1972): 26–39; Pratt, "A Study of the Language in Tobias Smollett's *Roderick Random*" (PhD diss., London University, 1975); and Grant, *A Study in Style*.
114. Susanna Rowson, *Sarah or the Exemplary Wife* (Boston, 1813), 188.
115. Orwell, "Scotland's Best Novelist," 244–48.
116. For a detailed list of the voyages included in this collection, see Martz, *Later Career*, 195–200.
117. See Lionel Wafer, *A New Voyage and Description of the Isthmus of America* (London, 1695).
118. Martz, *Later Career*, 199–200.

119. *Critical Review* 1 (May 1756): 309–12. In its April 1756 issue, the *Gentleman's Magazine* had included the *Compendium* in its "List of Books Published" (26:193).
120. Smollett to "Richard Smith, Esq. of New Jersey," 8 May 1763 (*Letters*, 113).
121. Louis Martz, "Smollett and the Expedition to Carthagena," *PMLA* 56 (1941): 428–46; and Martz, *Later Career*, 1–64, 195–200.
122. The most detailed modern account of the attack on Cartagena is in Harding, 83–122.
123. Reprinted in *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 (May 1741): 277. Such reports also reached Boston, where premature celebrations broke out; see Smollett, "Carthagene," below, nn. 90, 154.
124. For a detailed account of Vernon's mismanagement of the roles of Wentworth and the other officers, see Harding, 83–122.
125. See Harding, 6.
126. See Edward Vernon, *Authentic Papers Relating to the Expedition to Carthagena* (London, 1744); *Original Papers Relating to the Expedition to Cuba* (London, 1744); *Original Papers Relating to the Expedition to Panama* (London, 1744).
127. See Martz, "Smollett and Carthagena," 431.
128. Smollett, "Carthagene," below, 383 (emphasis added).
129. Smollett, "Carthagene," below, 386.
130. Smollett, "Carthagene," below, 369 and n. 14.
131. See Smollett, "Carthagene," below, 377 and n. 132.
132. See Smollett, "Carthagene," below, 380 and n. 168.
133. To trace the many points at which Smollett shaped his text to refute or discredit the pronavy version of events, see Smollett, "Carthagene," below, 369, 373, 374, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 386 and nn. 9, 14, 50, 71, 122, 126, 132, 139, 150, 152, 163, 168, 176, 183, 184, 187, 190–92, 197, 199.
134. Martz ("Smollett and Carthagena," 434–35) conjectures that Smollett kept a journal during his time in the navy on which he drew to write about Cartagena; this seems likely, but no proof has been discovered.
135. For other examples of passages from "Carthagene" that Smollett adapts in *Roderick Random*, see chap. 33, 162, 163, 164 and nn. 8, 10, 13, 20, 24, 27, 28; chap. 34, 165 and n. 1.
136. Martz (*Later Career*, 16–20) identifies seven works in English and others in French and German that imitated or drew on Smollett's *Compendium* in the dozen years after it was published, including Samuel Johnson's *World Displayed* (London, 1759–61), Samuel Derrick's *Collection of Voyages* (London, 1762), and John Barrow's *Collection of Authentic, Useful, and Entertaining Voyages* (London, 1765).
137. *Monthly Review* 15 (August 1756): 193. Significantly, without intending a compliment, the reviewer noted that the *Compendium* as a whole was compiled in such a way that it was better suited "for our novel-readers" than any others.
138. See Knapp, 230–36; Boucé, 27–28.
139. See *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, chaps. 20–21.
140. See Basker, 148–49.

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VOLUME ONE

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MDCCLV.

Title Page of the Fourth Edition, Volume 1. (Reproduced from a copy owned by O M Brack, Jr.)

THE PREFACE.

Of all kinds of satire, there is none so entertaining, and universally improving, as that which is introduced, as it were, occasionally, in the course of an interesting story, which brings every incident home to life; and by representing familiar scenes in an uncommon and amusing point of view, invests them with all the graces of novelty, while nature is appealed to in every particular.

The reader gratifies his curiosity, in pursuing the adventures of a person in whose favour he is prepossessed; he espouses his cause, he sympathizes with him in distress, his indignation is heated against the authors of his calamity; the humane passions are inflamed; the contrast between dejected virtue, and insulting vice, appears with greater aggravation, and every impression having a double force on the imagination, the memory retains the circumstance, and the heart improves by the example. The attention is not tired with a bare catalogue of characters, but agreeably diverted with all the variety of invention; and the vicissitudes of life appear in their peculiar circumstances, opening an ample field for wit and humour.

Romance,[1] no doubt, owes its origin to ignorance, vanity, and superstition. In the dark ages of the world, when a man had rendered himself famous for wisdom or valour, his family and adherents availed themselves of his superior qualities, magnified his virtues, and represented his character and person as sacred and supernatural. The vulgar easily swallowed the bait, implored his protection, and yielded the tribute of homage and praise even to adoration; his exploits were handed down to posterity with a thousand exaggerations; they were repeated as incitements to virtue; divine honours were paid, and altars erected to his memory, for the encouragement of those who attempted to imitate his example; and hence arose the heathen mythology, which is no other than a collection of extravagant romances.—As learning advanced, and genius received cultivation, these stories were embellished with the graces of poetry, that they might the better recommend themselves to the attention; they were sung in public, at festivals, for the instruction and delight of the audience; and rehearsed before battle, as incentives to deeds of glory. Thus tragedy and the epic muse were born, and, in the progress of taste, arrived at perfection.——It is no wonder, that the ancients could not relish a fable in prose,[2] after they had seen so many remarkable events celebrated in verse, by their best poets; we therefore, find no romance among them, during the æra of their excellence, unless the Cyropædia of Xenophon[3] may be so called; and it was not till arts and sciences began to revive, after the irruption of the Barbarians into Europe,[4] that any thing of this kind appeared. But when the minds of men were debauched by the imposition of priest-craft to the most absurd pitch of credulity; the authors of romance arose, and losing sight of probability, filled their performances with the most monstrous hyperboles. If they could not equal the antient poets in point of genius,

they were resolved to excel them in fiction, and apply to the wonder rather than the judgment of their readers. Accordingly they brought negromancy[5] to their aid, and instead of supporting the character of their heroes, by dignity of sentiment and practice, distinguished them by their bodily strength, activity, and extravagance of behaviour. Although nothing could be more ludicrous and unnatural than the figures they drew, they did not want patrons and admirers, and the world actually began to be infected with the spirit of knight-errantry, when Cervantes,[6] by an inimitable piece of ridicule, reformed the taste of mankind, representing chivalry in the right point of view, and converting romance to purposes far more useful and entertaining, by making it assume the sock,[7] and point out the follies of ordinary life.

The same method has been practised by other Spanish and French authors, and by none more successfully than by Monsieur Le Sage, who in his Adventures of Gil Blas,[8] has described the knavery and foibles of life, with infinite humour and sagacity.—The following sheets I have modelled on his plan, taking the liberty, however, to differ from him in the execution, where I thought his particular situations were uncommon, extravagant, or peculiar to the country in which the scene is laid.—The disgraces of Gil Blas are, for the most part, such as rather excite mirth than compassion; he himself laughs at them; and his transitions from distress to happiness, or at least ease, are so sudden, that neither the reader has time to pity him, nor himself to be acquainted with affliction. This conduct, in my opinion, not only deviates from probability, but prevents that generous indignation which ought to animate the reader, against the sordid and vicious disposition of the world.

I have attempted to represent modest merit struggling with every difficulty to which a friendless orphan is exposed, from his own want of experience, as well as from the selfishness, envy, malice, and base indifference of mankind.—To secure a favourable prepossession, I have allowed him the advantages of birth[9] and education, which in the series of his misfortunes will, I hope, engage the ingenuous more warmly in his behalf; and though I foresee, that some people will be offended at the mean scenes in which he is involved, I persuade myself the judicious will not only perceive the necessity of describing those situations to which he must of course be confined, in his low estate, but also find entertainment in viewing those parts of life, where the humours and passions are undisguised by affectation, ceremony, or education; and the whimsical peculiarities of disposition appear as nature has implanted them.—But I believe I need not trouble myself in vindicating a practice authorized by the best writers in this way, some of whom I have already named.

Every intelligent reader will, at first sight, perceive I have not deviated from nature, in the facts, which are all true in the main, although the circumstances are altered and disguised to avoid personal satire.[10]

It now remains, to give my reasons for making the chief personage of this work a North-Briton;[11] which are chiefly these: I could at a small expence bestow on him such education as I thought the dignity of his birth and character required, which could not possibly be obtained in England, by such slender means as the nature of my plan would afford. In the next place, I could represent simplicity of manners in a remote part of the kingdom, with more propriety than in any place near the capital; and lastly,

the disposition of the Scots, addicted to travelling, justifies my conduct in deriving an adventurer from that country.

That the delicate reader may not be offended at the unmeaning oaths[12] which proceed from the mouths of some persons in these memoirs, I beg leave to premise, that I imagined nothing could more effectually expose the absurdity of such miserable expletives,[13] than a natural and verbal representation of the discourse in which they occur.

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APOLOGUE.

A young painter indulging a vein of pleasantry, sketched a kind of conversation-piece,[1] *representing a bear, an owl, a monkey, and an ass;*[2] *and to render it more striking, humorous and moral, distinguished every figure by some emblem of human life.*

Bruin was exhibited in the garb and attitude of an old, toothless, drunken soldier; the owl perched upon the handle of a coffee-pot, with spectacle on nose, seemed to contemplate a news paper; and the ass, ornamented with a huge tye-wig,[3] *(which, however, could not conceal his long ears) sat for his picture to the monkey, who appeared with the implements of painting. This whimsical groupe afforded some mirth, and met with general approbation, until some mischievous wag hinted that the whole was a lampoon upon the friends of the performer: an insinuation which was no sooner circulated, than those very people who applauded it before, began to be alarmed, and even to fancy themselves signified by the several figures of the piece.*

Among others, a worthy personage in years, who had served in the army with reputation, being incensed at the supposed outrage, repaired to the lodgings of the painter, and finding him at home, "Heark ye, Mr. Monkey,"[4] *said he, "I have a good mind to convince you that tho' the bear has lost his teeth, he retains his paws, and that he is not so drunk but he can perceive your impertinence—'Sblood! sir, that toothless jaw is a damned scandalous libel—but, don't you imagine me so chopfallen as not to be able to chew the cud*[5] *of resentment."——Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a learned physician, who advancing to the culprit with fury in his aspect, exclaimed, "Suppose the augmentation of the ass's ears should prove the diminution of the baboon's—nay, seek not to prevaricate, for by the beard of Æsculapius!*[6] *there is not one hair in this periwig that will not stand up in judgment to convict thee of personal abuse—Do but observe, captain, how this pitiful little fellow has copied the very curls—the colour; indeed, is different, but then the form and foretop are quite similar."—While he thus remonstrated in a strain of vociferation, a venerable senator entered, and waddling up to the delinquent, "Jackanapes!"*[7] *cried he, "I will now let thee see, I can read something else than a news paper, and that, without the help of spectacles—here is your own note of hand, sirrah, for money which if I had not advanced, you yourself would have resembled an owl, in not daring to shew your face by day, you ungrateful, slanderous knave!"*

In vain the astonished painter declared that he had no intention to give offence, or to characterize particular persons: they affirmed the resemblance was too palpable to be overlooked, they taxed him with insolence, malice, and ingratitude; and their clamours being overheard by the public, the captain was a bear, the doctor an ass, and the senator an owl to his dying day.

Christian reader, I beseech thee, in the bowels of the Lord,[8] *remember this example while thou art employed in the perusal of the following sheets; and seek not to appropriate to thyself that which equally belongs to five hundred different people. If thou should'st meet with a character that reflects thee in some ungracious particular, keep thy own counsel; consider that one feature makes not a face, and that tho' thou art, perhaps, distinguished by a bottle nose, twenty of thy neighbours may be in the same predicament.*

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THE ADVENTURES OF RODERICK RANDOM.

CHAPTER I.

Of my birth and parentage.

I was born in the northern part of this united kingdom,[1] in the house of my grandfather, a gentleman of considerable fortune and influence, who had on many occasions signalized himself in behalf of his country; and was remarkable for his abilities in the law, which he exercised with great success, in the station of a judge, particularly against beggars, for whom he had a singular aversion.

My father (his youngest son) falling in love with a poor relation, who lived with the old gentleman in quality of house-keeper, espoused her privately; and I was the first fruit of that marriage.—During her pregnancy, a dream discomposed my mother so much that her husband, tired with her importunity, at last consulted a highland seer,[2] whose favourable interpretation he would have secured before-hand by a bribe, but found him incorruptible. She dreamed, she was delivered of a tennis-ball,[3] which the devil (who, to her great surprize, acted the part of a midwife) struck so forcibly with a racket, that it disappeared in an instant; and she was for some time inconsolable for the loss of her off-spring; when all of a sudden, she beheld it return with equal violence, and enter the earth, beneath her feet, whence immediately sprung up a goodly tree[4] covered with blossoms, the scent of which operated so strongly on her nerves that she awoke. The attentive sage, after some deliberation, assured my parents, that their first-born would be a great traveller; that he would undergo many dangers and difficulties, and at last return to his native land, where he would flourish in happiness and reputation.[5]—How truly this was foretold, will appear in the sequel.—It was not long before some officious person informed my grandfather of certain familiarities that passed between his son and house-keeper, which alarmed him so much that, a few days after, he told my father it was high time for him to think of settling; and that he had provided a match for him, to which he could in justice have no objections. My father, finding it would be impossible to conceal his situation much longer, frankly owned what he had done; and excused himself for not having asked the consent of his father,

by saying, he knew it would have been to no purpose; and that, had his inclination been known, my grandfather might have taken such measures as would have effectually put the gratification of it out of his power: he added, that no exceptions could be taken to his wife's virtue, birth, beauty, and good sense, and as for fortune, it was beneath his care.—The old gentleman, who kept all his passions, except one, in excellent order, heard him to an end with great temper; and then calmly asked, how he proposed to maintain himself and spouse?—He replied, he could be in no danger of wanting, while his father's tenderness remained, which he and his wife should always cultivate with the utmost veneration; that he was persuaded his allowance would be suitable to the dignity and circumstances of his family, and to the provision already made for his brothers and sisters, who were happily settled under his protection.—"Your brothers and sisters," said my grandfather, "did not think it beneath them to consult me in an affair of such importance as matrimony; neither (I suppose) would you have omitted that piece of duty, had you not some secret fund in reserve; to the comforts of which I leave you, with a desire that you will this night seek out another habitation for yourself and wife, whither, in a short time, I will send you an account of the expence I have been at in your education, with a view of being reimbursed.—Sir, you have made the grand tour[6]—you are a polite gentleman—a very pretty gentleman—I wish you a great deal of joy, and am your very humble servant." So saying, he left my father in a situation easily imagined. However, he did not long hesitate; for, being perfectly well acquainted with his father's disposition, he did not doubt that he was glad of this pretence to get rid of him; and his resolves being invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians,[7] he knew it would be to no purpose to attempt him by prayers and intreaties; so without any farther application he betook himself, with his disconsolate bedfellow, to a farm house, where an old servant of his mother dwelt; there they remained some time in a situation but ill adapted to the elegance of their desires and tenderness of their love; which nevertheless my father chose to endure, rather than supplicate an unnatural and inflexible parent: but, my mother foreseeing the inconveniencies to which she must have been exposed, had she been delivered in this place, (and her pregnancy was very far advanced) without communicating her design to her husband, went in disguise to the house of my grandfather, hoping that her tears and condition would move him to compassion, and reconcile him to an event which was now irrevocably past.—She found means to deceive the servants, and was introduced as an unfortunate lady, who wanted to complain of some matrimonial grievances, it being my grandfather's particular province to decide in all cases of scandal. She was accordingly admitted into his presence, where discovering herself she fell at his feet, and in the most affecting manner, implored his forgiveness; at the same time, representing the danger that threatened not only her life, but that of his own grand-child which was about to see the light.—He told her, he was sorry that the indiscretion of her and his son had compelled him to make a vow, which put it out of his power to give them any assistance.—That he had already imparted his thoughts on that subject to her husband, and was surprised that they should disturb his peace with any further importunity.—This said, he retired.—The violence of my mother's affliction had such an effect on her constitution, that she was immediately seized with the pains of child-bed; and had not an old

maid-servant to whom she was very dear, afforded her pity and assistance, at the hazard of incurring my grandfather's displeasure, she and the innocent fruit of her womb[8] must have fallen miserable victims to his rigour and inhumanity.—By the friendship of this poor woman, she was carried up to a garret, and immediately delivered of a man-child, the story of whose unfortunate birth he himself now relates.—My father being informed of what had happened, flew to the embraces of his darling spouse, and while he loaded his off-spring with paternal caresses, could not forbear shedding a flood of tears, on beholding the dear partner of his heart (for whose ease he would have sacrificed the treasures of the east) stretched upon a flock-bed,[9] in a miserable apartment, unable to protect her from the inclemencies of the weather.—It is not to be supposed that the old gentleman was ignorant of what passed, tho' he affected to know nothing of the matter, and pretended to be very much surprised, when one of his grandchildren, by his eldest son deceased, who lived with him as his heir apparent, acquainted him with the affair; he determined therefore to observe no medium, but immediately (on the third day after her delivery)[10] sent her a peremptory order to be gone, and turned off the servant who had preserved her life. This behaviour so exasperated my father, that he had recourse to the most dreadful imprecations; and on his bare knees implored that heaven would renounce him if ever he should forget or forgive the barbarity of his sire.—The injuries which this unhappy mother received from her removal in such circumstances, and the want of necessaries where she lodged, together with her grief and anxiety of mind, soon threw her into a languishing disorder,[11] which put an end to her life. My father, who loved her tenderly, was so affected with her death, that he remained six weeks deprived of his senses; during which time, the people where he lodged carried the infant to the old man, who relented so far, on hearing the melancholy story of his daughter-in-law's death, and the deplorable condition of his son, as to send the child to nurse, and he ordered my father to be carried home to his house, where he soon recovered the use of his reason.—Whether this hard-hearted judge felt any remorse for his cruel treatment of his son and daughter; or (which is more probable) was afraid his character would suffer in the neighbourhood; he professed great sorrow for his conduct to my father, whose delirium was succeeded by a profound melancholy and reserve. At length he disappeared, and notwithstanding all imaginable inquiry, could not be heard of, a circumstance which confirmed most people in the opinion of his having made away with himself in a fit of despair.—How I understood the particulars of my birth, will appear in the course of these memoirs.

CHAPTER II.

I grow up——am hated by my relations——sent to school——neglected by my grandfather——maltreated by my master——seasoned to adversity——I form cabals against the pedant——am debarred access to my grandfather——hunted by his heir——I demolish the teeth of his tutor.

There were not wanting some, who suspected my uncles of being concerned in my father's fate, on the supposition that they would all share in the patrimony destined for him: and this conjecture was strengthened by reflecting, that in all his calamities they never discovered the least inclination to serve him; but, on the contrary, by all the artifices in their power, fed his father's resentment, and supported his resolution of leaving him to misery and want.—But people of judgment treated this insinuation as an idle chimera; because had my relations been so wicked as to consult their interest by committing such an atrocious crime, the fate of my father would have extended to me too, whose life was another obstacle to their expectation.—Mean while, I grew apace, and as I strongly resembled my father, who was the darling of the tenants, I wanted nothing which their indigent circumstances could afford: but their favour was a weak resource against the jealous enmity of my cousins; who, the more my infancy promised, conceived the more implacable hatred against me; and before I was six years of age, had so effectually blockaded my grandfather, that I never saw him but by stealth, when I sometimes made up to his chair as he sat to view his labourers in the field: on which occasions, he would stroak my head, bid me be a good boy, and promise to take care of me.—I was soon after sent to school at a village hard by, of which he had been dictator time out of mind: but, as he never paid for my board, nor supplied me with cloaths, books, and other necessaries I required, my condition was very ragged and contemptible, and the schoolmaster, who, through fear of my grandfather taught me *gratis*, gave himself no concern about the progress I made under his instruction.—In spite of all these difficulties and disgraces, I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue;[1] and as soon as I could write tolerably, pestered my grandfather with letters to such a degree, that he sent for my master, and chid him severely for bestowing such pains on my education, telling him, that if ever I should be brought to the gallows for forgery, which he had taught me to commit, my blood would lie on his head.—The pedant, who dreaded nothing more than the displeasure of his patron, assured his honour that the boy's ability was more owing to his own genius and application than to any instruction or encouragement he received; that although he could not divest him of the knowledge he had already imbibed, unless he would impower him to disable his fingers, he should endeavour, with God's help, to prevent his future improvement. And indeed, he punctually performed what he had undertaken; for, on pretence that I had writ impertinent letters to my grandfather, he caused a board to be made with five holes in it, through which he thrust the fingers and thumb of my right-hand, and fas-

tened it by whip-cord to my wrist, in such a manner as effectually debarred me the use of my pen. But, this restraint I was freed from in a few days by an accident which happened in a quarrel between me and another boy, who taking upon him to insult my poverty, I was so incensed at his ungenerous reproach, that with one stroke of my machine, I cut him to the skull, to the great terror of myself and school-fellows, who left him bleeding on the ground, and ran to inform the master of what had happened. I was so severely punished for this trespass, that, were I to live to the age of Methusalem,[2] the impression it made on me would not be effaced; no more than the antipathy and horror I conceived for the merciless tyrant who inflicted it. The contempt which my appearance naturally produced, in all who saw me, the continual wants to which I was exposed, and my own haughty disposition, impatient of affronts, involved me in a thousand troublesome adventures by which I was at length inured to adversity, and emboldened to undertakings far above my years. I was often inhumanly scourged for crimes I did not commit, because, having the character of a vagabond in the village, every piece of mischief whose author lay unknown, was charged upon me. I have been found guilty of robbing orchards I never entered, of killing cats I never hurted,[3] of stealing gingerbread I never touched, and of abusing old women I never saw.—Nay, a stammering carpenter had eloquence enough to persuade my master, that I fired a pistol loaded with small shot into his window; though my landlady and the whole family bore witness, that I was a-bed fast asleep at the time when this outrage was committed.—I was once flogged for having narrowly escaped drowning, by the sinking of a ferry-boat in which I was passenger.—Another time for having recovered of a bruise occasioned by a horse and cart running over me.—A third time, for being bit by a baker's dog.—In short, whether I was guilty or unfortunate, the correction and sympathy of this arbitrary pedagogue were the same. Far from being subdued by this infernal usage, my indignation triumphed over that slavish awe which had hitherto enforced my obedience; and the more my years and knowledge increased, the more I perceived the injustice and barbarity of his behaviour. By the help of an uncommon genius, and the advice and direction of our usher,[4] who had served my father in his travels, I made a surprising progress in the classics, writing and arithmetic; so that before I was twelve years old, I was allowed by every body to be the best scholar in the school: This qualification, together with a boldness of temper, and strength of make, which had subjected almost all my contemporaries, gave me such influence over them, that I began to form cabals against my persecutor; and was in hope of being able to bid him defiance in a very short time.—Being at the head of a faction consisting of thirty boys, most of them of my own age, I was determined to put their mettle to trial, that I might know how far they were to be depended upon, before I put my grand scheme in execution: with this view we attacked a body of stout apprentices, who had taken possession of a part of the ground allotted to us, for the scene of our diversions, and who were then playing at nine-pins[5] on the spot: but I had the mortification to see my adherents routed in an instant, and a leg of one of them broke in his flight by the bowl, which one of our adversaries had detached in pursuit of us.—This discomfiture did not hinder us from engaging them afterwards in frequent skirmishes, which we maintained by throwing stones at a distance, wherein I received many wounds, the scars of which still remain. Our en-

emies were so harrassed and interrupted by these alarms, that they at last abandon'd their conquest, and left us to the peaceable enjoyment of our own territories.—It would be endless to enumerate the exploits we performed in the course of this confederacy, which became the terror of the whole village; insomuch, that when different interests divided it, one of the parties commonly courted the assistance of Roderick Random[6] (by which name I was known) to cast the balance, and keep the opposite faction in awe.—Meanwhile, I took the advantage of every play-day,[7] to present myself before my grandfather, to whom I seldom found access, by reason of his being closely besieged by a numerous family of his female grandchildren, who, tho' they perpetually quarrelled among themselves, never failed to join against me, as the common enemy of all. His heir, who was about the age of eighteen, minded nothing but fox-hunting, and indeed was qualified for nothing else, notwithstanding his grandfather's indulgence, in entertaining a tutor for him at home; who at the same time performed the office of parish clerk. This young Acteon,[8] who inherited his grandfather's antipathy to every thing in distress, never set eyes on me, without uncoupling his beagles, and hunting me into some cottage or other, whither I generally fled for shelter. In this christian amusement, he was encouraged by his preceptor, who, no doubt, took such opportunities to ingratiate himself with the rising sun, observing that the old gentleman, according to the course of nature, had not long to live, for, he was already on the verge of fourscore.—The behaviour of this rascally sycophant incensed me so much, that one day, when I was beleagured by him and his hounds in a farmer's house, where I had found protection, I took aim at him (being an excellent marksman) with a large pebble, which struck out four of his fore-teeth, and effectually incapacitated him for doing the office of a clerk.[9]

CHAPTER III.

My mother's brother arrives——relieves me——a description of him——he goes along with me to the house of my grandfather——is encountered by his dogs——defeats them, after a bloody engagement——is admitted to the old gentleman——a dialogue between them.

About this time my mother's only brother, who had been long abroad, lieutenant of a man of war,[1] arrived in his own country; where, being informed of my condition, he came to see me, and out of his slender finances not only supplied me with what necessaries I wanted for the present, but resolved not to leave the country until he had prevailed on my grandfather to settle something handsome for the future. This was a task to which he was by no means equal, being entirely ignorant not only of the judge's disposition, but also of the ways of men in general, to which his education on board

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had kept him an utter stranger.——He was a strong-built man, somewhat bandy-legged, with a neck like that of a bull, and a face which (you might easily perceive) had withstood the most obstinate assaults of the weather.—His dress consisted of a soldier's coat altered for him by the ship's taylor, a striped flannel jacket, a pair of red breeches, japanned[2] with pitch, clean grey worsted stockings, large silver buckles that covered three fourths of his shoes, a silver laced hat whose crown over-looked the brims about an inch and a half, a black bob wig[3] in buckle, a check shirt, a silk handkerchief, an hanger[4] with a brass handle girded to his thigh by a tarnished laced belt, and a good oak plant[5] under his arm—Thus equip'd, he set out with me (who by his bounty made a very decent appearance) for my grandfather's house, where we were saluted by Jowler and Cæsar, whom my cousin, young master, had let loose at our approach. Being well acquainted with the inveteracy of these curs, I was about to betake myself to my heels, when my uncle seized me with one hand, brandished his cudgel with the other, and at one blow laid Cæsar sprawling on the ground: but, finding himself attacked at the same time in the rear by Jowler, and fearing Cæsar might recover, he drew his hanger, wheel'd about, and by a lucky stroke, severed Jowler's head from his body.[6] By this time, the young fox-hunter[7] and three servants, armed with pitch-forks and flails, were come to the assistance of the dogs, whom they found breathless upon the field; and my cousin was so provoked at the death of his favourites, that he ordered his attendants to advance, and take vengeance on their executioner, whom he loaded with all the curses and reproaches his anger could suggest.—Upon which, my uncle stept forwards, with an undaunted air, at the sight of whose bloody weapon his antagonists fell back with precipitation, when he accosted their leader thus:—"Lookee, brother, your dogs having boarded me without provocation, what I did was in my own defence.—So you had best be civil, and let us shoot a-head, clear of you." Whether the young squire misinterpreted my uncle's desire of peace, or was enraged at the fate of his hounds beyond his usual pitch of resolution, I know not; but, he snatched a flail from one of his followers, and came up with a shew of assaulting the lieutenant, who putting himself in a posture of defence, proceeded thus:——"Lookee, you lubberly son of a w——e,[8] if you come athwart me, 'ware your ginger-bread-work.[9]—I'll be foul of your quarter,[10] d——n me." This declaration, followed by a flourish of his hanger, seem'd to check the progress of the young gentleman's choler, who, looking behind him, perceived his attendants had slunk into the house, shut the gate, and left him to decide the contention by himself.—Here a parley ensued, which was introduced by my cousin's asking, "Who the d——l are you?—What do you want?—Some scoundrel of a seaman, (I suppose) who has deserted and turned thief.—But don't think you shall escape, sirrah—I'll have you hang'd, you dog, I will—Your blood shall pay for that of my two hounds, you raggamuffin.—I would not have parted with them to save your whole generation from the gallows, you ruffian, you."——"None of your jaw, you swab[11]—none of your jaw (replied my uncle) else I shall trim your lac'd jacket for you.—I shall rub you down with an oaken towel,[12] my boy—I shall."——So saying, he sheathed his hanger and grasped his cudgel. Mean-while the people of the house being alarm'd, one of my female cousins opened a window, and asked what was the matter?—"The matter! (answer'd the lieutenant) no great matter, young woman.—I have business with

the old gentleman, and this spark, belike, won't allow me to come along-side of him, that's all."—After a few minutes pause, we were admitted and conducted to my grandfather's chamber, through a lane of my relations, who honoured me with very significant looks, as I passed along.—When we came into the judge's presence, my uncle, after two or three sea-bows, expressed himself in this manner:—"Your servant, your servant.—What chear, father? what chear?— I suppose you don't know me—may-hap you don't—My name is Tom Bowling,[13]—and this here boy, you look as if you did not know him neither,—'tis like you mayn't.—He's new rigged, i'faith; his cloth don't shake in the wind so much as it wont to do. 'Tis my nephew, d'ye see, Roderick Random,—your own flesh and blood, old gentleman. Don't lag a-stern, you dog," (pulling me forward). My grandfather (who was laid up with the gout)[14] received this relation, after his long absence, with that coldness of civility which was peculiar to him; told him he was glad to see him, and desired him to sit down.—"Thank ye, thank ye, sir, I had as lief stand, (said my uncle) for my own part I desire nothing of you; but if you have any conscience at all, do something for this poor boy, who has been used at a very unchristian rate.—Unchristian do I call it?—I am sure the Moors in Barbary[15] have more humanity than to leave their little ones to want.—I would fain know why my sister's son is more neglected than that there fair-weather Jack,"[16] (pointing to the young squire, who with the rest of my cousins had followed us into the room) "Is not he as near a-kin to you as the other?—Is he not much handsomer and better built than that great chucklehead?—Come, come, consider, old gentleman, you are going in a short time to give an account of your evil actions.—Remember the wrongs you did his father; and make all the satisfaction in your power, before it be too late.—The least thing you can do, is to settle his father's portion on him."—The young ladies, who thought themselves too much concerned to contain themselves any longer, set up their throats all together against my protector.—"Scurvy companion,—saucy tarpaulin,[17]—rude, impertinent fellow, did he think to prescribe to grand-papa.—His sister's brat had been too well taken care of.—Grandpapa was too just not to make a difference between an unnatural rebellious son, and his dutiful loving children, who took his advice in all things"; and such expressions, were vented against him with great violence; until the judge at length commanded silence. He calmly rebuked my uncle for his unmannerly behaviour, which he said he would excuse on account of his education: he told him he had been very kind to the boy, whom he had kept at school seven or eight years, although he was informed he made no progress in his learning; but was addicted to all manner of vice, which he rather believed, because he himself was witness to a barbarous piece of mischief he had committed on the jaws of his chaplain.—But, however, he would see what the lad was fit for, and bind him apprentice to some honest tradesman or other, provided he would mend his manners, and behave for the future as became him.—The honest tar[18] (whose pride and indignation boiled within him) answered my grandfather, that it was true he had sent him to school, but it had cost him nothing, for he had never been at one shilling expence, to furnish him with food, raiment, books, or other necessaries; so that it was not to be much wondered at, if the boy made small progress; and yet, whoever told him so, was a lying lubberly rascal, and deserved to be keel-hauled[19]: for thof[20] he (the lieutenant) did not understand those

"Lieut. Bowling pleading the cause of young Rory, to his Grandfather" by Rowlandson after Woodward. (Call number HEW 9.13.28, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

matters himself, he was well informed as how Rory was the best scholar of his age, in all the country; the truth of which he would maintain, by laying a wager of his whole half year's pay on the boy's head;——(with these words he pulled out his purse, and challenged the company)—"Neither is he addicted to vice, as you affirm, but rather left like a wreck (d'ye see) at the mercy of the wind and weather, by your neglect, old gentleman.—As for what happened to your chaplain, I am only sorry, that he did not knock out the scoundrel's brains, instead of his teeth.—By the Lord, if ever I come up with him, he had better be in Greenland,—that's all.—Thank you for your courteous offer of binding the lad apprentice to a tradesman. I suppose you would make a taylor[21] of him—would you?—I had rather see him hang'd, d'ye see.—Come along, Rory, I perceive how the land lies, my boy,—let's tack about,[22] i'faith,—while I have a shilling, thou shan't want a tester.[23]—B'wye, old gentleman, you're bound for the other world, but I believe damnably ill provided for the voyage."—Thus ended our visit; and we returned to the village, my uncle muttering curses all the way against the old shark and the young fry that surrounded him.

CHAPTER IV.

My grandfather makes his will——our second visit——he dies——his will is read in presence of all his living descendents——the disappointment of my female cousins——my uncle's behaviour.

A few weeks after our first visit, we were informed that the old judge, at the end of a fit of thoughtfulness, which lasted three days, had sent for a notary and made his will; that the distemper[1] had mounted from his legs to his stomach, and being conscious of his approaching end, he had desired to see all his descendants without exception.—In obedience to this summons, my uncle set out with me a second time, to receive the last benediction of my grandfather; often repeating by the road, "Ey, ey, we have brought up the old hulk[2] at last.—You shall see,—you shall see the effect of my admonition."—When we entered his chamber, which was crowded with his relations, we advanced to the bed-side, where we found him in his last agonies, supported by two of his granddaughters, who sat on each side of him, sobbing most piteously, and wiping away the froth and slaver as it gathered on his lips, which they frequently kissed with a shew of great anguish and affection.—My uncle approached him with these words, "What! he's not a-weigh.[3]—How fare ye—how fare ye, old gentleman?—Lord have mercy upon your poor sinful soul."—Upon which, the dying man turned his languid eyes towards us, and Mr. Bowling went on——"Here's poor Rory come to see you before you die, and receive your blessing.—What man! don't despair,—you have been a great sinner, 'tis true,—what then? There's a righteous judge above,—an't there?—

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He minds me no more than a porpuss.[4]—Yes, yes, he's a going,—the land-crabs will have him, I see that; his anchor's a-peak,[5] i'faith."—This homely consolation scandalized the company so much, and especially the parson, who probably thought his province invaded, that we were obliged to retire into another room, where in a few minutes, we were convinced of my grandfather's decease, by a dismal yell uttered by the young ladies in his apartment; whither we immediately hastened, and found his heir, who had retired a little before into a closet, under pretence of giving vent to his sorrow, asking, with a countenance beslubbered with tears, if his grandpapa was certainly dead?—"Dead! (says my uncle, looking at the body) ay, ay, I'll warrant him as dead as a herring.—Odd's fish![6] now my dream is out for all the world.—I thought I stood upon the fore-castle, and saw a parcel of carrion crows foul of[7] a dead shark that floated alongside, and the devil perching on our sprit-sail-yard,[8] in the likeness of a blue bear—who, d'ye see, jumped over-board upon the carcase, and carried it to the bottom in his claws."—"Out upon thee, reprobate (cries the parson) out upon thee, blasphemous wretch!—Dost thou think his honour's soul is in the possession of satan?"—The clamour immediately arose, and my poor uncle, being shouldered from one corner of the room to the other, was obliged to lug out[9] in his own defence, and swear he would turn out for no man, till such time as he knew who had a title to send him a-drift.——"None of your tricks upon travellers,"[10] said he; "mayhap old Buff has left my kinsman here, his heir;—If he has, it will be the better for his miserable soul.—Odds bob! I'd desire no better news.—I'd soon make him a clear ship I warrant you." To avoid any further disturbance, one of my grandfather's executors, who was present, assured Mr. Bowling, that his nephew should have all manner of justice; that a day should be appointed, after the funeral, for examining the papers of the deceased, in presence of all his relations; till which time every desk and cabinet in the house should remain close sealed; and that he was very welcome to be witness to this ceremony, which was immediately performed to his satisfaction.—In the mean time, orders were given to provide mourning for all the relations, in which number I was included; but, my uncle would not suffer me to accept of it, until I should be assured whether or no I had reason to honour his memory so far.—During this interval, the conjectures of people, with regard to the old gentleman's will, were various: as it was well known, he had, besides his landed estate, which was worth 700 l. per annum,[11] six or seven thousand pounds at interest;[12] some imagined, that the whole real estate (which he had greatly improved) would go to the young man whom he always entertained as his heir; and that the money would be equally divided between my female cousins (five in number) and me.—Others were of opinion, that as the rest of his children had been already provided for, he would only bequeath two or three hundred pounds to each of his grand-daughters, and leave the bulk of the sum to me, to attone for his unnatural usage of my father.—At length the important hour arrived, and the will was produced in the midst of the expectants, whose looks and gestures formed a groupe[13] that would have been very entertaining to an unconcerned spectator.—But, the reader can scarce conceive the astonishment and mortification, that appeared, when an attorney pronounced aloud, the young squire sole heir of all his grandfather's estate personal and real.—My uncle, who had listened with great attention, sucking the head of his cudgel

all the while, accompanied these words of the attorney with a stare, and *whew*, that alarmed the whole assembly. The eldest and pertest of my female competitors, who had been always very officious about my grandfather's person, enquired with a faultering accent, and visage as yellow as an orange, "if there were no legacies?" and was answered, "none at all."—Upon which she fainted away.—The rest, whose expectations (perhaps) were not so sanguine, supported their disappointment with more resolution, though not without giving evident marks of indignation, and grief at least as genuine as that which appeared in them at the old gentleman's death. My conductor, after having kicked with his heel for some time against the wainscot,[14] began: "So there's no legacy, friend, ha!—here's an old succubus;[15]—but somebody's soul houls for it, d——n me!"—The parson of the parish, who was one of the executors, and had acted as ghostly director to the old man, no sooner heard this exclamation, than he cried out, "Avaunt, unchristian reviler! avaunt! wilt thou not allow the soul of his honour to rest in peace?"—But this zealous pastor did not find himself so warmly seconded, as formerly, by the young ladies, who now joined my uncle against him, and accused him of having acted the part of a busy body with their grandpapa, whose ears he had certainly abused by false stories to their prejudice, or else he would not have neglected them in such an unnatural manner.—The young squire was much diverted with this scene, and whispered to my uncle, that if he had not murdered his dogs, he would have shewn him glorious fun, by hunting a black badger[16] (so he term'd the clergyman).—The surly lieutenant, who was not in an humour to relish this amusement, replied, "You and your dogs may be d——ned.—I suppose you'll find them with your old dad, in the latitude of hell.—Come, Rory—about ship, my lad, we must steer another course, I think."—And away we went.

CHAPTER V.

The schoolmaster uses me barbarously——I form a project of revenge, in which I am assisted by my uncle——I leave the village——am settled at an university by his generosity.

On our way back to the village, my uncle spoke not a word during the space of a whole hour, but whistled with great vehemence, the tune of, *Why should we quarrel for riches, &c*[1] his visage being contracted all the while into a most formidable frown. At length his pace increased to such a degree, that I was left behind a considerable way: then he waited for me; and when I was almost up with him, called out, in a surly tone, "Bear a hand,[2] damme! must I bring to[3] every minute for you, you lazy dog."—Then laying hold of me by the arm, hauled me along until his good nature (of which he had a great share) and reflection getting the better of his passion, he said, "Come, my boy,

all the while, accompanied these words of the attorney with a stare, and *whew*, that alarmed the whole assembly. The eldest and pertest of my female competitors, who had been always very officious about my grandfather's person, enquired with a faultering accent, and visage as yellow as an orange, "if there were no legacies?" and was answered, "none at all."—Upon which she fainted away.—The rest, whose expectations (perhaps) were not so sanguine, supported their disappointment with more resolution, though not without giving evident marks of indignation, and grief at least as genuine as that which appeared in them at the old gentleman's death. My conductor, after having kicked with his heel for some time against the wainscot,[14] began: "So there's no legacy, friend, ha!—here's an old succubus;[15]—but somebody's soul houls for it, d——n me!"—The parson of the parish, who was one of the executors, and had acted as ghostly director to the old man, no sooner heard this exclamation, than he cried out, "Avaunt, unchristian reviler! avaunt! wilt thou not allow the soul of his honour to rest in peace?"—But this zealous pastor did not find himself so warmly seconded, as formerly, by the young ladies, who now joined my uncle against him, and accused him of having acted the part of a busy body with their grandpapa, whose ears he had certainly abused by false stories to their prejudice, or else he would not have neglected them in such an unnatural manner.—The young squire was much diverted with this scene, and whispered to my uncle, that if he had not murdered his dogs, he would have shewn him glorious fun, by hunting a black badger[16] (so he term'd the clergyman).—The surly lieutenant, who was not in an humour to relish this amusement, replied, "You and your dogs may be d——ned.—I suppose you'll find them with your old dad, in the latitude of hell.—Come, Rory—about ship, my lad, we must steer another course, I think."—And away we went.

CHAPTER V.

The schoolmaster uses me barbarously——I form a project of revenge, in which I am assisted by my uncle——I leave the village——am settled at an university by his generosity.

On our way back to the village, my uncle spoke not a word during the space of a whole hour, but whistled with great vehemence, the tune of, *Why should we quarrel for riches, &c*[1] his visage being contracted all the while into a most formidable frown. At length his pace increased to such a degree, that I was left behind a considerable way: then he waited for me; and when I was almost up with him, called out, in a surly tone, "Bear a hand,[2] damme! must I bring to[3] every minute for you, you lazy dog."—Then laying hold of me by the arm, hauled me along until his good nature (of which he had a great share) and reflection getting the better of his passion, he said, "Come, my boy,

don't be cast down,—the old rascal is in hell,—that's some satisfaction;—you shall go to sea with me, my lad.—*A light heart and a thin pair of breeches, goes through the world, brave boys*;[4] as the song goes—eh!"—Though this proposal did not at all suit my inclination, I was afraid of discovering my aversion to it, lest I should disoblige the only friend I had in the world; and he was so much a seaman, that he never dreamt I could have any objection to his design; consequently gave himself no trouble in consulting my approbation. But this resolution was soon dropt, by the advice of our usher, who assured Mr. Bowling, it would be a thousand pities to baulk my genius, which would certainly, one day, make my fortune on shore, provided it received due cultivation.—Upon which, this generous tar determined (though he could ill afford it) to give me university education; and accordingly settled my board and other expences, at a town not many miles distant, famous for its colleges,[5] whither we repaired in a short time.—But, before the day of our departure, the school-master, who no longer had the fear of my grandfather before his eyes, laid aside all decency and restraint, and not only abused me in the grossest language his rancour could suggest, as a wicked, profligate, dull beggarly miscreant, whom he had taught out of charity; but, also inveighed in the most bitter manner against the memory of the judge (who by the bye had procured that settlement for him) hinting, in pretty plain terms, that the old gentleman's soul was damn'd to all eternity, for his injustice in neglecting to pay for my learning.—This brutal behaviour, added to the sufferings I had formerly undergone, made me think it high time to be revenged of this insolent pedagogue. Having consulted my adherents, I found them all staunch in their promises to stand by me; and our scheme was this:—In the afternoon preceding the day of my departure for the university, I resolved to take the advantage of the usher's going out to make water (which he regularly did at four o'clock) and shut the great door, that he might not come to the assistance of his superior. This being done, the assault was to be begun, by my advancing to my master and spitting in his face. I was to be seconded by two of the strongest boys in the school, who were devoted to me; their business was to join me in dragging the tyrant to a bench, over which he was to be laid, and his bare posteriors heartily flogged with his own birch, which we proposed to wrest from him in the struggle; but if we should find him too many for us all three, we were to demand the assistance of our competitors, who should be ready to reinforce us, or oppose any thing that might be undertaken for the master's relief. One of my principal assistants was called Jeremy Gawky,[6] son and heir of a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood; and the name of the other Hugh Strap,[7] the cadet of a family which had given shoemakers to the village time out of mind.—I had once saved Gawky's life by plunging into a river and dragging him on shore, when he was on the point of being drowned.—I had often rescued him from the clutches of those whom his insufferable arrogance had provoked, to a resentment he was not able to sustain; and many times saved his reputation and posteriors, by performing his exercises at school; so that it is not to be wondered at, if he had a particular regard for me and my interests. The attachment of Strap, flowed from a voluntary, disinterested inclination, which had manifested itself on many occasions in my behalf, he having once rendered me the same service that I had done Gawky, by saving my life at the risk of his own; and often fathered offences that I had committed, for which he

suffered severely, rather than I should feel the weight of the punishment I deserved.—These two champions were the more willing to engage in this enterprize, because they intended to leave the school next day, as well as I; the first being ordered by his father to return into the country, and the other being bound apprentice[8] to a barber, at a market town not far off.

In the mean time, my uncle being informed of my master's behaviour to me, was enraged at his insolence, and vowed revenge so heartily, that I could not refrain from telling him the scheme I had concerted, which he heard with great satisfaction, at every sentence squirting out a mouthful of spittle, tinctured with tobacco, of which he constantly chew'd a large quid—At last, pulling up his breeches, he cried, "No, no, Z——ds![9] that won't do neither,——howsomever, 'tis a bold undertaking, my lad,—that I must say, i'faith!—but lookee, lookee, how dost propose to get clear off?—won't the enemy give chace, my boy?—ay, ay, that he will, I warrant,—and alarm the whole coast—ah! God help thee, more sail than ballast, Rory.—Let me alone for that—leave the whole to me—I'll shew him the fore-top-sail,[10] I will.—If so be your shipmates are jolly boys, and won't flinch, you shall see, you shall see; egad, I'll play him a salt water trick—I'll bring him to the gang-way,[11] and anoint him with a cat and nine tails; he shall have a round dozen doubled, my lad, he shall—and be left lashed, to his meditations."—We were very proud of our associate, who immediately went to work, and prepared the instrument of his revenge with great skill and expedition; after which, he ordered our baggage to be packed up and sent off, a day before our attempt, and got horses ready to be mounted, as soon as the affair should be over. At length the hour arrived, when our auxiliary, seizing the opportunity of the usher's absence, bolted in, secured the door, and immediately laid hold of the pedant by his collar, who bauled out "Murder! Thieves!"—with the voice of a Stentor.[12] Though I trembled all over like an aspen-leaf,[13] I knew there was no time to be lost, and accordingly got up, and summoned our associates to my assistance.—Strap without any hesitation obeyed the signal, and seeing me leap upon the master's back, ran immediately to one of his legs, which pulling with all his force, this dreadful adversary was humbled to the ground: upon which Gawky, who had hitherto remained in his place, under the influence of an universal trepidation, hastened to the scene of action, and insulted the fallen tyrant with a loud huzza, in which the whole school joined.—This noise alarmed the usher, who finding himself shut out, endeavoured, partly by threats, and partly by intreaties, to procure admission.—My uncle bade him have a little patience, and he would let him in presently; but if he pretended to move from that place, it should fare the worse with the son of a b——ch[14] his superior, on whom he intended only to bestow a little wholesome chastisement, for his barbarous usage of Rory, "to which (said he) you are no stranger."—By this time we had dragged the criminal to a post, to which Bowling tied him with a rope he had provided on purpose, after having secured his hands and stript his back.—In this ludicrous posture he stood (to the no small entertainment of the boys, who crouded about him, and shouted with great exultation at the novelty of the sight) venting bitter imprecations against the lieutenant, and reproaching his scholars with treachery and rebellion; when the usher was admitted, whom my uncle accosted in this manner: "Harkee, Mr. Syntax,[15] I believe you are an honest man, d'ye

see—and I have a respect for you—but for all that, we must for our own security (d'ye see) belay you for a short time."—With these words, he pulled out some fathoms of cord, which the honest man no sooner saw, than he protested with great earnestness, he would allow no violence to be offered to him, at the same time accusing me of perfidy and ingratitude. But, Bowling representing, that it was in vain to resist, and that he did not mean to use him with violence and indecency; but, only to hinder him from raising the hue and cry against us, before we should be out of their power; he allowed himself to be bound to his own desk, where he sat a spectator of the punishment inflicted on his principal. My uncle having upbraided this arbitrary wretch with his inhumanity to me, told him, that he proposed to give him a little discipline for the good of his soul, which he immediately put in practice, with great vigour and dexterity. This smart application to the pedant's withered posteriors, gave him such exquisite pain, that he roared like a mad bull, danced, cursed, and blasphemed, like a frantic bedlamite.[16] When the lieutenant thought himself sufficiently revenged, he took his leave of him in these words, "Now, friend, you'll remember me the longest day you have to live—I have given you a lesson that will let you know what flogging is, and teach you to have more sympathy for the future—shout boys, shout."—This ceremony was no sooner over, than my uncle proposed they should quit the school, and convoy their old comrade Rory to a public house,[17] about a mile from the village, where he would treat them all.—His offer being joyfully embraced, he addressed himself to Mr. Syntax, and begged him to accompany us; but this invitation he refused with great disdain, telling my benefactor, he was not the man he took him to be.—"Well, well, old surly (replied my uncle, shaking his hand) thou art an honest fellow notwithstanding; and if ever I have the command of a ship, thou shalt be our schoolmaster,[18] i'faith." So saying, he dismissed the boys, and, locking the door, left the two preceptors to console one another; while we moved forwards on our journey, attended by a numerous retinue, whom he treated, according to his promise.—We parted with many tears, and lay that night at an inn on the road, about ten miles short of the town where I was to remain, at which we arrived next day, and I found I had no cause to complain of the accommodations provided for me; in being boarded at the house of an apothecary, who had married a distant relation of my mother. In a few days after, my uncle set out for his ship, having settled the necessary funds for my maintenance and education.

CHAPTER VI.

I make great progress in my studies——am caressed by every body——my female cousins take notice of me——I reject their invitation——they are incensed and conspire against me——I am left destitute by a misfortune that befals my uncle——Gawky's treachery——my revenge.

As I was now capable of reflection, I began to consider my precarious situation; that I was utterly abandoned by those whose duty it was to protect me; and that my sole dependance was on the generosity of one man, who was not only exposed by his profession to continual dangers, which might one day deprive me of him for ever; but also (no doubt) subject to those vicissitudes of disposition, which a change of fortune usually creates; or, which a better acquaintance with the world might produce: for I always ascribed his benevolence to the dictates of a heart as yet undebauched by a commerce with mankind.—Alarmed at these considerations, I resolved to apply myself with great care to my studies, and enjoy the opportunity in my power: This I did with such success, that in the space of three years, I understood Greek very well, was pretty far advanced in the mathematics, and no stranger to moral and natural philosophy:[1] logic I made no account of; but above all things, I valued myself on my taste in the *Belle Lettre*,[2] and a talent for poetry, which had already produced some pieces, that met with a very favourable reception. These qualifications, added to a good face and shape, acquired the esteem and acquaintance of the most considerable people in town, and I had the satisfaction to find myself in some degree of favour with the ladies; an intoxicating piece of good fortune, to one of my amorous complexion![3] which I obtained, or at least preserved, by gratifying their propensity to scandal, in lampooning their rivals.—Two of my female cousins lived in this place, with their mother, since the death of their father, who left his whole fortune equally divided between them; so that, if they were not the most beautiful, they were at least the richest toasts in town; and received daily the addresses of all the beaux and cavaliers of the country.—Although I had hitherto been looked upon by them with the most supercilious contempt, my character now attracted their notice so much, that I was given to understand, I might be honoured with their acquaintance, if I pleased.—The reader will easily perceive, that this condescension either flowed from the hope of making my poetical capacity subservient to their malice,[4] or at least of screening themselves from the lash of my resentment, which they had effectually provoked.—I enjoyed this triumph with great satisfaction; and not only rejected their offer with disdain, but in all my performances, whether satire or panegyric, industriously avoided mentioning their names, even while I celebrated those of their intimates: this neglect mortified their pride exceedingly, and incensed them to such a degree, that they were resolved to make me repent of my indifference.—The first stroke of their revenge consisted in their hiring a poor collegian to write verses against me, the subject of which was my own poverty, and the ca-

tastrophe of my unhappy parents; but besides the badness of the composition (of which they themselves were ashamed) they did not find their account in endeavouring to reproach me with those misfortunes, which they and their relations had brought upon me; and which consequently, reflected much more dishonour on themselves, than on me, who was the innocent victim of their barbarity and avarice.—Finding this plan miscarry, they found means to irritate a young gentleman against me, by telling him I had lampooned his mistress; and so effectually succeeded in the quality of incendiaries, that this enraged lover determined to seize me next night, as I returned to my lodgings from a friend's house that I frequented: with this view, he waited in the street, attended by two of his companions, to whom he had imparted his design of carrying me down to the river, in which he proposed to have me heartily ducked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, it being then about the middle of December.—But this stratagem did not succeed; for, being apprised of their ambush, I got home another way, and, by the help of my landlord's apprentice, discharged a volley from the garret window, which did great execution upon them; and next day occasioned so much mirth at their expence, that they found themselves under a necessity of leaving the town, until the adventure should be entirely forgotten.——My cousins (though twice baffled in their expectation) did not however desist from persecuting me, who had now enraged them beyond a possibility of forgiveness, by detecting their malice, and preventing its effects: neither should I have found them more humane, had I patiently submitted to their rancour, and bore without murmuring the rigour of their unreasonable hate; for, I have found, by experience, that though small favours may be acknowledged, and slight injuries attoned, there is no wretch so ungrateful as he, whom you have most generously obliged; and no enemy so implacable, as those who have done you the greatest wrong.—These good-natured creatures, therefore, had recourse to a scheme which conspired, with a piece of bad news I soon after received, to give them all the satisfaction they desired: this plan was to debauch the faith of my companion and confident, who betrayed the trust I reposed in him, by imparting to them the particulars of my small amours, which they published with such exaggerations, that I suffered very much in the opinion of every body, and was utterly discarded, by the dear creatures whose names had been called in question.—While I was busy in tracing out the author of this treachery, that I might not only be revenged on him, but also vindicate my character to my friends, I one day perceived the looks of my landlady much altered, when I went home to dinner, and enquiring into the cause, she screwed up her mouth, and fixing her eyes on the ground, told me her husband had received a letter from Mr. Bowling, with one inclosed for me—she was very sorry for what had happened, both for my sake, and his own—People should be more cautious of their conduct.—She was always afraid his brutal behaviour would bring him into some misfortune or other.—As for her part she should be very ready to befriend me; but she had a small family of her own to maintain.—The world would do nothing for her if she should come to want—charity begins at home: She wished I had been bound to some substantial handicraft, such as a weaver or a shoemaker, rather than loiter away my time in learning foolish nonsense that would never bring me in a penny—but some folks are wise, and some are otherwise.—I was listening to this mysterious discourse, with great

amazement, when her husband entered, and, without speaking a syllable, put both the letters into my hand.—I received them trembling, and read what follows:

To Mr. Roger Potion.[5]

"SIR,

This is to let you know that I have quitted the Thunder man of war; being obliged to sheer off, for killing my captain,[6] which I did fairly on the beach, at cape Tiberoon, in the island of Hispaniola;[7] having received his fire and returned it, which went through his body:—and I would serve the best man so that ever stept between stem and stern, if so be, that he struck me, as captain Oakhum[8] did. I am (thank God) safe among the French, who are very civil, thof I don't understand their lingo,—and I hope to be restored in a little time, for all the great friends and parliamentary interest of the captain, for I have sent over to my landlord in Deal,[9] an account of the whole affair, with our bearings and distances while we were engaged, whereby I have desired him to lay it before his Majesty, who (God bless him) will not suffer an honest tar to be wronged.—My love to your spouse, and am

Your loving friend,
and servant to command
while
Thomas Bowling."

To Roderick Random.

"Dear Rory,

Don't be grieved at my misfortune—but mind your book, my lad. I have got no money to send you; but what of that?—Mr. Potion will take care of you, for the love he bears to me; and let you want for nothing, and it shall go hard, but I will see him one day repaid.—No more at present, but rests

Your dutiful uncle
and servant, till death,
Thomas Bowling."

This letter (which with the other was dated from Port Louis[10] in Hispaniola) I had no sooner read, than the apothecary shaking his head, began:——"I have a very great regard for Mr. Bowling, that's certain,—and could be well content—but times are very hard.—There's no such thing as money to be got—I believe 'tis all vanished under-ground, for my part.—Besides, I have been out of pocket already, having entertained you since the beginning of this month, without receiving a six-pence,—and God knows if ever I shall;—for I believe it will go hard with your uncle.—And more than that, I was thinking of giving you warning, for I want your apartment for a new 'prentice, whom I expect from the country every hour.—So, I desire you will this week provide yourself with another lodging."——The indignation which this harangue inspired, gave me spirits to support my reverse of fortune; and to tell him, I despised his mean selfish disposition so much, that I would rather starve than be beholden to him for one single meal. Upon which, out of my pocket-money, I paid him to the last farthing of what I owed, and assured him, I would not sleep another night under his roof. This said, I sallied out in a transport of rage and sorrow, without knowing whither to fly for shelter, having not one friend in the world capable of relieving me, and only

three shillings in my purse. After giving way for a few minutes to the dictates of my rage, I went and hired a small bed-room at the rate of one shilling and six-pence *per* week, which I was obliged to pay *per* advance, before the landlord would receive me: thither I removed my luggage; and next morning got up, with a view of craving the advice and assistance of a person who had on all occasions loaded me with caresses, and made frequent offers of friendship, while I was under no necessity of accepting them. He received me with his wonted affability, and insisted on my breakfasting with him, a favour which I did not think fit to refuse. But when I communicated the occasion of my visit, he appeared so disconcerted, that I concluded him wonderfully affected with the misery of my condition, and looked upon him as a man of the most extensive sympathy and benevolence. He did not leave me long under this mistake; for, recovering himself from his confusion, he told me, he was grieved at my misfortune, and desired to know what had passed between my landlord Mr. Potion and me. Whereupon I recounted the conversation; and when I repeated the answer I made to his ungenerous remonstrance with regard to my leaving his house, this pretended friend affected a stare, and exclaimed, "Is it possible you could behave so ill to the man who had treated you so kindly all along?"——My surprise at hearing this, was not at all affected, whatever his might be; and I gave him to understand, with some warmth, that I did not imagine he would so unreasonably espouse the cause of a scoundrel, who ought to be expelled from every social community. This heat of mine, gave him all the advantage he desired over me, and our discourse (after much altercation) concluded in his desiring never to see me again in that place; to which desire I yielded my consent, assuring him, that had I been as well acquainted with his principles formerly as I was now, he never should have had an opportunity of making that request.—And thus we parted.

On my return, I met my comrade Squire Gawky, whom his father had sent, some time ago, to town, for his improvement in writing, dancing, fencing, and other modish qualifications. As I had lived with him, since his arrival, on the footing of our old intimacy, I made no scruple of informing him of the lowness of my circumstances, and asking a small supply of money, to answer my present expence; upon which he pulled out a handful of half-pence, with a shilling or two among them, and swore that was all he had to keep his pocket till next quarter-day,[11] he having lost the greatest part of his allowance the night before at billiards. Though this assertion might very well be true, I was extremely mortified at his indifference; for he neither expressed any sympathy for my mishap, nor desire of alleviating my distress; and, accordingly, I left him without uttering one word: But when I afterwards understood, that he was the person who had formerly betrayed me to the malice of my cousins, to whom likewise he had carried the tidings of my forlorn situation, which afforded them great matter of triumph and exultation, I determined with myself to call him to a severe account; for which purpose, I borrowed a sword, and wrote a challenge, desiring him to meet me at a certain time and place, that I might have an opportunity of punishing his perfidy, at the expence of his blood. He accepted the invitation, and I betook myself to the field, though not without feeling considerable repugnance to the combat, which frequently attacked me in cold sweats by the way;—but the desire of revenge, the shame of retracting, and hope of conquest, conspired to repel these unmanly symptoms of fear; and I appeared

on the plain with a good grace: there I waited an hour beyond the time appointed, and was not ill pleased to find he had no mind to meet me; because I should have an opportunity of exposing his cowardice, displaying my own courage, and of beating him soundly wheresoever I should find him, without any dread of the consequence.—Elevated with these suggestions, which entirely banished all thoughts of my deplorable condition, I went directly to Gawky's lodgings, where I was informed of his precipitate retreat, he having set out for the country in less than an hour after he had received my billet: and I was vain enough to have the whole story inserted in the news,[12] although I was fain to sell a gold-laced hat to my landlord, for less than half-price, to defray the expence, and contribute to my subsistence.

CHAPTER VII.

I am entertained by Mr. Crab——a description of him——I acquire the art of surgery——consult Crab's disposition——become necessary to him——an accident happens——he advises me to launch out into the world——assists me with money——I set out for London.

The fumes of my resentment being dissipated, as well as the vanity of my success, I found myself deserted to all the horrors of extreme want, and avoided by mankind as a creature of a different species, or rather as a solitary being, no ways comprehended within the scheme or protection of providence. My despair had rendered me almost quite stupified, when I was one day told, that a gentleman desired to see me, at a certain public house, whither immediately I repaired; and was introduced to one Mr. Launcelot Crab,[1] a surgeon in town, who was engaged with two more, in drinking a liquor called *pop-in*,[2] composed by mixing a quartern[3] of brandy with a quart of small beer.[4] Before I relate the occasion of this message, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the reader, if I describe the gentleman who sent for me, and mention some circumstances of his character and conduct, which may illustrate what follows, and account for his behaviour to me.

This member of the faculty was aged fifty, about five feet high, and ten round the belly; his face was capacious as a full moon, and much of the complexion of a mulberry: his nose resembling a powder-horn, was swelled to an enormous size, and studded all over with carbuncles; and his little grey eyes reflected the rays in such an oblique manner, that while he looked a person full in the face, one would have imagined he was admiring the buckle of his shoe.—He had long entertained an implacable resentment against Potion, who, tho' a younger practitioner, was better imployed than he, and once had the assurance to perform a cure, whereby he disappointed and disgraced the prognostic of the said Crab.—This quarrel, which was at one time upon the point of

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This member of the faculty was aged fifty, about five feet high, and ten round the belly; his face was capacious as a full moon, and much of the complexion of a mulberry: his nose resembling a powder-horn, was swelled to an enormous size, and studded all over with carbuncles; and his little grey eyes reflected the rays in such an oblique manner, that while he looked a person full in the face, one would have imagined he was admiring the buckle of his shoe.—He had long entertained an implacable resentment against Potion, who, tho' a younger practitioner, was better imployed than he, and once had the assurance to perform a cure, whereby he disappointed and disgraced the prognostic of the said Crab.—This quarrel, which was at one time upon the point of

being made up, by the interposition and mediation of friends, had been lately inflamed beyond a possibility of reconciliation by the respective wives of the opponents, who, chancing to meet at a christening, disagreed about precedence, proceeded from invectives to blows, and were with great difficulty, by the gossips,[5] prevented from converting the occasion of joy, into a scene of lamentation.

The difference between these rivals was in the height of rancour, when I received the message of Crab, who received me as civilly as I could have expected from one of his disposition; and after desiring me to sit, enquired into the particulars of my leaving the house of Potion; which when I had related, he said, with a malicious grin,—"There's a sneaking dog!—I always thought him a fellow without a soul, d——n me!—a canting scoundrel, who has crept into business by his hypocrisy, and kissing the a—se of every body."——"Ay, ay, (says another) one might see with half an eye, that the rascal has no honesty in him, by his going so regularly to church." This sentence was confirmed by a third, who assured his companions, that Potion was never known to be disguised in liquor but once, at a meeting of the godly, where he had distinguished himself by an *extempore* prayer an hour long.—After this preamble, Crab addressed himself to me in these words, "Well, my lad, I have heard a good character of you, and I'll do for you.——You may send your things to my house when you please.——I have given orders for your reception.——Z——ds! what does the booby stare at?—If you have no mind to embrace my courteous offer, you may let it alone and be d——n'd."——I answered, with a submissive bow, that I was far from rejecting his friendly offer, which I would immediately accept, as soon as he should inform me, on what footing I was to be entertained.—"What footing! d——n my blood, (cried he) d'ye expect to have a footman and a couple of horses kept for you?"—"No, Sir (I replied) my expectations are not quite so sanguine.—That I may be as little burthensome as possible, I would willingly serve in your shop, by which means I may save you the expence of a journey-man, or porter at least, for I understand a little pharmacy, having employed some of my leisure hours in the practice of that art, while I lived with Mr. Potion: neither am I altogether ignorant of surgery,[6] which I have studied with great pleasure and application."—"O ho! you did? (says Crab.) Gentlemen, here is a compleat artist!——Studied surgery! what? in books I suppose.—I shall have you disputing with me one of these days, on points of my profession.—You can already account for muscular motion (I warrant) and explain the mystery of the brain and nerves[7]—ha!—You are too learned for me, d——n me.—But let's hear no more of this stuff,——can you bleed[8] and give a clyster,[9] spread a plaister[10] and prepare a potion?"—Upon my answering in the affirmative, he shook his head, telling me, he believed he should have little good of me, for all my promises;——but, however, he would take me in for the sake of charity.—I was accordingly that very night admitted to his house, and had an apartment assigned to me in the garret, which I was fain to put up with, notwithstanding the mortification my pride suffered in this change of circumstances. I was soon convinced of the real motives which induced Crab to receive me in this manner: for, besides the gratification of his revenge, by exposing the selfishness of his antagonist, in opposition to his own generosity, which was all affectation, he had occasion for a young man who understood something of the profession, to fill up the place of

his eldest apprentice, lately dead, not without violent suspicion of foul play from his master's brutality.—The knowledge of this circumstance, together with his daily behaviour to his wife, and the young apprentice, did not at all contribute to my enjoying my new situation with ease; however, as I did not perceive how I could bestow myself to better advantage, I resolved to study Crab's temper with all the application, and manage it with all the address, in my power.—And it was not long before I found out a strange peculiarity of humour, which governed his behaviour towards all his dependents.—I observed, when he was pleased, he was such a niggard of his satisfaction, that if his wife or servants betrayed the least symptom of participation, he was offended to an insupportable degree of choler[11] and fury, the effects of which they seldom failed to feel.—And when his indignation was roused, submission and soothing always exasperated it beyond the bounds of reason and humanity.—I therefore pursued a contrary plan; and one day, when he honoured me with the names of ignorant whelp, and lazy ragamuffin[12]—I boldly replied, I was neither ignorant nor lazy, since I both understood, and performed my business as well as he could do for his soul; neither was it just to call me ragamuffin, for I had a whole coat on my back, and was descended from a better family than any he could boast an alliance with. He gave tokens of great amazement at this assurance of mine, and shook his cane over my head, regarding me all the time with a countenance truly diabolical. Although I was terribly startled at his menacing looks and posture, I yet had reflection enough left, to convince me I had gone too far to retract, and that this was the critical minute which must decide my future lot, in his service; I therefore snatched up the pestle of a mortar, and swore, if he offered to strike me without a cause, I should see whether his scull or my weapon was hardest.—He continued silent for some time, and at last broke forth into these ejaculations.—"This is fine usage from a servant to a master,—very fine!—damnation!——but, no matter, you shall pay for this, you dog, you shall.—I'll do your business—yes, yes, I'll teach you to lift your hand against me."—So saying, he retired and left me under dreadful apprehensions, which vanished entirely at our next meeting, when he behaved with unusual complacency, and treated me with a glass of punch after dinner.—By this conduct, I got the ascendancy over him in a short time, and became so necessary to him, in managing his business while he was engaged at the bottle, that fortune began to wear a kinder aspect; and I consoled myself for the disregard of my former acquaintance, with the knowledge I daily imbibed, by a close application to the duties of my employment, in which I succeeded beyond my own expectation.—I was on very good terms with my master's wife, whose esteem I acquired and cultivated, by representing Mrs. Potion in the most ridiculous lights my satirical talents could invent, as well as by rendering her some christian offices,[13] when she had been too familiar with the dram bottle, to which she had oftentimes recourse for consolation, under the affliction she suffered from a barbarous husband.—In this manner I lived, without hearing the least tidings of my uncle, for the space of two years, during which time I kept little or no company, being neither in a humour to relish, nor in a capacity to maintain, much acquaintance: for the Nabal[14] my master allowed me no wages; and the small perquisites[15] of my station scarce supplied me with the common necessaries of life.—I was no longer a pert, unthinking coxcomb, giddy with popular applause, and

elevated with the extravagance of hope; my misfortunes had taught me how little the caresses of the world, during a man's prosperity, are to be valued by him; and how seriously and expeditiously he ought to set about making himself independent of them. My present appearance, therefore, was the least of my care, which was wholly engrossed in laying up a stock of instruction that might secure me against the caprice of fortune for the future. I became such a sloven, and contracted such an air of austerity, that every body pronounced me crest-fallen; and Gawky returned to town without running any risque from my resentment, which was by this time pretty much cooled, and restrained by prudential reasons, so effectually, that I never so much as thought of obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had done me—When I deemed myself sufficiently master of my business, I began to cast about for an opportunity of launching into the world, in hope of finding some provision, that might make amends for the difficulties I had undergone: but, as this could not be effected without a small sum of money to equip me for the field, I was in the utmost perplexity how to raise it, well knowing, that Crab, for his own sake, would never put me in a condition to leave him, when his interest was so much concerned in my stay.—But a small accident, which happened about this time, determined him in my favour.—This was no other than the pregnancy of his maid servant, who declared her situation to me, assuring me at the same time, that I was the occasion of it. Although I had no reason to question the truth of this imputation, I was not ignorant of the familiarities which had passed between her master and her; taking the advantage of which, I represented to her the folly of laying the burthen at my door, when she might dispose of it to much better purpose with Mr. Crab: She listened to my advice, and next day acquainted him with the pretended success of their mutual endeavours.—He was far from being overjoyed at this proof of his vigour, which he foresaw might have very troublesome consequences; not that he dreaded any domestic grumblings and reproaches from his wife, whom he kept in perfect subjection; but because he knew it would furnish his rival Potion with a handle for insulting and undermining his reputation, there being no scandal equal to that of uncleanness,[16] in the opinion of those who inhabit the part of the island where he lived.—He therefore took a resolution worthy of himself, which was, to persuade the girl, that she was not with child, but only afflicted with a disorder incident to young women, which he could easily remove: with this view (as he pretended) he prescribed for her such medicines, as he thought would infallibly procure abortion;[17] but in this scheme he was disappointed, for the maid, being advertised by me of his design, and at the same time well acquainted with her own condition, absolutely refused to follow his directions; and threatned to publish her situation to the world, if he would not immediately take some method of providing for the important occasion, which she expected in a few months. It was not long before I guessed the result of his deliberation, by his addressing himself to me (one day) in this manner: "I am surprised, that a young fellow like you discovers no inclination to push his fortune in the world.—Before I was of your age, I was broiling on the coast of Guinea.[18]—Damme! what's to hinder you from profiting by the war, which will certainly be declared in a short time against Spain?[19]—You may easily get on board of a king's ship in quality of surgeon's mate,[20] where you will certainly see a great deal of practice, and stand a good chance of getting prize-

money."[21]—I laid hold of this declaration, which I had long wished for, and assured him I would follow his advice with pleasure, if it was in my power; but that it was impossible for me to embrace an opportunity of that kind, as I had no friend to advance a little money, to supply me with what necessaries I should want, and defray the expences of my journey to London. He told me, that few necessaries were required; and as for the expence of my journey, he would lend me money, sufficient not only for that purpose, but also to maintain me comfortably in London, until I should procure a warrant for my provision on board of some ship.—I gave him a thousand thanks for his obliging offer (altho' I was very well apprized of his motive, which was no other than a design to lay the bastard to my charge, after my departure;) and accordingly set out in a few weeks for London; my whole fortune[22] consisting of one suit of cloaths, half a dozen of ruffled shirts, as many plain; two pair of worsted, and a like number of thread stockings;[23] a case of pocket instruments, a small edition of Horace, Wiseman's surgery,[24] and ten guineas in cash; for which Crab took my bond, bearing 5 *per cent*.[25] interest; at the same time giving me a letter to the member of parliament for our town, which he said would do my business effectually.

CHAPTER VIII.

I arrive at Newcastle——meet with my old school-fellow Strap——we determine to walk together to London——set out on our journey——put up at a solitary ale-house——are disturbed by a strange adventure in the night.

There is no such convenience as a waggon[1] in this country, and my finances were too weak to support the expence of hiring a horse; I determined therefore to set out with the carriers, who transport goods from one place to another on horse-back; and this scheme I accordingly put in execution, on the first day of November 1739,[2] sitting upon a pack-saddle between two baskets; one of which contained my goods in a knapsack. But by the time we arrived at Newcastle upon Tyne,[3] I was so fatigued with the tediousness of the carriage, and benumbed with the coldness of the weather, that I resolved to travel the rest of my journey on foot, rather than proceed in such a disagreeable manner.

The hostler of the inn at which we put up, understanding I was bound for London, advised me to take my passage in a collier,[4] which would be both cheap and expeditious, and withal much easier than to walk upwards of three hundred miles through deep roads, in the winter time; a journey which he believed I had not strength enough to perform.—I was almost persuaded to take his advice, when, one day, stepping into a barber's shop to be shaved, the young man, while he lathered my face, accosted me

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thus: "Sir, I presume you are a Scotchman." I answered in the affirmative.—"Pray (continued he) from what part of Scotland?"—I no sooner told him, than he discovered great emotion, and not confining his operation to my chin and upper-lip, besmeared my whole face with great agitation.—I was so offended at this profusion, that starting up, I asked him what the d——l he meant by using me so?—He begged pardon, telling me his joy at meeting with a countryman had occasioned some confusion in him: and craved my name.—But when I declared my name was Random, he exclaimed in a rapture, "How! Rory Random?" The same, I replied, looking at him, with astonishment; "What," cried he, "don't you know your old schoolfellow, Hugh Strap?"[5] At that instant recollecting his face, I flew into his arms, and in the transport of my joy, gave him back one half of the suds he had so lavishly bestowed on my countenance; so that we made a very ludicrous appearance, and furnished a great deal of mirth for his master and shop-mates, who were witnesses of this scene.—When our mutual caresses were over, I sat down again to be shaved, but the poor fellow's nerves were so discomposed by this unexpected meeting, that his hand could scarcely hold the razor, with which (nevertheless) he found means to cut me in three places, in as many strokes. His master, perceiving his disorder, bade another supply his place, and after the operation was performed, gave Strap leave to pass the rest of the day with me—We retired immediately to my lodgings, where calling for some beer, I desired to be informed of his adventures, which contained nothing more, than that his master dying before his time was out, he had come to Newcastle about a year ago, in expectation of journey-work,[6] along with three young fellows of his acquaintance who worked in the keels;[7] that he had the good fortune of being employed by a very civil master, with whom he intended to stay till the spring, at which time he proposed to go to London, where he did not doubt of finding encouragement.—When I communicated to him my situation and design, he did not approve of my taking a passage by sea, by reason of the danger of a winter voyage, which is very hazardous along that coast, as well as the precariousness of the wind, which might possibly detain me a great while, to the no small detriment of my fortune: whereas, if I would venture by land, he would bear me company, carry my baggage all the way; and if we should be fatigued before we could perform the journey, it would be no hard matter for us to find on the road, either return-horses or waggons, of which we might take the advantage for a very trifling expence.—I was so ravished at this proposal, that I embraced him affectionately, and assured him he might command my purse to the last farthing; but he gave me to understand, he had saved money sufficient to answer his own occasions; and that he had a friend in London, who would soon introduce him into business, in that capital; and might possibly have it in his power to serve me also.

Having concerted the plan and settled our affairs that night, we departed next morning by day-break, armed with a good cudgel each (my companion being charged with the furniture of us both, crammed into one knapsack;) and our money sewed between the lining and wastband[8] of our breeches, except some loose silver for our immediate expence on the road.—We travelled all day at a round pace, but being ignorant of the proper stages,[9] were benighted at a good distance from any inn, so that we were compelled to take up our lodging at a small hedge ale-house,[10] that stood on a bye-road,

about half a mile from the highway: There we found a pedlar of our own country, in whose company we regaled ourselves with bacon and eggs, and a glass of good ale, before a comfortable fire, conversing all the while very sociably with the landlord and his daughter, an hale buxome lass, who entertained us with great good humour, and in whose affection I was vain enough to believe I had made some progress. About eight a clock, we were all three, at our own desire, shewn into an apartment, furnished with two beds, in one of which Strap and I betook ourselves to rest, and the pedlar occupied the other, though not before he had prayed a considerable time *extempore*, searched into every corner of the room, and fastned the door on the inside with a strong iron screw,[11] which he carried about with him for that use.—I slept very sound till midnight, when I was disturbed by a violent motion of the bed, which shook under me with a continual tremour.—Alarmed at this phænomenon, I jogged my companion, whom, to my no small amazement, I found drenched in sweat, and quaking through every limb; he told me with a low faultering voice, that we were undone; for there was a bloody highwayman loaded with pistols in the next room; then, bidding me make as little noise as possible, he directed me to a small chink in the board partition, through which I could see a thick-set brawny fellow, with a fierce countenance, sitting at a table with our young landlady, having a bottle of ale and a brace of pistols before him.——I listned with great attention, and heard him say in a terrible tone: "D——n that son of a bitch, Smack[12] the coachman!——he has served me a fine trick, indeed!——but d——tion seize me, if I don't make him repent it!—I'll teach the scoundrel to give intelligence to others, while he is under articles[13] with me."——Our landlady endeavoured to appease this exasperated robber, by saying he might be mistaken in Smack, who perhaps kept no correspondence with the other gentleman that robbed his coach,—and that if an accident had disappointed him to-day, he might soon find opportunities enough to attone for his lost trouble.——"I'll tell thee what, my dear Bett[14] (replied he) I never had, nor ever will, while my name is Rifle,[15] have such a glorious booty as I missed to-day.—Z——ds! there was 400 *l.* in cash to recruit men for the king's service, besides the jewels, watches, swords, and money belonging to the passengers;—had it been my fortune to have got clear off with so much treasure, I would have purchased a commission in the army,[16] and made you an officer's lady, you jade, I would."—"Well, well, (cries Betty) we must trust to providence for that;—but did you find nothing worth taking, which escaped the other gentleman of the road?" "Not much, faith (said the lover;) I gleaned a few things,—such as a pair of pops,[17] silver mounted, (here they are) I took them loaded from the captain who had the charge of the money, together with a gold watch, which he had concealed in his breeches.—I likewise found ten Portugal pieces[18] in the shoes of a quaker,[19] whom the spirit moved to revile me with great bitterness and devotion; but what I value myself mostly for, is this here purchase, a gold snuff-box, my girl, with a picture on the inside of the lid: which I untied out of the tail of a pretty lady's smock."—Here, as the devil would have it, the pedlar snored so loud, that the highwayman snatching his pistols, started up, crying, "Hell, and d——n——n! I am betrayed,—who's that in the next room?" Mrs. Betty told him, he need not be uneasy, there were only three poor wearied travellers,

who missing the road, had taken up their lodging in the house, and were asleep long ago.—"Travellers!" says he, "spies, you b——ch! but no matter—I'll send them all to hell in an instant."[20]—He accordingly ran towards our door; when his sweet-heart interposing, assured him, there was only a couple of poor young Scotchmen, who were too raw and ignorant to give him the least cause of suspicion; and the third was a presbyterian pedlar[21] of the same nation, who had often lodged in the house before.—This declaration satisfied the thief, who swore he was glad there was a pedlar, for he wanted some linen.—Then in a jovial manner, he put about the glass,[22] mingling his discourse to Betty, with caresses and familiarities that spoke him very happy in his amours. During that part of the conversation which regarded us, Strap had crept under the bed, where he lay in the agonies of fear; so that it was with great difficulty I persuaded him our danger was over, and prevailed on him to wake the pedlar, and inform him of what he had seen and heard.—This itinerant merchant no sooner felt somebody shaking him by the shoulder, than he started up, calling as loud as he could,——"Thieves, thieves! Lord have mercy on us." And Rifle, alarmed at this exclamation, jumped up, cocked one of his pistols, and turned towards the door, to kill the first man who should enter; for he verily believed himself beset; when his Dulcinea,[23] after an immoderate fit of laughter, persuaded him, that the poor pedlar dreaming of thieves, had only cried out in his sleep.—Mean-while my comrade had undeceived our fellow-lodger, and informed him of his reason for disturbing him; upon which, getting up softly he peeped through the hole, and was so terrified with what he saw, that falling down on his bare knees, he put up a long petition to heaven, to deliver him from the hands of that ruffian, and promised never to defraud a customer for the future of the value of a pin's point, provided he might be rescued from the present danger.—Whether or not his disburthening his conscience afforded him any ease, I know not; but he slipt into bed again and lay very quiet until the robber and his mistress were asleep, and snored in concert; then, rising softly, he untied a rope that was round his pack, which making fast to one end of it, he opened the window with as little noise as possible, and lowered his goods into the yard with great dexterity; then he moved gently to our bed-side, and bade us farewel, telling us, that as we ran no risk, we might take our rest with great confidence, and in the morning assure the landlord that we knew nothing of his escape: and lastly, shaking us by the hands, and wishing us all manner of success, he let himself drop from the window without any danger, for the ground was not above a yard from his feet as he hung on the outside. Although I did not think proper to accompany him in his flight, I was not at all free from apprehension, when I reflected on what might be the effect of the highwayman's disappointment; as he certainly intended to make free with the pedlar's ware. Neither was my companion at more ease in his mind; but on the contrary so possessed with the dreadful idea of Rifle, that he solicited me strongly to follow our countryman's example, and so elude the fatal resentment of that terrible adventurer, who would certainly wreak his vengeance on us, as accomplices of the pedlar's elopement.—But I represented to him the danger of giving Rifle cause to think we knew his profession, and suggested, that if ever he should meet us again on the road, he would look upon us as dangerous acquaintance, and find it his interest to

put us out of the way.—I told him withal, my confidence in Betty's good-nature; in which he acquiesced, and, during the remaining part of the night, we concerted a proper method of behaviour, to render us unsuspected in the morning.

It was no sooner day, than Betty, entering our chamber, and perceiving our window open, cried out, "Ods bobs![24] sure you Scotchmen must have hot constitutions, to lie all night with the window open, in such cold weather."—I feigned to start out of sleep, and withdrawing the curtain, called, "What's the matter?" When she shewed me, I affected surprize, and said, "Bless me! the window was shut when we went to bed."—"I'll be hanged," said she, "if Sawny Waddle[25] the pedlar has not got up in a dream and done it, for I heard him very obstropulous[26] in his sleep.—Sure I put a chamber-pot under his bed."—With these words she advanced to the bed in which he lay, and finding the sheets cold, exclaimed, "Good lack a daisy! the rogue is fled!"—"Fled (cried I, with feigned amazement) God forbid!—Sure he has not robbed us."—Then springing up, I laid hold of my breeches, and emptied all my loose money into my hand; which having reckoned, I said, Heaven be praised our money is all safe.—Strap, look to the knapsack.—He did so, and found all was right.—Upon which we asked with seeming concern, if he had stole nothing belonging to the house?—"No, no," replied she, "he has stole nothing but his reckoning"; which, it seems, this pious pedlar had forgot to discharge, in the midst of his devotion.—Betty, after a moment's pause, withdrew, and immediately we could hear her waken Rifle, who no sooner heard of Waddle's flight, than he jumped out of bed and dressed, venting a thousand execrations, and vowing to murder the pedlar if ever he should set eyes on him again; "For," said he, "the scoundrel has by this time raised the hue and cry against me."—Having dressed himself in a hurry, he mounted his horse, and for that time rid us of his company and a thousand fears that were the consequence of it.—While we were at breakfast, Betty endeavoured by all the cunning she was mistress of, to learn whether or no we suspected our fellow-lodger, whom we saw take horse; but as we were on our guard, we answered her sly questions with a simplicity she could not distrust; when all of a sudden, we heard the trampling of a horse's feet at the door. This noise alarmed Strap so much, whose imagination was wholly engrossed by the image of Rifle, that with a countenance as pale as milk, he cried, "O Lord! there's the highwayman returned!"—Our landlady staring at these words, said, "What highwayman, young man?—Do you think any highwaymen harbour here?"—Though I was very much disconcerted at this piece of indiscretion in Strap, I had presence of mind enough to tell her, we had met a horse-man the day before, whom Strap had foolishly supposed to be a highwayman, because he rode with pistols; and that he had been terrified at the sound of a horse's feet ever since.——She forced a smile at the ignorance and timidity of my comrade; but I could perceive (not without great concern) that this account was not at all satisfactory to her.

CHAPTER IX.

We proceed on our journey——are overtaken by an highwayman who fires at Strap, is prevented from shooting me by a company of horsemen, who ride in pursuit of him.——Strap is put to bed at an inn.——Adventures at that inn.

After having paid our score, and taking leave of our hostess, who embraced me tenderly at parting, we proceeded on our journey, blessing ourselves that we had come off so well. We had not walked above five miles, when we observed a man on horseback galloping after us, whom we in a short time recognized to be no other than this formidable hero who had already given us so much vexation.—He stopped hard by me, and asked if I knew who he was?—My astonishment had disconcerted me so much, that I did not hear his question, which he repeated with a volley of oaths and threats; but I remained as mute as before. Strap seeing my discomposure, fell upon his knees in the mud, uttering with a lamentable voice, these words: "For Ch——st's sake, have mercy upon us, Mr. Rifle, we know you very well."—"O ho!" cried the thief, "you do!—but you never shall be evidence against me in this world, you dog!"—So saying, he drew a pistol, and fired it at the unfortunate shaver, who fell flat upon the ground without speaking one word.—My comrade's fate, and my own situation, rivetted me to the place where I stood, deprived of all sense and reflection; so that I did not make the least attempt either to run away, or deprecate the wrath of this barbarian, who snapped a second pistol at me; but before he had time to prime again, perceiving a company of horsemen coming up, he rode off, and left me standing motionless as a statue, in which posture I was found by those whose appearance had saved my life. This company consisted of three men in livery, well armed, with an officer, who (as I afterwards learned) was the person from whom Rifle had taken the pocket pistols the day before; and who, making known his misfortune to a nobleman he met on the road, and assuring him, his non-resistance was altogether owing to his consideration for the ladies in the coach, procured the assistance of his Lordship's servants to go in quest of the plunderer. This holiday captain[1] scampered up to me with great address, and asked who fired the pistol which he had heard.—As I had not yet recovered my reason, he, before I could answer, observed a body lying on the ground: at which sight his colour changed, and he pronounced with a faultering tongue, "Gentlemen, here's murder committed! Let us alight."—"No, no," said one of his followers, "let us rather pursue the murderer.—Which way went he, young man?"—By this time I had recollected myself so far as to tell them that he could not be a quarter of a mile before; and to beg one of them to assist me in conveying the corps of my friend to the next house, in order to its being interred.—The captain, foreseeing that in case he should pursue, he must soon come to action, began to curb his horse, and give him the spur at the same time, which treatment making the creature rear up and snort, he called out,

his horse was frightned and would not proceed; at the same time wheeling him round and round, stroaking his neck, whistling and wheedling him with "Sirrah, Sirrah—gently, gently, &c."—"Z——ds! (cried one of the servants) sure my Lord's Sorrel is not resty!"[2]—With these words, he bestowed a lash on his buttocks, and Sorrel disdaining the rein, sprung forward with the captain at a pace that would have soon brought him up with the robber, had not the girth (happily for him) given way, by which means he landed in the dirt; and two of his attendants continued their pursuit, without minding his situation. Mean while one of the three who remained at my desire, turning the body of Strap, in order to see the wound which had killed him, found him still warm and breathing; upon which I immediately let him blood, and saw him, with inexpressible joy, recover; he having received no other wound than what his fear had inflicted.——Having raised him upon his legs, we walked together to an inn, about half a mile from the place, where Strap who was not quite recovered, went to bed; and in a little time, the third servant returned with the captain's horse and furniture, leaving him to crawl after as well as he could. This gentleman of the sword, upon his arrival, complained grievously of the bruise occasioned by his fall; and on the recommendation of the servant, who warranted my ability, I was employed to bleed him, for which service he rewarded me with half a crown.

The time between this event and dinner, I passed in observing a game at cards between two farmers, an exciseman,[3] and a young fellow in a rusty[4] gown and cassock, who, as I afterwards understood, was curate[5] of a neighbouring parish.——It was easy to perceive that the match was not equal; and that the two farmers, who were partners, had to do with a couple of sharpers, who stript them of all their cash in a very short time.—But what surprised me very much, was to hear this clergyman reply to one of the countrymen who seemed to suspect foul play, in these words: "D——n me, friend, d'ye question my honour?"—I did not at all wonder to find a cheat in canonicals, this being a character frequent in my own country; but I was scandalized at the indecency of his behaviour, which appeared in the oaths he swore, and the baudy songs which he sung. At last, to make amends, in some sort, for the damage he had done to the unwary boors, he pulled out a fiddle from the lining of his gown, and promising to treat them at dinner, began to play most melodiously, singing in concert, all the while.—This good humour of the parson inspired the company with so much glee, that the farmers soon forgot their losses, and all present went to dancing in the yard. While we were agreeably amused in this manner, our musician spying a horseman riding towards the inn, stopt all of a sudden, crying out, "Gad so! gentlemen, I beg your pardon, there's our dog of a doctor coming into the inn."—He immediately concealed his instrument, and ran towards the gate, where he took hold of the vicar's bridle, and helped him off, enquiring very cordially into the state of his health.—This rosy son of the church (who might be about the age of fifty) having alighted, and entrusted the curate with his horse, stalked with great solemnity into the kitchen, where, sitting down by the fire, he called for a bottle of ale and a pipe; scarce deigning an answer to the submissive questions of those who enquired about the welfare of his family.—While he indulged himself in this state, amidst a profound silence, the curate approaching him with great reverence, asked if he would not be pleased to honour us with his company

at dinner? To which interrogation he answered in the negative, saying, he had been to visit squire Bumpkin,[6] who had drank himself into a high fever at the last assizes;[7] and that he had, on leaving his own house, told Betty he should dine at home.—Accordingly, when he had made an end of his bottle and pipe, he rose, and moved, with prelatical dignity, to the door, where his journeyman stood ready with his nag.—He had no sooner mounted, than the facetious curate, coming into the kitchen, held forth in this manner: "There the old rascal goes, and the D——l go with him.—You see how the world wags,[8] gentlemen.—By Gad, this rogue of a vicar does not deserve to live;—and yet he has two livings worth 400 *l. per annum*, while poor I am fain to do all his drudgery, and ride twenty miles every Sunday to preach, for what? why, truly, for 20 *l.* a year.[9]—I scorn to boast of my own qualifications, but—comparisons are odious.—I should be glad to know how this swag-bellied doctor deserves to be more at ease than me.—He can loll in his elbow chair at home, indulge himself in the best of victuals and wine, and enjoy the conversation of Betty his house-keeper.—You understand me, gentlemen.—Betty is the doctor's poor kinswoman, and a pretty girl she is; but no matter for that:—ay, and a dutiful girl to her parents, whom she visits regularly every year, though I must own I could never learn in what county they live.——My service t'ye, gentlemen."—By this time, dinner being ready, I waked my companion, and we ate all together with great chearfulness. When our meal was ended, and every man's share of the reckoning adjusted, the curate went out on pretence of some necessary occasion, and mounting his horse, left the two farmers to satisfy the host in the best manner they could.—We were no sooner informed of this piece of finesse, than the exciseman, who had been silent hitherto, began to open with a malicious grin: "Ay, ay, this is an old trick of Shuffle,[10]—I could not help smiling, when he talked of treating.—You must know, this is a very curious fellow.—He picked up some scraps of learning while he served young lord Trifle at the university.—But what he most excels in is pimping. No man knows his talents better than I, for I was *valet de chambre*[11] to squire Tattle, an intimate companion of Shuffle's Lord.—He got himself into a scrape, by pawning some of his lordship's cloaths, on which account he was turned away; but, as he was acquainted with some particular circumstances of my lord's conduct, he did not care to exasperate him too much, and so made interest for his receiving orders, and afterwards recommended him to the curacy which he now enjoys.—However, the fellow cannot be too much admired for his dexterity in making a comfortable livelihood, in spite of such a small allowance.—You hear he plays a good stick,[12] and is really diverting company—these qualifications make him agreeable wherever he goes;—and as for playing at cards, there is not a man within three counties a match for him:—the truth is, he is a damnable cheat, and can shift a card with such address, that it is impossible to discover him."—Here he was interrupted by one of the farmers, who asked why he had not justice enough to acquaint them with these particulars before they engaged in play?—The exciseman replied, without any hesitation, that it was none of his business to intermeddle between man and man; besides, he did not know they were ignorant of Shuffle's character, which was notorious to the whole country.—This did not satisfy the other, who taxed him with abetting and assisting the curate's knavery, and insisted on having his share of the winnings returned; this demand the exciseman as positively

refused, affirming, that whatever slights Shuffle might practise on other occasions, he was very certain, that he had play'd on the square with them, and would answer it before any bench in christendom; so saying, he got up, and having paid his reckoning, sneaked off. The landlord thrusting his neck into the passage, to see if he was gone, shook his head, saying, "Ah! Lord help us! if every sinner was to have his deserts.—Well, we victuallers must not disoblige the excisemen.—But I know what:—if parson Shuffle and he were weighed together, a straw thrown into either scale would make the ballance kick the beam.[13]—But, masters, this is under the rose,"[14] continued Boniface[15] with a whisper.

CHAPTER X.

The highwayman is taken——we are detained as evidence against him——proceed to the next village——he escapes——we arrive at another inn, where we go to bed——in the night we are awaked by a dreadful adventure——next night we lodge at the house of a school-master——our treatment there.

Strap and I were about to depart on our journey, when we perceived a croud on the road, coming towards us shouting and hallooing all the way. As it approached, we could discern a man on horse-back in the middle, with his hands tied behind him, whom we soon knew to be Rifle.—This highwayman not being so well mounted as the two servants who went in pursuit of him, was soon overtaken, and after having discharged his pistols, made prisoner without any further opposition. They were carrying him in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the country people, to a justice of peace in a neighbouring village, but stopt at our inn to join their companion and take refreshment. When Rifle was dismounted, and placed in the yard, within a circle of peasants armed with pitchforks, I was amazed to see what a pitiful dejected fellow he now appeared, who had but a few hours before filled me with such terror and confusion.—My companion was so much encouraged by this alteration in his appearance, that going up to the thief, he presented his clenched fists to his nose, and declared, he would either cudgel or box with the prisoner for a guinea, which he immediately produced, and began to strip—but was dissuaded from this adventure by me, who represented to him the folly of the undertaking, as Rifle was now in the hands of justice, which would, no doubt, give us all satisfaction enough.—But what made me repent of our impertinent curiosity, was our being detained by the captor, as evidence against him, when we were just going to set forward. However, there was no remedy; we were obliged to comply, and accordingly joined in the cavalcade, which luckily took the same road that we had

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proposed to follow.—About the twilight we arrived at the place of our destination, but as the justice was gone to visit a gentleman in the country, with whom (we understood) he would probably stay all night, the robber was confined in an empty garret three stories high, from which it seemed impossible for him to escape: this, nevertheless, was the case; for next morning, when they went up stairs, to bring him before the justice, the bird was flown, having got out at the window upon the roof, from whence he continued his rout along the tops of the adjoining houses, and entered another garret window, where he sculked, until the family were asleep, at which time he ventured down stairs, and let himself out by the street-door, which was found open. This event was a great disappointment to those that apprehended him, who were flushed with hopes of the reward; but gave me great joy, as I was permitted now to continue my journey without any further molestation.—Resolving to make up for the small progress we had hitherto made, we this day travelled with great vigour, and before night reached a market-town twenty miles from the place from whence we set out in the morning, without meeting any adventure worth notice.—Here, having taken up our lodging at an inn, I found myself so fatigued, that I began to despair of performing our journey on foot, and desired Strap to enquire if there were any waggon, return-horses,[1] or other cheap carriage in this place, to depart for London next day.—He was informed, that the waggon from Newcastle to London had halted here two nights ago, and that it would be an easy matter to overtake it, if not the next day, at farthest, the day after the next.—This piece of news gave us some satisfaction, and, after having made a hearty supper on hashed mutton, we were shewn to our room, which contained two beds, the one allotted for us, and the other for a very honest gentleman, who, we were told, was then drinking below. Though we could have very well dispensed with his company, we were glad to submit to this disposition, as there was not another bed empty in the house; and accordingly went to rest, after having secured our baggage under the bolster.[2] About two or three a-clock in the morning, I was waked out of a very profound sleep, by a dreadful noise in the chamber, which did not fail to throw me into an agony of consternation, when I heard these words pronounced with a terrible voice:—"Blood and wounds![3] run the halbert[4] into the guts of him that's next you, and I'll blow the other's brains out presently."—This dreadful salutation had no sooner reached the ears of Strap, than starting out of bed, he ran against somebody in the dark, and overturned him in an instant; at the same time bawling out, "Fire! murder! fire!" a cry which in a moment alarmed the whole house, and filled our chamber with a croud of naked[5] people.—When lights were brought, the occasion of all this disturbance soon appeared; which was no other than our fellow-lodger, whom we found lying on the floor scratching his head, with a look testifying the utmost astonishment, at the concourse of apparitions that surrounded him.—This honest gentleman was, it seems, a recruiting serjeant, who, having listed two country fellows over-night, dreamed they had mutinied, and threatened to murder him and the drummer who was along with him. This made such an impression on his imagination, that he got up in his sleep, and expressed himself as above. When our apprehension of danger vanished, the company beheld one another with great surprize and mirth; but what attracted the notice of every one, was our landlady with nothing on her but her shift and a large pair

of buckskin breeches with the backside before, which she had slipt on in the hurry, and her husband with her petticoat about his shoulders: one had wrapt himself in a blanket, another was covered with a sheet, and the drummer, who had given his only shirt to be washed, appeared in *cuerpo*[6] with the bolster rolled about his middle.—When this affair was discussed, every body retired to his own apartment, the serjeant slipt into bed, and my companion and I slept without any further disturbance till morning, when we got up, went to breakfast, paid our reckoning, and set forward in expectation of overtaking the waggon; in which hope, however, we were disappointed for that day. As we exerted ourselves more than usual, I found myself quite spent with fatigue, when we entered a small village in the twilight. We enquired for a public house, and were directed to one of a very sorry appearance. At our entrance the landlord,[7] who seemed to be a venerable old man, with long grey hair, rose from a table placed by a large fire in a very neat paved kitchen, and with a chearful countenance accosted us in these words: "*Salvete Pueri—ingredimini*."[8]—I was not a little pleased to hear our host speak Latin, because I was in hope of recommending myself to him by my knowledge in that language; I therefore answered without hesitation,—"*Dissolve frigus*, *ligna super foco*,—*large reponens*."[9] I had no sooner pronounced these words, than the old gentleman running towards me, shook me by the hand, crying, "*—Fili mi delectissime! unde venis!—a superis*, *ni fallor?*"[10]—In short, finding we were both read in the classics, he did not know how to testify his regard enough; but ordered his daughter, a jolly rosy-cheeked damsel, who was his sole domestic, to bring us a bottle of his *quadrimum*—repeating from Horace at the same time, "*Deprome quadrimum sâbina*, *O Thaliarche*, *merem diotâ*."[11] This *quadrimum* was excellent ale of his own brewing, of which he told us he had always an *amphora*[12] four years old, for the use of himself and friends.—In the course of our conversation, which was interlarded with scraps of Latin, we understood that this facetious person was a school-master, whose income being small, he was fain to keep a glass of good liquor for the entertainment of passengers, by which he made shift to make the two ends of the year meet.—"I am this day," said he, "the happiest old fellow in his majesty's dominions.—My wife, rest her soul, is in heaven. My daughter is to be married next week;—but the two chief pleasures of my life are these (pointing to the bottle and a large edition of Horace[13] that lay on the table.) I am old, 'tis true,—what then? the more reason I should enjoy the small share of life that remains, as my friend Flaccus[14] advises:—'*Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas.) Quem mihi*, *quem tibi finem dii dederint——Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero*.'"[15]—As he was very inquisitive about our affairs, we made no scruple of acquainting him with our situation, which when he had learned, he enriched us with advices how to behave in the world, telling us that he was no stranger to the deceits of mankind.—In the mean time he ordered his daughter to lay a fowl to the fire for supper, for he was resolved this night to regale his friends—*permittens divis cætera*.[16]—While our entertainment was preparing, our host recounted the adventures of his own life, which, as they contain nothing remarkable, I forbear to rehearse. When we had fared sumptuously, and drank several bottles of his *quadrimum*, I expressed a desire of going to rest, which was with some difficulty complied with, after he had informed us that we should overtake the waggon by noon next day; and that there was room enough in it for half a dozen, for there were only

four passengers as yet in that convenience.—Before my comrade and I fell asleep we had some conversation about the good humour of our landlord, which gave Strap such an idea of his benevolence, that he positively believed we should pay nothing for our lodging and entertainment.—"Don't you observe," said he, "that he has conceived a particular affection for us,—nay, even treated us at supper with extraordinary fare, which, to be sure, we should not of ourselves have called for?"—I was partly of Strap's opinion; but the experience I had of the world made me suspend my belief till the morning, when getting up betimes, we breakfasted with our host and his daughter on hasty-pudding[17] and ale, and desired to know what we had to pay.—"Biddy will let you know, gentlemen," said he, "for I never mind these matters.—Money matters are beneath the concern of one who lives on the Horatian plan.—*Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam*."[18] Mean while Biddy having consulted a slate that hung in a corner, told us, our reckoning came to 8*s*. 7*d*.——"Eight shillings and seven pence!"[19] cried Strap; "'tis impossible—you must be mistaken, young woman."—"Reckon again, child (says her father, very deliberately) perhaps you have miscounted."—"No indeed, father (she replied) I know my business better."—I could contain my indignation no longer, but said it was an unconscionable bill, and demanded to know the particulars; upon which the old man got up, muttering, "Ay, ay, let us see the particulars,—that's but reasonable."—And taking pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following *Items*:

	s.	*d.*
To bread and beer	0	6
To a fowl and sausages	2	6
To four bottles *quadrim*.	2	0
To fire and tobacco	0	7
To lodging	2	0
To breakfast	1	0
	8	7

As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raised a sort of veneration in me by his demeanour the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he deserved; therefore I contented myself with saying, I was sure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He answered, "I was but a young man, and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion, whose only aim was to live *contentus parvo*,[20] and keep off *importuna pauperies*."[21]—My fellow-traveller could not so easily put up with this imposition; but swore he should either take one third of the money, or go without.—While we were engaged in this dispute, I perceived the daughter go out, and, conjecturing the occasion, immediately paid the exorbitant demand, which was no sooner done, than Biddy returned with two stout fellows, who came in on pretence of taking their morning draught; but in reality to frighten us into compliance.—Just as we departed, Strap, who was half distracted on account of this

piece of expence, went up to the school master, and grinning in his face, pronounced with great emphasis; "*Semper avarus eget*."[22]—To which the pedant replied, with a malicious smile; "*Animum rege, qui, nisi paret, imperat*."[23]

CHAPTER XI.

We descry the waggon——get into it——arrive at an inn——our fellow travellers described——a mistake is committed by Strap, which produces strange things.

We travelled half a mile without exchanging one word; my thoughts being engrossed by the knavery of the world, to which I must be daily exposed; and the contemplation of my finances, which began sensibly to diminish.—At length Strap, who could hold no longer, addressed me thus:—"Well, fools and their money are soon parted.[1]—If my advice had been taken, that old skin-flint should have been damn'd before he had got more than the third of his demand.—'Tis a sure sign you came easily by your money, when you squander it away in this manner.—Ah! God help you, how many brisly beards must I have mowed before I earned four shillings and three pence half-penny, which is all thrown to the dogs?—How many days have I sat weaving hair, till my toes were numbed by the cold, my fingers cramp'd, and my nose as blue as the sign of the periwig[2] that hung over the door? What the devil was you afraid of? I would have engaged to box with any one of those fellows who came in, for a guinea.—I'm sure I have beat stouter men than either of them."—And indeed, my companion would have fought any body, when his life was in no danger; but he had a mortal aversion to fire arms and all instruments of death. In order to appease him, I assured him, no part of this extraordinary expence should fall upon his shoulders; at which declaration he was affronted, and told me, he would have me to know, that although he was a poor barber's boy, he had a soul to spend his money with the best squire of the land.—Having walked all day at a great pace, without halting for a refreshment, we descried towards the evening, to our inexpressible joy, the waggon about a quarter of a mile before us; and by that time we reached it, were both of us so weary, that I verily believe it would have been impracticable for us to have walked one mile farther.—We therefore bargained with the driver, whose name was Joey,[3] to give us a cast to the next stage for a shilling; at which place we should meet the master of the waggon, with whom we might agree for the rest of the journey.

Accordingly the convenience stopt, and Joey having placed the ladder, Strap (being loaded with our baggage) mounted first; but just as he was getting in, a tremendous voice assailed his ears in these words: "God's fury! there shall no passengers come here."—The poor shaver was so disconcerted at this exclamation, which both he and

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We travelled half a mile without exchanging one word; my thoughts being engrossed by the knavery of the world, to which I must be daily exposed; and the contemplation of my finances, which began sensibly to diminish.—At length Strap, who could hold no longer, addressed me thus:—"Well, fools and their money are soon parted.[1]—If my advice had been taken, that old skin-flint should have been damn'd before he had got more than the third of his demand.—'Tis a sure sign you came easily by your money, when you squander it away in this manner.—Ah! God help you, how many brisly beards must I have mowed before I earned four shillings and three pence half-penny, which is all thrown to the dogs?—How many days have I sat weaving hair, till my toes were numbed by the cold, my fingers cramp'd, and my nose as blue as the sign of the periwig[2] that hung over the door? What the devil was you afraid of? I would have engaged to box with any one of those fellows who came in, for a guinea.—I'm sure I have beat stouter men than either of them."—And indeed, my companion would have fought any body, when his life was in no danger; but he had a mortal aversion to fire arms and all instruments of death. In order to appease him, I assured him, no part of this extraordinary expence should fall upon his shoulders; at which declaration he was affronted, and told me, he would have me to know, that although he was a poor barber's boy, he had a soul to spend his money with the best squire of the land.—Having walked all day at a great pace, without halting for a refreshment, we descried towards the evening, to our inexpressible joy, the waggon about a quarter of a mile before us; and by that time we reached it, were both of us so weary, that I verily believe it would have been impracticable for us to have walked one mile farther.—We therefore bargained with the driver, whose name was Joey,[3] to give us a cast to the next stage for a shilling; at which place we should meet the master of the waggon, with whom we might agree for the rest of the journey.

Accordingly the convenience stopt, and Joey having placed the ladder, Strap (being loaded with our baggage) mounted first; but just as he was getting in, a tremendous voice assailed his ears in these words: "God's fury! there shall no passengers come here."—The poor shaver was so disconcerted at this exclamation, which both he and

I imagined proceeded from the mouth of a giant, that he descended with great velocity, and a countenance as white as paper.—Joey perceiving our astonishment, called with an arch sneer, "Waunds, coptain, whay woan't yau sooffer the poor waggoneer[4] to meake a penny?—Coom, coom, young man, get oop, get oop,—never moind the coptain. I'se not afear'd of the coptain."—This was not encouragement sufficient to Strap, who could not be prevailed upon to venture up again; upon which I attempted, though not without a quaking heart, when I heard the same voice muttering like distant thunder: "Hell and the devil confound me, if I don't make you smart for this!"—However I crept in, and by accident got an empty place in the straw, which I immediately took possession of, without being able to discern the faces of my fellow-travellers in the dark. Strap following with the knapsack on his back, chanced to take the other side, and by a jolt of the carriage, pitched directly upon the stomach of the captain, who bellowed out in a most dreadful manner: "Blood and thunder![5] where's my sword?" At these words, my frighted comrade started up, and at one spring bounced against me with such force, that I thought he was the supposed son of Anak,[6] who intended to press me to death.—In the mean time a female voice cried, "Bless me! what is the matter, my dear?" "The matter," replied the captain, "damn my blood! my guts are squeezed into a pancake, by that Scotchman's hump." Strap trembling all the while at my back, asked him pardon, and laid the blame of what had happened upon the jolting of the waggon, and the woman who spoke before, went on: "Ay, ay, my dear, it is our own fault, we may thank ourselves for all the inconveniencies we meet with.—I thank God, I never travelled so before,[7]—I'm sure if my lady or Sir John was to know where we are, they would not sleep this night for vexation—I wish to God we had writ for the chariot:—I know we shall never be forgiven." "Come, come, my dear, (replied the captain) it don't signify fretting now,—we shall laugh it over as a frolick—I hope you will not suffer in your health.—I shall make my lord very merry with our adventures in the *Diligence*."[8]—This discourse gave me such a high notion of the captain and his lady, that I durst not venture to join in the conversation; but immediately after, another female voice began; "Some people give themselves a great many needless airs—better folks than any here have travelled in waggons before now.—Some of us have rode in coaches and chariots with three footmen behind them, without making so much fuss about it.—What then? we are now all upon a footing, therefore let us be sociable and merry.—What do you say, Isaac?[9] Is not this a good motion, you doating rogue?—Speak, you old *cent. per cent.*[10] fornicator.—What desperate debt are you thinking of? What mortgage are you planning? Well, Isaac, positively you shall never gain my favour till you turn over a new leaf; grow honest, and live like a gentleman.—In the mean time, give me a kiss, you old fumbler."[11]—These words, accompanied with a hearty smack, enlivened the person to whom they were addressed, to such a degree, that he cried in a transport, tho' with a faultering voice, "Ah! you wanton baggage—upon my credit, you are a waggish girl, he, he, he."—This laugh introduced a fit of coughing, which almost suffocated the poor usurer (such, we afterwards found, was the profession of this our fellow-traveller.)—About this time I fell asleep, and enjoyed a comfortable nap till such time as we arrived at the inn where we put up.—Here, having alighted from the waggon, I had an opportunity of viewing the passengers in order

"The Passengers from the Waggon arriving at the Inn" by Rowlandson after Woodward. (Call number HEW 9.13.28, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

as they entered.—The first who appeared was a brisk airy girl, about twenty years old, with a silver laced hat on her head, instead of a cap, a blue stuff[12] riding-suit trimmed with silver, very much tarnished, and a whip in her hand.—After her, came limping, an old man with a worsted night-cap, buttoned under his chin, and a broad brimmed hat slouched over it, an old rusty blue cloak tied about his neck, under which appeared a brown surtout,[13] that covered a thread-bare coat and waist-coat, and, as we afterwards discerned, a dirty flannel jacket.—His eyes were hollow, bleared and gummy; his face was shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles, his gums were destitute of teeth, his nose sharp and drooping, his chin peeked and prominent, so that, when he mumped[14] or spoke, they approached one another like a pair of nut-crackers; he supported himself on an ivory-headed cane, and his whole figure was a just emblem of winter, famine, and avarice.[15]—But how was I surprized, when I beheld the formidable captain in the shape of a little thin creature, about the age of forty, with a long withered visage, very much resembling that of a baboon, through the upper part of which, two little grey eyes peeped: He wore his own hair in a queue that reached to his rump, which immoderate length, I suppose, was the occasion of a baldness that appeared on the crown of his head, when he deigned to take off his hat, which was very much of the size and cock of Pistol's.[16]—Having laid aside his great coat, I could not help admiring the extraordinary make of this man of war: He was about five feet and three inches high, sixteen inches of which went to his face and long scraggy neck; his thighs were about six inches in length, his legs resembling spindles or drum-sticks, two feet and an half, and his body, which put me in mind of extension without substance,[17] engrossed the remainder;—so that on the whole he appeared like a spider or grashopper erect,—and was almost a *vox & preterea nihil*.[18]—His dress consisted of a frock of what is called bear-skin,[19] the skirts of which were about half a foot long, an Hussar waist-coat,[20] scarlet breeches reaching half-way down his thigh, worsted stockings rolled up almost to his groin, and shoes with wooden heels at least two inches high; he carried a sword very near as long as himself in one hand, and with the other conducted his lady, who seemed to be a woman of his own age, and still retained some remains of an agreeable person; but so ridiculously affected, that had I not been a novice in the world, I might have easily perceived in her, the deplorable vanity and second-hand airs of a lady's woman.[21]—We were all assembled in the kitchen, when captain Weazle (for that was his name) desired a room with a fire for himself and spouse; and told the landlord, they would sup by themselves.—The inn-keeper replied, that he could not afford them a room by themselves; and as for supping, he had prepared victuals for the passengers in the waggon, without respect of persons, but if he could prevail on the rest to let him have his choice in a separate manner, he should be very well pleased. This was no sooner said, than all of us declared against the proposal, and miss Jenny[22] (our other female passenger) observed, that if captain Weazel and his lady had a mind to sup by themselves, they might wait until we should have done.—At this hint, the captain put on a martial frown and looked very big, without speaking; while his yoke-fellow, with a disdainful toss of her nose, muttered something about "Creature";[23]—which miss Jenny over-hearing, stept up to her, saying, "None of your names, good Mrs. Abigail;[24]—creature quotha,—I'll assure you,—No such creature as you neither—no ten pound

sneaker—no quality coupler."[25]—Here the captain interposed with a "Damme, madam, what do you mean by that?"—"Damn you, Sir, who are you? (replied Miss Jenny) who made you a captain, you pitiful, trencher-scraping, pimping curler?[26]—'Sdeath![27] the army is come to a fine pass, when such fellows as you get commissions.—What, I suppose you think I don't know you?—Agad, you and your helpmate are well met,—a cast-off mistress, and a bald *valet de chambre* are well yoked together." "Blood and wounds! (cried Weazel) d'ye question the honour of my wife, madam?—Hell and damnation! No man in England durst say so much,—I would flea him, carbonado him![28] Fury and destruction! I would have his liver for my supper."—So saying, he drew his sword and flourished with it, to the great terror of Strap: while Miss Jenny snapping her fingers, told him, she did not value his resentment a louse.—In the midst of this quarrel, the master of the waggon alighted, who understanding the cause of the disturbance, and fearing the captain and his lady would take umbrage, and leave his carriage, was at great pains to have every thing made up, which he at last accomplished, and we sat down to supper all together. At bedtime we were shewed to our apartments: The old usurer, Strap and I, to one room; the captain, his wife, and Miss Jenny to another.—About midnight, my companion's bowels being disordered, he got up, in order to go backward;[29] but in his return, mistaking one door for another, entered Weazel's chamber, and without any hesitation went to bed to his wife, who was fast asleep; the captain being at another end of the room groping for some empty vessel, in lieu of his own chamber-pot, which was leaky: As he did not perceive Strap coming in, he went toward his own bed, after having found a convenience; but no sooner did he feel a rough head covered with a cotton night-cap, than it came into his mind, that he had mistaken Miss Jenny's bed instead of his own,[30] and that the head he felt was that of some gallant, with whom she had made an assignation.—Full of this conjecture, and scandalized at the prostitution of his apartment, he snatched up the vessel he had just before filled, and emptied it at once on the astonished barber, and his own wife, who waking at that instant, broke forth into lamentable cries, which not only alarmed the husband beyond measure, but frightened poor Strap almost out of his senses; for he verily believed himself bewitched; especially when the incensed captain seized him by the throat, with a volley of oaths, asking him how he durst have the presumption to attempt the chastity of his wife.—Poor Strap was so amazed and confounded, that he could say nothing, but,—"I take God to witness she's a virgin for me."—Mrs. Weazel, enraged to find herself in such a pickle, through the precipitation of her husband, arose in her shift, and with the heel of her shoe, which she found by the bed-side, belaboured the captain's bald pate, till he roared, "Murder."—"I'll teach you to empty your stinkpots on me," cried she, "you pitiful, hop o' my thumb coxcomb.[31] What? I warrant you're jealous, you man of lath.[32] Was it for this I condescended to take you to my bed, you poor, withered sapless twig?"——The noise, occasioned by this adventure, had brought the master of the waggon and me to the door, where we overheard all that passed, with great satisfaction. In the mean time we were alarmed with the cry of "Rape! Murder! Rape!" which Miss Jenny pronounced with great vociferation.—"O! you vile, abominable old villain," said she, "would you rob me of my virtue?—But I'll be revenged of you, you old goat! I will!——help! for heaven's sake! help!—I shall be ravished! ruined! help!"——Some servants of the inn, hearing this cry, came running

"Mutual defiance of Capt. Weazel and Miss Jenny Ramper" by Rowlandson. (Courtesy of The Lewis Walpole Library, Yale University.)

up stairs with lights, and such weapons as chance afforded; when we beheld a very diverting scene.—In one corner stood the poor captain shivering in his shirt, which was all torn to rags; with a woful visage, scratched all over by his wife, who had by this time wrapt the counterpane about her, and sat sobbing on the side of her bed.—In the other end, lay the old usurer sprawling on Miss Jenny's bed, with his flannel jacket over his shirt, and his tawny meagre limbs exposed to the air; while she held him fast by the two ears, and loaded him with execrations.—When we asked what was the matter, she affected to weep, told us, she was afraid that wicked rogue had ruined her in her sleep, and bad us take notice of what we saw, for she intended to make use of our evidence against him. The poor wretch looked like one more dead than alive, and begged to be released; a favour which he had no sooner obtained, than he protested she was no woman, but a devil incarnate—that she had first seduced his flesh to rebel, and then betrayed him.—"Yes, cockatrice[33] (continued he) you know you laid this snare for me—but you shan't succeed—for I will hang myself before you shall get a farthing of me."—So saying, he crawled to his own bed, groaning all the way.—We then advanced to the captain, who told us, "Gentlemen, here has been a damn'd mistake; but I'll be reveng'd on him who was the occasion of it.—That Scotchman who carries the knapsack shall not breathe this vital air another day, if my name be Weazel.—My dear, I ask you ten thousand pardons; you are sensible I could mean no harm to you."—"I know not what you meant (replied she sighing) but I know I have got enough to send me to my grave."—At length they were reconciled.—The wife was complimented with a share of Miss Jenny's bed (her own being overflowed) and the master of the waggon invited Weazel to sleep the remaining part of the night with him. I retired to mine, where I found Strap mortally afraid, he having stole away in the dark, while the captain and his lady were at logger-heads.[34]

CHAPTER XII.

Captain Weazel challenges Strap, who declines the combat——an affair between the captain and me——the usurer is fain to give miss Jenny five guineas for a release——we are in danger of losing a meal——the behaviour of Weazel, Jenny and Joey on that occasion——an account of captain Weazel and his lady——the captain's courage tried——Isaac's mirth at the captain's expence.

Next morning, I agreed to give the master of the waggon ten shillings for my passage to London, provided Strap should be allowed to take my place when I should be disposed to walk.—At the same time I desired him to appease the incensed captain, who had entered the kitchen, with a drawn sword in his hand, and threatned

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with many oaths, to sacrifice the villain, who attempted to violate his bed; but it was to no purpose for the master to explain the mistake, and assure him of the poor lad's innocence, who stood trembling behind me all the while: the more submission that appeared in Strap, the more implacable seemed the resentment of Weazel, who swore he must either fight him, or he would instantly put him to death. I was extremely provoked at this insolence, and told him, it could not be supposed that a poor barber lad would engage a man of the sword at his own weapon; but I was persuaded he would wrestle or box with him. To which proposal Strap immediately gave assent, by saying, he would box with him for a guinea.—Weazel replied, with a look of disdain, that it was beneath any gentleman of his character to fight like a porter, or even to put himself on a footing, in any respect, with such a fellow as Strap.—"Ods bodikins![1] (cries Joey) sure coptain, yaw would not coommit moorder! Here's a poor lad that is willing to make attoonement for his offence; and an that woan't satisfie yaw, offers to fight yaw fairly.—And yaw woan't box, I dare say, he will coodgel with yaw.—Woan't yaw, my lad?"—Strap, after some hesitation, answered, "Ye—yes, I'll cudgel with him."—But this expedient being also rejected by the captain, I began to smell his character, and tipping Strap the wink, told the company that I had always heard it said, the person who receives a challenge should have the choice of the weapons; this therefore being the rule in point of honour, I would venture to promise on the head of my companion, that he would even fight captain Weazel at sharps; but it should be with such sharps[2] as Strap was best acquainted with, namely razors.—At my mentioning razors, I could perceive the captain's colour change, while Strap, pulling me by the sleeve, whisper'd with great eagerness;—"No, no, no; for the love of God, don't make any such bargain."—At length Weazel, recovering himself, turned towards me, and, with a ferocious countenance, asked "Who the devil are you?—will you fight me?" With these words putting himself in a posture, I was grievously alarmed at seeing the point of a sword within half a foot of my breast; and springing to one side snatched up a spit that stood in the chimney-corner, with which I kept my formidable adversary at bay, who made a great many half-longes, skipping backward at every push, till at last I pinned him up in a corner, to the no small diversion of the company. While he was in this situation, his wife entered, and seeing her husband in these dangerous circumstances, uttered a dreadful scream: In this emergency, Weazel demanded a cessation, which was immediately granted; and at last was contented with the submission of Strap, who, falling on his knees before him, protested the innocence of his intention, and asked pardon for the mistake he had committed. This affair being ended without bloodshed, we went to breakfast, but missed two of our company, namely, miss Jenny and the usurer. As for the first, Mrs. Weazel informed us, that she had kept her awake all night with her groans; and that when she rose in the morning, miss Jenny was so much indisposed, that she could not proceed on her journey. At that instant, a message came from her to the master of the waggon, who immediately went into her chamber, followed by us all. She told him, in a lamentable tone, that she was afraid of a miscarriage, owing to the fright she received last night, from the brutality of Isaac; and as the event was uncertain, desired the usurer might be detained to answer for the consequence. Accordingly this ancient Tarquin[3] was found in the waggon, whither he had retired to avoid the shame of last night's disgrace, and brought by force into her presence. He no

"The Combat between Roderick Random & Captain Weazel" by Cruikshank. (Call number AC85.J2335.Zz831s2, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

sooner appeared, than she began to weep and sigh most piteously, and told us, if she died, she would leave her blood upon the head of that ravisher. Poor Isaac, turned up his eyes and hands to heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from the machinations of that Jezabel;[4] and assured us, with tears in his eyes, that his being found in bed with her, was the result of her own invitation. The waggoner, understanding the case, advised Isaac to make it up, by giving her a sum of money: to which advice he replied with great vehemence, "A sum of money!—a halter for the cocatrice!"—"O! 'tis very well (said miss Jenny:) I see it is in vain to attempt that flinty heart of his, by fair means.—Joey, be so good as to go to the Justice, and tell him there is a sick person here, who wants to see him on an affair of consequence."—At the name of Justice, Isaac trembled, and, bidding Joey stay, asked with a quavering voice, "what she should have?" She told him, that as he had not perpetrated his wicked purpose, she would be satisfied with a small matter.—And though the damage she might sustain in her health, might be irreparable, she would give him a release for an hundred guineas.—"An hundred guineas! (cried he in an extasy:) an hundred furies!—Where should a poor old wretch like me, have an hundred guineas? If I had so much money, d'ye think I should be found travelling in a waggon, at this season of the year?"—"Come, come (replied Jenny:) None of your miserly artifice here.—You think I don't know Isaac Rapine,[5] the money-broker in the Minories.[6]—Ah! you old rogue! many a pawn have you had of me and my acquaintance, which was never redeemed."—Isaac, finding it was in vain to disguise himself, offered twenty shillings for a discharge, which she absolutely refused under fifty pounds: At last, however, she was brought down to five, which he paid, with great reluctancy, rather than be prosecuted for a rape.[7] After which accommodation the sick person made shift to get into the waggon, and we set forwards in great tranquillity, Strap being accommodated with Joey's horse, the driver himself choosing to walk.—This morning and forenoon we were entertained with an account of the valour of captain Weazel, who told us he had once knocked down a soldier that made game of him; tweaked a drawer[8] by the nose, who found fault with his picking his teeth with a fork, at another time; and that he had moreover challenged a cheese-monger, who had the presumption to be his rival:—for the truth of which exploits he appealed to his wife.—She confirmed whatever he said, and observed "the last affair happened that very day on which I received a love-letter from squire Gobble;[9]—and don't you remember, my dear, I was prodigiously sick that very night with eating ortolans,[10] when my lord Diddle[11] took notice of my complexion's being altered, and my lady was so alarmed, that she had well-nigh fainted."—"Yes, my dear (replied the captain) you know, my lord said to me, with a sneer,—'Billy, Mrs. Weazel is certainly breeding.'—And I answered cavalierly, 'My lord, I wish I could return the compliment.'—Upon which the whole company broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and my lord, who loves a repartee dearly, came round and bussed me."——We travelled in this manner five days, without interruption, or meeting any thing worth notice: Miss Jenny (who soon recovered her spirits) entertaining us every day with diverting songs, of which she could sing a great number; and rallying her old gallant, who notwithstanding would never be reconciled to her.—On the sixth day, while we were about to sit down to dinner, the inn-keeper came and told us, that three gentlemen, just arrived,

had ordered the victuals to be carried to their apartment, altho' he had informed them that they were bespoke by the passengers in the waggon. To which information they had replied, "The passengers in the waggon might be damn'd—their betters must be served before them,—they supposed it would be no hardship on such travellers to dine upon bread and cheese for one day."—This was a terrible disappointment to us all; and we laid our heads together how to remedy it; when miss Jenny observed that captain Weazel, being by profession a soldier, ought in this case to protect and prevent us from being insulted.—But the captain excused himself, saying, he would not for all the world be known to have travelled in a waggon; swearing at the same time, that could he appear with honour, they should eat his sword sooner than his provision.—Upon this declaration, miss Jenny snatching his weapon, drew it, and ran immediately to the kitchen, where she threatned to put the cook to death, if he did not send the victuals into our chamber immediately.—The noise she made, brought the three strangers down, one of whom no sooner perceived her, than he cried, "Ha! Jenny Ramper![12] what the devil brought thee hither?"—"My dear Jack Rattle![13] (replied she, running into his arms) is it you?—Then Weazel may go to hell for a dinner—I shall dine with you."—They consented to this proposal with a great deal of joy; and we were on the point of being reduced to a very uncomfortable meal, when Joey understanding the whole affair, entered the kitchen with a pitch-fork in his hand, and swore he would be the death of any man who should pretend to seize the victuals prepared for the waggon.—This menace had like to have produced fatal consequences; the three strangers drawing their swords, and being joined by their servants, and we ranging ourselves on the side of Joey; when the landlord interposing, offered to part with his own dinner to keep the peace, which was accepted by the strangers; and we sat down at table without any further molestation. In the afternoon, I chose to walk along with Joey, and Strap took my place. Having entered into a conversation with this driver, I soon found him to be a merry, facetious, good-natured fellow, and withal very arch: He informed me, that miss Jenny was a common girl upon the town,[14] who falling into company with a recruiting officer, he carried her down in the stage-coach from London to Newcastle, where he had been arrested for debt, and was now in prison; upon which she was fain to return to her former way of life, by this conveyance. He told me likewise, that one of the gentlemen's servants, whom we left at the inn, having accidentally seen Weazel, immediately knew him, and acquainted Joey with some particulars of his character. That he had served my lord Frizzle[15] in quality of *valet de chambre* many years; while he lived separate from his lady: But upon their reconciliation, she expresly insisted upon Weazel's being turned off, as well as the woman he kept: when his lordship, to get rid of them both with a good grace, proposed that he should marry his mistress, and he would procure a commission for him in the army. This expedient was agreed to, and Weazel is now, by his lordship's interest, ensign in ——'s regiment. I found he and I had the same sentiments with regard to Weazel's courage, which we resolved to put to the trial, by alarming the passengers with the cry of, "an highwayman!" as soon as an horseman should appear. This scheme we put in practice towards the dusk, when we descried a man on horseback approaching us. Joey had no sooner intimated to the people in the waggon, that he was afraid we should be all robbed, than

a general consternation arose: Strap jumped out of the waggon and hid himself behind a hedge. The usurer put forth ejaculations, and made a rustling among the straw, which made us conjecture he had hid something under it. Mrs. Weazel wringing her hands, uttered lamentable cries; and the captain, to our great amazement, began to snore; but this artifice did not succeed; for Miss Jenny, shaking him by the shoulder, bawl'd out, "'Sdeath! captain, is this a time to snore, when we are going to be robbed?—Get up for shame, and behave like a soldier and a man of honour."—Weazel pretended to be in a great passion for being disturbed, and swore he would have his nap out if all the highwaymen in England surrounded him.—"D——n my blood! what are you afraid of?" (continued he;) at the same time trembling with such agitation, that the whole carriage shook.—This singular piece of behaviour incensed Miss Ramper so much, that she cried, "D——n your pitiful soul, you are as arrant a poltroon[16] as ever was drummed out of a regiment.—Stop the waggon, Joey—let me get out, and by G—d, if I have rhetorick enough, the thief shall not only take your purse, but your skin also."—So saying she leapt out with great agility. By this time the horseman came up with us, and happened to be a gentleman's servant well known to Joey, who communicated the scheme, and desired him to carry it on a little further, by going up to the waggon, and questioning those within. The stranger consenting for the sake of diversion, approached it, and in a terrible tone, demanded, "who have we got here?"—Isaac replied with a lamentable voice, "Here's a poor miserable sinner, who has got a small family to maintain, and nothing in the world wherewithall, but these fifteen shillings, which if you rob me of, we must all starve together."—"Who's that sobbing in the other corner?" (said the supposed highwayman.) "A poor unfortunate woman, (answered Mrs. Weazel) upon whom I beg you for Christ's sake to have compassion."—"Are you maid or wife?" (said he) "Wife to my sorrow," (cried she.)—"Who, or where is your husband?" (continued he.)—"My husband, (replied Mrs. Weazel) is an officer in the army, and was left sick at the last inn where we dined."—"You must be mistaken, madam, (said he) for I myself saw him get into the waggon this afternoon;—But pray what smell is that? Sure your lap-dog has befouled himself;—let me catch hold of the nasty cur, I'll teach him better manners."—Here he laid hold of one of Weazel's legs, and pulled him out from under his wife's petticoats where he had concealed himself.—The poor trembling captain being detected in this inglorious situation, rubbed his eyes, and affecting to wake out of sleep, cried, "What's the matter?——What's the matter?"—"The matter is not much, (answered the horseman) I only called in to enquire after your health, and so adieu, most noble captain."—So saying, he clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment.—It was some time before Weazel could recollect himself, but at length, re-assuming the big look, he said, "Damn the fellow! why did he ride away, before I had time to ask him how his lord and lady do?—Don't you remember Tom, my dear?" addressing himself to his wife.—"Yes, (replied she) I think I do remember something of the fellow,—but you know I seldom converse with people of his station."—"Hoy day! (cried Joey) do yaw knaw the young mon, coptain?"—"Know him, (said Weazel) many a time has he filled a glass of Burgundy for me, at my lord Trippit's table."—"And what may his neame be, coptain," (said Joey) "His name!—his name (replied Weazel) is Tom Rinser."—"Waunds! (cried Joey)

a has changed his own neame then! for I'se lay any wager he was christened John Trotter."[17]—This observation raised a laugh against the captain, who seemed very much disconcerted; when Isaac broke silence, and said, "It is no matter who or what he was, since he has not proved the robber we suspected—And we ought to bless God for our narrow escape."—"Bless God, (said Weazel) bless the devil! for what? had he been a highwayman, I should have eat his blood, body and guts, before he had robbed me, or any one in this *Diligence*." "Ha, ha, ha,! (cried Miss Jenny) I believe you will eat all you kill indeed, captain."—The usurer was so well pleased at the event of this adventure, that he could not refrain from being severe, and took notice that captain Weazel seemed to be a good Christian, for he had armed himself with patience and resignation, instead of carnal weapons;[18] and worked out his salvation with fear and trembling.[19] This piece of satire occasioned a great deal of mirth at Weazel's expence, who muttered a great many oaths, and threatned to cut Isaac's throat.—The usurer taking hold of this menace, said "Gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, that my life is in danger from this bloody-minded officer.—I'll have him bound over to the peace."[20] This second sneer procured another laugh against him, and he remained crest-fallen during the remaining part of our journey.

CHAPTER XIII.

Strap and I are terrified by an apparition——Strap's conjecture——the mystery explained by Joey——we arrived at London——our dress and appearance described——we are insulted in the street——an adventure in an ale-house——we are imposed upon by a waggish footman——set to rights by a tobacconist——take lodgings——dive for a dinner——an accident at our ordinary.

We arrived at our inn, supped and went to bed; but Strap's distemper continuing, he was obliged to rise in the middle of the night, and taking the candle in his hand, which he had left burning for the purpose, he went down to the house of office,[1] whence in a short time he returned in a great hurry, with his hair standing on end, and a look betokening horror and astonishment. Without speaking a word, he set down the light and jumped into bed behind me, where he lay and trembled with great violence. When I asked him what was the matter? he replied with a broken accent, "God have mercy on us! I have seen the devil."—Though my prejudice was not quite so strong as his, I was not a little alarmed at this exclamation, and much more so, when I heard the sound of bells approaching our chamber, and felt my bed-fellow cling close to me, uttering these words "Christ have mercy upon us! there he comes."—At that

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instant, a monstrous overgrown raven entered our chamber, with bells at his feet, and made directly towards our bed.—As this creature is reckoned in our country, a common vehicle for the devil and witches to play their pranks in, I verily believed we were haunted; and in a violent fright, shrunk under the bed-cloaths. This terrible apparition leapt upon the bed, and after giving us several severe dabbs with its beak through the blankets, hopped away and vanished. Strap and I recommended ourselves to the protection of heaven with great devotion, and when we no longer heard the noise, ventured to peep up and take breath. But we had not been long freed from this phantom, when another appeared that had well nigh deprived us both of our senses. We perceived an old man enter the room, with a long white beard that reached to his middle; there was a certain wild peculiarity in his eyes and countenance, that did not savour of this world: and his dress consisted of a brown stuff coat, buttoned behind and at the wrists, with an odd fashioned cap of the same stuff upon his head.—I was so amazed that I had not power to move my eyes from such a ghastly object, but lay motionless, and saw him come straight up to me: when he reached the bed he wrung his hands, and cried with a voice that did not seem to belong to a human creature, "Where is Ralph?"—I made no reply; upon which he repeated in an accent still more preternatural; "Where is Ralpho?"—He had no sooner pronounced these words, than I heard the sound of the bells at a distance; which the apparition having listned to, tript away, and left me almost petrified with fear. It was a good while before I could recover myself so far as to speak: and when at length I turned to Strap, I found him in a fit, which however, did not last long.—When he came to himself, I asked his opinion of what had happened; and he assured me that the first must certainly be the soul of some person damned, which appeared by the chains about its legs (for his fears had magnified the creature to the bigness of a horse, and the sound of small morrice bells[2] to the clanking of massy chains.)—As for the old man, he took it to be the spirit of somebody murdered long ago in this place, which had power granted it to torment the assassin in the shape of a raven, and that Ralpho was the name of the said murderer.—Although I had not much faith in this interpretation, I was too much troubled to enjoy any sleep; and in all my future adventures never passed a night so ill.—In the morning, Strap imparted the whole affair to Joey, who, after an immoderate fit of laughter, explained the matter, by telling him the old man was the landlord's father, who had been an idiot some years, and diverted himself with a tame raven, which, it seems, had hopped away from his apartment in the night, and induced him to follow it to our chamber, where he had enquired after it, under the name of Ralpho.

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which continued six or seven days longer: At length we entered the great city, and lodged all night at the inn where the waggon put up.—Next morning, all the passengers parted different ways; while my companion and I sallied out to enquire for the member of parliament, to whom I had a letter of recommendation from Mr. Crab. As we had discharged our lodging at the inn, Strap took up our baggage, and marched behind me in the street with the knapsack on his back, as usual, so that we made a very whimsical appearance.—I had dressed myself to the greatest advantage; that is, put on a clean ruffled shirt, and my best thread stockings: my hair (which was of the deepest red)

"Strap's fright at the Raven" by Cruikshank. (Call number AC85.J2335.Zz831s2, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

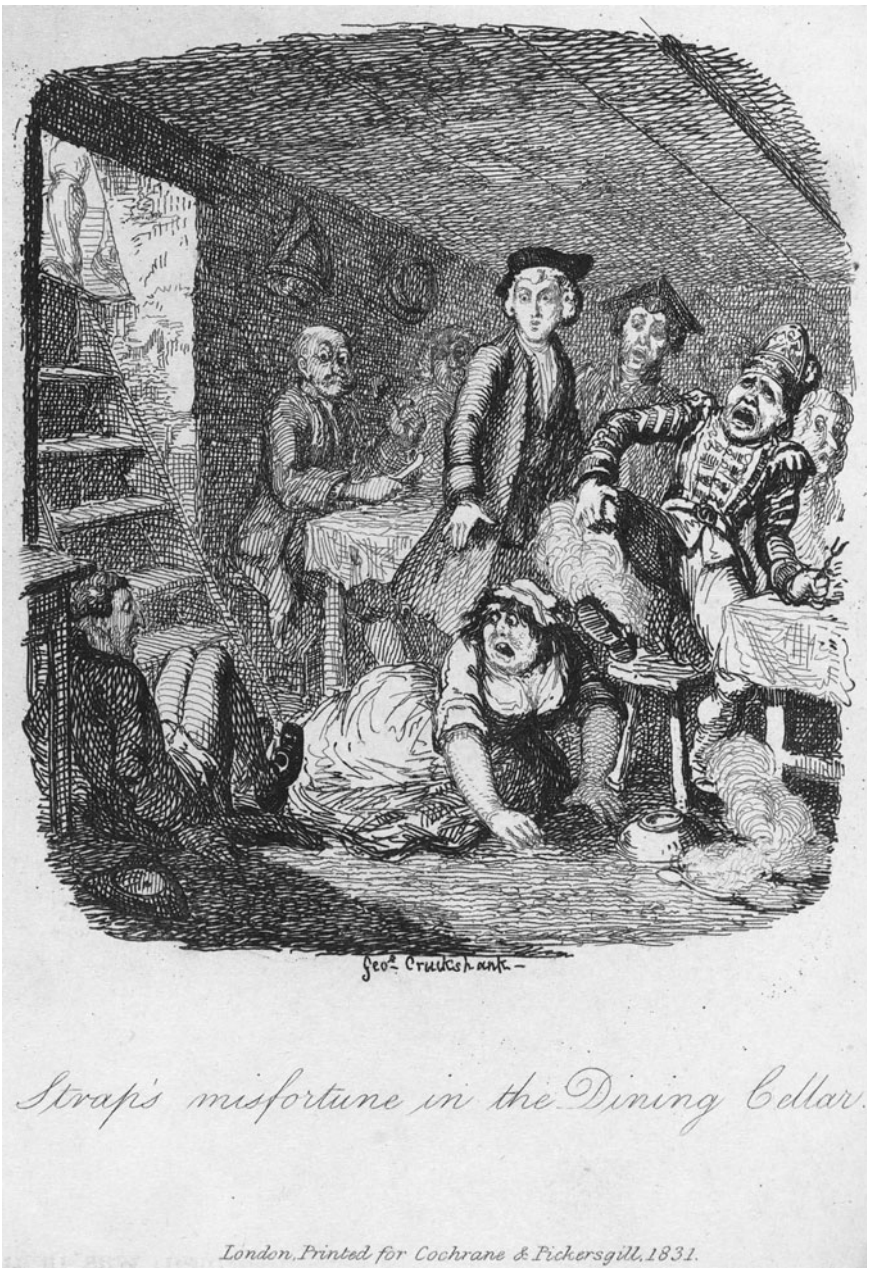
COOKE's EDITION OF SELECT NOVELS.
RODERIC RANDOM, VOL. I. Ch. 13. P. 80.
Roderic Random and Strap terrified at an old man, supposing him to be an apparition
R. Corbould, delin.t
Engraved for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row. March 1793.
Saunders, sculp.t

"Roderic Random and Strap terrified at an old man, supposing him to be an apparition" by Saunders after Corbould. (The James Kent Collection, Rare Book & Manuscript Library, Columbia University in the City of New York.)

hung down upon my shoulders, as lank and streight as a pound of candles; and the skirts of my coat reached to the middle of my leg; my waistcoat and breeches were of the same piece, and cut in the same taste; and my hat very much resembled a barber's bason, in the shallowness of the crown and narrowness of the brims.[3] Strap was habited in a much less aukward manner; but a short crop-eared wig that very much resembled Scrub's in the play,[4] and the knapsack on his back, added to what is called a queer phiz,[5] occasioned by a long chin, an hook nose and high cheek bones, rendered him on the whole a very fit subject of mirth and pleasantry. As we walked along, Strap, at my desire, enquired of a carman[6] whom we met, whereabouts Mr. Cringer[7] lived;—and was answered by a stare accompanied with the word, "Anan!"[8] Upon which I came up, in order to explain the question, but had the misfortune to be unintelligible likewise, the carman damning us for a lousy Scotch guard,[9] and whipping up his horses with a "Gee ho!" which nettled me to the quick, and roused the indignation of Strap so far, that after the fellow was gone a good way, he told me he would fight him for a farthing.—While we was deliberating upon what was to be done, an hackney coachman driving softly along, and perceiving us standing by the kennel,[10] came up close to us, and calling, "A coach, master!" by a dexterous management of the reins, made his horses stumble in the wet, and bedaub us all over with mud.—After which exploit he drove on, applauding himself with a hearty laugh, in which several people joined, to my great mortification; but one more compassionate than the rest seeing us strangers, advised me to go into an ale-house, and dry myself. I thanked him for his advice, which I immediately complied with; and going into the house he pointed out, called for a pot of beer, and sat down by a fire in the public room, where we cleaned ourselves as well as we could.—In the mean time, a wag who sat in a box, smoaking his pipe, understanding by our dialect that we were from Scotland, came up to me, and, with a grave countenance, asked how long I had been caught? As I did not know the meaning of his question, I made no answer; and he went on, saying, it could not be a great while, for my tail was not yet cut; at the same time taking hold of my hair, and tipping the wink to the rest of the company, which seemed highly entertained with his wit.—I was incensed at this usage, but afraid of resenting it, because I happened to be in a strange place, and perceived the person who spoke to me, was a brawny fellow, for whom I thought myself by no means a match. However, Strap having either more courage or less caution, could not put up with the insults that I suffered; but told him in a peremptory tone, "He was an uncivil fellow, for making so free with his betters."—Then the wit going toward him, asked, What he had got in his knapsack? "Is it oat-meal or brimstone,[11] Sawney?" (said he) seizing him by the chin, which he shook to the inexpressible diversion of all present—My companion feeling himself assaulted in such an opprobrious manner, disengaged himself in a trice, and lent his antagonist such a box on the ear, as made him stagger to the other side of the room; and in a moment, a ring was formed for the combatants.—Seeing Strap beginning to strip, and my blood being heated with indignation, which banished all other thoughts, I undressed myself to the skin in an instant, and declared, that as the affront that occasioned the quarrel was offered to me, I would fight it out myself; upon which one or two cried out, "That's a brave Scotch boy; you shall have fair play, by G—d." This assurance gave me fresh

spirits, and going up to my adversary, who by his pale countenance did not seem much inclined to the battle, I struck him so hard on the stomach that he reeled over a bench, and fell to the ground. Then I attempted to keep him down, in order to improve my success, according to the manner of my own country;[12] but was restrained by the spectators, one of whom endeavoured to raise up my opponent, but in vain; for he protested he would not fight, for he was not quite recovered of a late illness.—I was very well pleased with this excuse, and immediately dressed myself, having acquired the good opinion of the company for my bravery, as well as of my comrade Strap, who shook me by the hand, and wished me joy of the victory.—After having drank our pot, and dried our cloaths, we enquired of the landlord if he knew Mr. Cringer the member of parliament, and were amazed at his replying in the negative; for we imagined, he must be altogether as conspicuous here, as in the borough he represented; but he told us we might possibly hear of him as we passed along.—We betook ourselves therefore to the street, where, seeing a footman standing at a door, we made up to him, and asked if he knew where our patron lived?—This member of the party-coloured fraternity,[13] surveying us both very minutely, said he knew Mr. Cringer very well, and bade us turn down the first street on our left, then turn to the right, and then to the left again, after which perambulation we would observe a lane, through which we must pass, and at the other end we should find an alley that leads to another street, where we should see the sign of the Thistle and three Pedlars,[14] and there he lodged.—We thanked him for his information, and went forwards, Strap telling me, that he knew this person to be an honest friendly man by his countenance, before he opened his mouth; in which opinion I acquiesced, ascribing his good manners to the company he daily saw in the house where he served. We followed his directions punctually, in turning to the left and to the right, and to the left again; but instead of seeing a lane before us, found ourselves at the side of the river, a circumstance that perplexed us not a little; and my fellow-traveller ventured to pronounce, that we had certainly missed our way.—By this time we were pretty much fatigued with our walk, and not knowing how to proceed, I went into a small snuff-shop hard by, encouraged by the sign of the highlander,[15] where I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, the shop-keeper was my countryman.—He was no sooner informed of our peregrination, and the directions we had received from the footman, than he informed us we had been imposed upon, telling us, Mr. Cringer lived in the other end of the town; and that it would be to no purpose for us to go thither to-day, for by that time he was gone to the House.—I then asked if he could recommend us to a lodging. He readily gave us a line to one of his acquaintance who kept a chandler's shop not far from St. Martin's Lane;[16] there we hired a bed-room, up two pair of stairs, at the rate of 2 *s. per* week, so very small, that when the bed was let down, we were obliged to carry out every other piece of furniture that belonged to the apartment, and use the bedstead by way of chairs.—About dinner-time, our landlord asked us how we proposed to live? To which interrogation we answered, that we would be directed by him. "Well then (says he) there are two ways of eating in this town, for people of your condition; the one more creditable and expensive than the other: the first, is to dine at an eating-house[17] frequented by well-dressed people only, and the other is called diving,[18] practised by those who are either obliged

or inclined to live frugally."—I gave him to understand that provided the last was not infamous, it would suit much better with our circumstances than the other.—"Infamous! (cried he) God forbid, there are many creditable people, rich people, ay and fine people, that dive every day. I have seen many a pretty gentleman with a laced waistcoat, dine in that manner, very comfortably for three pence halfpenny, and go afterwards to the coffee-house, where he made a figure with the best lord in the land;—but your own eyes shall bear witness—I will go along with you to-day and introduce you."—He accordingly conducted us to a certain lane, where stopping, he bade us observe him, and do as he did, and walking a few paces, dived into a cellar and disappeared in an instant.—I followed his example, and descending very successfully, found myself in the middle of a cook's shop,[19] almost suffocated with the steams of boiled beef, and surrounded by a company of hackney-coachmen, chairmen, draymen,[20] and a few footmen out of place[21] or on board-wages;[22] who sat eating shin of beef, tripe, cow-heel or sausages, at separate boards, covered with cloths, which turned my stomach.—While I stood in amaze, undetermined whether to sit down or walk upwards again, Strap in his descent missing one of the steps, tumbled headlong into this infernal ordinary,[23] and overturned the cook as she carried a porringer of soup to one of the guests: In her fall, she dashed the whole mess against the legs of a drummer belonging to the foot guards,[24] who happened to be in her way, and scalded him so miserably, that he started up, and danced up and down, uttering a volley of execrations that made my hair stand on end. While he entertained the company in this manner, with an eloquence peculiar to himself, the cook got up, and after a hearty curse on the poor author of this mischance, who lay under the table scratching his rump with a woful countenance, emptied a salt-seller in her hand, and stripping down the patient's stocking which brought the skin along with it, applied the contents to the sore.—This poultice[25] was scarce laid on, when the drummer, who had begun to abate of his exclamation, broke forth into such a hideous yell, as made the whole company tremble; then seizing a pewter pint-pot that stood by him squeezed the sides of it together, as if it had been made of pliant leather, grinding his teeth at the same time with a most horrible grin. Guessing the cause of this violent transport, I bade the woman wash off the salt, and bathe the part with oil, which she did, and procured him immediate ease. But here another difficulty occured, which was no other than the landlady's insisting on his paying for the pot he had rendered useless. He swore he would pay for nothing but what he had eaten, and bad her be thankful for his moderation, or else he would prosecute her for damages.—Strap foreseeing the whole affair would lie at his door, promised to satisfy the cook, and called for a dram of gin to treat the drummer, which entirely appeased him, and composed all animosities. After this accommodation our landlord and we sat down at a board, and dined upon shin of beef most deliciously; our reckoning amounting to two pence halfpenny each, bread and small beer included.



"Strap's misfortune in the Dining Cellar" by Cruikshank. (Call number AC85.J2335.Zz831s2, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

CHAPTER XIV.

We visit Strap's friend——a description of him——his advice——we go to Mr. Cringer's house——are denied admittance——an accident befals Strap——his behaviour thereupon——an extraordinary adventure occurs, in the course of which I lose all my money.

In the afternoon, my companion proposed to call at his friend's house, which, we were informed, was in the neighbourhood, whither we accordingly went, and were so lucky as to find him at home. This gentleman, who had come from Scotland three or four years before, kept a school in town, where he taught the Latin, French and Italian languages; but what he chiefly professed was the pronunciation of the English tongue,[1] after a method more speedy and uncommon than any practised heretofore; and indeed if his scholars spoke like their master, the latter part of his undertaking was certainly performed to a tittle; for although I could easily understand every word of what I had heard hitherto since I entered England, three parts in four of his dialect were as unintelligible to me, as if he had spoke in Arabic or Irish.—He was a middle-sized man, and stooped very much, though not above the age of forty; his face was frightfully pitted with the small-pox, and his mouth extended from ear to ear.—He was dressed in a night-gown of plaid, fastened about his middle with a serjeant's old sash, and a tie-perriwig with a fore-top three inches high, in the fashion of king Charles the second's reign.[2]—After he had received Strap (who was related to him) very courteously, he enquired of him, who I was: and being informed, took me by the hand, telling me, he was at school with my father.—When he understood my situation, he assured me that he would do me all the service in his power, both by his advice and otherwise; and while he spoke these words, eyed me with great attention, walking round me several times, and muttering, "O Ch——st! O Ch——st! fat a saight is here?"[3]—I soon guessed the reason of his ejaculation, and said, "I suppose, Sir, you are not pleased with my dress."—"Dress, (answered he) you may caal it fat you please in your country, but I vaw to Gad, 'tis a masquerade here.—No christian will admit such a figure into his hawse.—Upon my conscience! I wonder the dogs did not hunt you.—Did you pass through St James's market?[4]—God bless my eye-saight! you look like a cousin-german of Ouran Outang."[5]—I began to be a little serious at this discourse, and asked him, if he thought I should obtain entrance to-morrow at the house of Mr. Cringer, on whom I chiefly depended, for an introduction into business.—"Mr. Cringer, Mr. Cringer (replied he, scratching his cheek) may be a very honest gentleman—I know nothing to the contrary; but is your sole dependance upon him? Who recommended you to him?"—I pulled out Mr. Crab's letter, and told him the foundation of my hopes; at which he stared at me, and repeated, "O Ch——st!"—I began to conceive bad omens from this behaviour of his, and begged he would assist me with his advice; which he promised to give very frankly; and as a specimen, directed us to

a perriwig ware-house, in the neighbourhood, in order to be accommodated; laying strong injunctions on me not to appear before Mr. Cringer, till I had parted with these carroty locks, which (he said) were sufficient to beget an antipathy against me, in all mankind. And as we were going to pursue this advice, he called me back, and bade me be sure to deliver my letter into Mr. Cringer's own hand. As we walked along, Strap triumphed greatly in our reception with his friend, who (it seems) had assured him, he would in a day or two provide for him, with some good master; and "now (says he) you shall see how I will fit you with a wig.—There's ne'er a barber in London (and that's a bold word) can palm a rotten caul,[6] or a penny-weight of dead hair[7] upon me."—And indeed this zealous adherent did wrangle so long with the merchant, that he was desired twenty times to leave the shop, and see if he could get one cheaper elsewhere. At length I made choice of a good handsome bob, for which I paid ten shillings; and returned to our lodging, where Strap in a moment, rid me of that hair which had given the school-master so much offence.

We got up next day betimes, having been informed that Mr. Cringer gave audience by candle-light to all his dependants, he himself being obliged to attend the levée of my Lord Terrier, at break of day; because his lordship made one at the minister's between eight and nine a clock—When we came to Mr. Cringer's door, Strap, to give me an instance of his politeness, ran to the knocker, which he employed so loud and so long, that he alarmed the whole street; and a window opening in the second story of the next house, a chamber-pot was discharged upon him so successfully, that the poor barber was wet to the skin, while I, being luckily at some distance, escaped the unsavoury deluge.—In the mean time a footman opening the door, and seeing no body in the street but us, asked with a stern countenance, if it was I who made such a damned noise, and what I wanted.—I told him I had business with his master, whom I desired to see. Upon which he clapped the door in my face, telling me, I must learn better manners before I could have access to his master. Vexed at this disappointment, I turned my resentment against Strap, whom I sharply reprimanded for his presumption; but he not in the least regarding what I said, wrung the urine out of his perriwig, and lifting up a large stone, flung it with such force against the street door of that house from whence he had been bedewed, that the lock giving way, it flew wide open, and he took to his heels, leaving me to follow him as I could.—Indeed there was no time for deliberation; I therefore pursued him with all the speed I could exert, until we found ourselves, about the dawn, in a street we did not know. Here, as we wandered along, gaping about, a very decent sort of a man, passing by me, stopped of a sudden, and took up something, which having examined, he turned, and presented it to me with these words, "Sir, you have dropt half a crown."[8]—I was not a little surprized at this instance of honesty, and told him it did not belong to me; but he bade me recollect, and see if all my money was safe: upon which I pulled out my purse (for I had bought one since I came to town) and reckoning my money in my hand, which was now reduced to five guineas, seven shillings and two pence, assured him I had lost nothing.—"Well then, (says he) so much the better,—this is Godsend—and as you two were present when I picked it up, you are entitled to equal shares with me."—I was astonished at these words, and looked upon this person to be a prodigy of integ-

rity, but absolutely refused to take any part of the sum.—"Come, gentlemen, (said he) you are too modest—I see you are strangers—but you shall give me leave to treat you with a whet[9] this cold raw morning."—I would have declined this invitation, but Strap whispered to me, that the gentleman would be affronted, and I complied.—"Where shall we go? (said the stranger) I am quite ignorant of this part of the town."—I informed him that we were in the same situation: Upon which he proposed to go into the first public house we should find open; and as we walked together, he began in this manner:—"I find by your tongues you are from Scotland, gentlemen.—My grandmother by the father's side was of your country, and I am so prepossessed in its favour, that I never meet a Scotchman but my heart warms.—The Scots are a very brave people. There is scarce a great family in the kingdom that cannot boast of some exploits performed by its ancestors many hundred years ago.——There's your Douglasses, Gordons, Campbels, Hamiltons.[10]—We have no such ancient families here in England.—Then you are all very well educated[11]—I have known a pedlar talk in Greek and Hebrew, as well as if they had been his mother tongue—And for honesty—I once had a servant, his name was Gregory Macgregor, I would have trusted him with untold gold."—This eulogium on my native country, gained my affection so strongly, that I believe I could have gone to death to serve the author; and Strap's eyes swam in tears. At length, as we passed through a dark narrow lane, we perceived a public house, which we entered; and found a man sitting by the fire, smoaking a pipe, with a pint of purl[12] before him.——Our new acquaintance asked us, if ever we had drank egg flip?[13] To which question we answering in the negative, he assured us of a regale, and ordered a quart to be prepared, calling for pipes and tobacco at the same time. We found this composition very palatable, and drank heartily; the conversation (which was introduced by the gentlemen) turning upon the snares that young unexperienced people are exposed to in this metropolis.—He described a thousand cheats that are daily practised upon the ignorant and unwary; and warned us of them with so much good-nature and concern, that we blessed the opportunity which threw us in his way.—After we had put the cann about[14] for some time, our new friend began to yawn, telling us he had been up all night with a sick person; and proposed we should have recourse to some diversion to keep him awake.—"Suppose (said he) we should take a hand at whist[15] for pastime—But let me see, that won't do, there's only three of us; and I cannot play at any other game—The truth is, I seldom or never play, but out of complaisance, or at such a time as this, when I am in danger of falling asleep."—Although I was not much inclined to gaming, I felt no aversion to pass an hour or two at cards with a friend; and knowing that Strap understood as much of the matter as I, made no scruple of saying, "I wish we could find a fourth hand." While we were in this perplexity, the person whom we found in the house at our entrance, over-hearing our discourse, took the pipe from his mouth very gravely, and accosted us thus: "Gentlemen, my pipe is out you see, (shaking the ashes into the fire) and rather than you should be baulked, I don't care if I take a hand with you for a trifle,—but remember I won't play for any thing of consequence."—We accepted his proffer with pleasure; and having cut for partners, it fell to my lot to play with him, against our friend and Strap, for three pence a game.—We were so successful, that in a short time I was half a crown gainer;

when the gentleman whom we had met in the street observing he had no luck to-day, proposed to leave off, or change partners.—By this time I was inflamed with my good fortune and the expectation of improving it, as I perceived the two strangers plaid but indifferently: therefore I voted for giving him his revenge, and cutting again, Strap and I (to our mutual satisfaction) happened to be partners.—My good fortune attended me still, and in less than an hour, we had got thirty shillings of their money; for as they lost, they grew the keener and doubled stakes every time. At last the inconstant goddess began to veer about, and we were very soon stript of all our gains, and about forty shillings of our own money. This loss mortified me extremely, and had a visible effect on the muscles of Strap's face, which lengthened apace; but our antagonists perceiving our condition, kindly permitted us to retrieve our loss, and console ourselves with a new acquisition. Then my companion wisely suggested it was time to be gone; upon which the person who had joined us in the house began to curse the cards; and muttered that we were indebted to fortune only for what we had got, no part of our success being owing to our good play. This insinuation nettled me so much, that I challenged him to a game of piquet for a crown; and he was with difficulty persuaded to accept the invitation.—This contest ended in less than an hour, to my inexpressible affliction, who lost every shilling of my own money, Strap absolutely refusing to supply me with a six-pence.—The gentleman, at whose request we had come in, perceiving by my disconsolate looks the situation of my heart, which well nigh bursted with grief and resentment, when the other stranger got up, and went away with my money; began in this manner: "I am truly afflicted at your bad luck, and would willingly repair it, was it in my power. But what in the name of goodness could provoke you to tempt your fate so long? It is always a maxim with gamesters to pursue success as far as it will go, and to stop whenever fortune shifts about.—You are a young man, and your passions too impetuous; you must learn to govern them better:—However, there is no experience like that which is bought; you will be the better for this the longest day you have to live.—As for the fellow who has got your money, I don't half like him—Did not you observe me tip you the wink, to leave off in time?"—I answered, No. "No, (continued he) you was too eager to mind any thing but the game.—But, harkee, (said he, in a whisper) are you satisfied of that young man's honesty? his looks are a little suspicious;—but I may be mistaken; he made a great many grimaces while he stood behind you;—this is a very wicked town." I told him I was very well convinced of my comrade's integrity, and that the grimaces he mentioned were doubtless owing to his anxiety at my loss.—"O ho! if that be the case, I ask his pardon.—Landlord, see what's to pay."—The reckoning amounted to eighteen pence, which having discharged, the gentleman shook us both by the hand, and saying he should be very glad to see us again, departed.

CHAPTER XV.

Strap moralizes——presents his purse to me——we inform our landlord of my misfortune; he unravels the mystery——I present myself to Cringer——he recommends and turns me over to Mr. Staytape——I become acquainted with a fellow-dependant, who explains the characters of Cringer and Staytape——and informs me of the method to be pursued at the Navy-office and Surgeon's-hall——Strap is employed.

In our way to our lodging, after a profound silence on both sides, Strap with a hideous groan observed, that we had brought our pigs to a fine market.[1] To this observation I made no reply, and he went on: "God send us well out of this place, we have not been in London eight and forty hours, and I believe we have met with eight and forty thousand misfortunes.—We have been jeered, reproached, buffeted, pissed upon, and at last stript of our money: and I suppose by and by we shall be stript of our skins.—Indeed as to the money-part of it that was owing to our own folly; Solomon says, *Bray a fool in a mortar, and he will never be wise*.[2] Ah! God help us, an ounce of prudence is worth a pound of gold." This was no time for him to tamper with my disposition, already mad with my loss, and inflamed with resentment against him, for having refused me a little money to attempt to retrieve it. I therefore turned towards him with a stern countenance, and asked, "Who he called fool!" Being altogether unaccustomed to such looks from me, he stood still and stared in my face for some time; then, with some confusion, uttered "Fool!—I called no body fool but myself;—I am sure I am the greatest fool of the two, for being so much concerned at other people's misfortunes;—but *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*.[3]—that's all—that's all."—Upon which a silence ensued that brought us to our lodging, where I threw myself upon the bed in an agony of despair, resolved to perish, rather than apply to my companion or any other body for relief; but Strap, who knew my temper, and whose heart bled within him at my distress, after some pause, came to the bed-side, and putting a leathern-purse into my hand, burst into tears, crying, "I know what you think: but I scorn your thoughts.—There's all I have in the world, take it, and I'll perhaps get more for you before that be done.—If not, I'll beg for you, steal for you, go through the wide world with you, and starve with you, for though I be a poor cobler's son, I am no scout."[4]—I was so touched with the generous passion of this poor creature, that I could not refrain from weeping also, and we mingled our tears together for some time.—Upon examining the purse, I found in it two half guineas and half a crown, which I would have returned to him, saying, he knew better than I how to manage it; but he absolutely refused my proposal, and told me, it was more reasonable and decent that he should depend upon me who was a gentleman, than that I should be controuled by him.

After this friendly contest was over, and our minds more at ease, we informed our landlord of what had happened to us, taking care to conceal the extremity to which we were reduced: He no sooner heard the story, than he assured us we had been grievously imposed upon by a couple of sharpers, who were associates; and that this polite, honest, friendly, humane person, who had treated us so civilly, was no other than a rascally Money-dropper, who made it his business to decoy strangers in that manner, to one of his own haunts, where an accomplice or two were always waiting to assist in pillaging the prey he had run down.—Here the good man recounted a great many stories of people who had been seduced, cheated, pilfered, beat,—nay, even murdered by such villains. I was confounded at the artifice and wickedness of mankind, and Strap lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from such scenes of iniquity; for surely the devil had set up his throne in London.—Our landlord being curious to know what reception we had met with at Mr. Cringer's, we acquainted him with the particulars, at which he shook his head, and told us, we had not gone the right way to work; that there was nothing to be done with a m——b——r of p——m——t[5] without a bribe; that the servant was commonly infected with the master's disease, and expected to be paid for his work, as well as his betters.—He therefore advised me to give the footman a shilling the next time I should desire admittance to my patron, or else I should scarce find an opportunity to deliver my letter. Accordingly, next morning, when the door was opened, I slipt a shilling into his hand, and told him I had a letter for his master.—I found the good effects of my liberality; for, the fellow let me in immediately, and taking the letter out of my hand, desired me to wait in a kind of passage, for an answer. In this place I continued standing three quarters of an hour, during which time I saw a great many young fellows, whom I formerly knew in Scotland, pass and repass, with an air of familiarity in their way to and from the audience chamber: while I was fain to stand shivering in the cold, and turn my back to them, that they might not perceive the lowness of my condition.—At length, Mr. Cringer came out to see a young gentleman to the door, who was no other than squire Gawky, dressed in a very gay suit of cloaths: At parting Mr. Cringer shook him by the hand, and told him he hoped to have the pleasure of his company at dinner. Then turning about towards me, asked what were my commands: when he understood I was the person who had brought the letter from Mr. Crab, he affected to recollect my name, which however, he pretended he could not do, till he had consulted the letter again; to save him that trouble, I told him my name was Random.—Upon which he went on, "Ay, ay, Random, Random, Random—I think I remember the name"; and very well he might, for this very individual Mr. Cringer had many a time rode before my grand-father's cloak-bag, in quality of footman.—"Well," says he, "you propose to go on board a man of war, as surgeon's mate." I replied by a low bow. "I believe it will be a difficult matter (continued he) to procure a warrant, there being already such a swarm of Scotch surgeons[6] at the navy-office,[7] in expectation of the next vacancy, that the commissioners are afraid of being torn in pieces, and have actually applied for a guard to protect them.—However, some ships will soon be put in commission, and then we shall see what's to be done."—So saying, he left me exceedingly mortified at the different re-

ception Mr. Gawky and I had met with from this upstart, proud, mean member, who (I imagined) would have been glad of an opportunity to be grateful for the obligations he owed to my family.

At my return, I was surprized with the agreeable news of Strap's being employed on the recommendation of his friend the school-master, by a periwig-maker in the neighbourhood, who allowed him five shillings *per* week, besides bed and board—I continued to dance attendance every other morning at the levée of Mr. Cringer, during a fortnight, in which time I became acquainted with a young fellow of my own country and profession, who also depended on the member's interest; but was treated with much more respect than I, both by the servants and master, and often admitted into a parlour, where there was a fire, for the convenience of the better sort of those who waited for him.—Thither I was never permitted to penetrate, on account of my appearance, which was not at all fashionable; but was obliged to stand blowing my fingers in a cold lobby, and take the first opportunity of Mr. Cringer's going to the door, to speak with him.—One day, while I enjoyed this occasion, a person was introduced, whom Mr. Cringer no sooner saw, than running towards him, he saluted him with a bow to the very ground, and afterwards shaking him by the hand with great heartiness and familiarity, called him his good friend, and asked very kindly after Mrs. Staytape,[8] and the young ladies; then, after a whisper which continued some minutes, wherein I over-heard the word *Honour* repeated several times with great emphasis, Mr. Cringer introduced me to this gentleman, as to a person whose advice and assistance I might depend upon, and having given me his direction, followed me to the door, where he told me, I need not give myself the trouble to call at his house any more, for Mr. Staytape would do my business. At that instant my fellow dependant coming out after me, overheard the discourse of Mr. Cringer, and making up to me in the street, accosted me very civilly: This address I looked upon as no small honour, considering the figure he made; for he was dressed in a blue frock with a gold button, a green silk waistcoat trimmed with gold, black velvet breeches, white silk stockings, silver buckles, a gold laced hat, a spencer wig,[9] and a silver hilted hanger, with a fine clouded cane[10] in his hand.—"I perceive," says he, "you are but lately come from Scotland:—pray what may your business with Mr. Cringer be?—I suppose it is no secret—and I may possibly give you some advice that will be serviceable; for I have been surgeon's second mate[11] on board of a seventy-gun ship, and consequently know a good deal of the world."—I made no scruple to disclose my situation, which when he had learned, he shook his head, and told me he had been pretty much in the same circumstances about a year ago; that he had relied on Cringer's promises, until his money (which was considerable) as well as his credit, was quite exhausted; and when he wrote to his relations for a fresh supply, instead of money, he received nothing but reproaches, and the epithets of idle, debauched fellow: That after he had waited at the navy-office many months for a warrant to no purpose, he was fain to pawn some of his cloaths, which raised a small sum, wherewith he bribed the s——t——y,[12] who soon procured a warrant for him, notwithstanding he had affirmed the same day, that there was not one vacancy.—That he had gone on board, where he remained nine months; at the end of which the ship was put out of commission: and, he said, the company were to be paid

off in Broad-street[13] the very next day.—That his relations being reconciled to him, had charged him to pay his devoirs[14] regularly to Mr. Cringer, who had informed them by letter, that his interest alone had procured the warrant; in obedience to which command, he came to his levée every morning, as I saw, though he looked upon him to be a very pitiful scoundrel.—In conclusion, he asked me if I had yet passed at Surgeon's-Hall?[15] To which question I answered, I did not so much as know it was necessary—"Necessary," cried he, "O Lord, O Lord! I find I must instruct you—come along with me, and I'll give you some information about that matter."—So saying, he carried me into an ale-house, where he called for some beer, and bread and cheese, on which we breakfasted. While we sat in this place, he told me I must first go to the navy-office, and write to the board,[16] desiring them to order a letter for me to the Surgeon's-Hall, that I may be examined touching my skill in surgery: That the surgeons, after having examined me, would give me my qualification sealed up in form of a letter, directed to the commissioners; which qualification I must deliver to the secretary of the board, who would open it in my presence, and read the contents. After which, I must employ my interest to be provided for as soon as possible.—That the expence of his qualification for second mate of a third rate,[17] amounted to thirteen shillings, exclusive of the warrant, which cost him half a guinea and half a crown, besides the present to the secretary, which consisted of a three pound twelve piece.[18]—This calculation was like a thunder-bolt to me, whose whole fortune did not amount to twelve shillings.—I accordingly made him acquainted with this part of my distress, after having thanked him for his information and advice.—He condoled me on this occasion; but bad me be of good chear, for he had conceived a friendship for me, and would make all things easy.—He was run out at present, but to-morrow or next day he was certain of receiving a considerable sum; of which he would lend me what would be sufficient to answer my exigences. This frank declaration pleased me so much, that I pulled out my purse and emptied it before him, begging him to take what he pleased for pocket expence until he should receive his own money.—With a good deal of pressing he was prevailed upon to take five shillings, telling me that he might have what money he wanted at any time for the trouble of going into the city;[19] but as he had met with me, he would defer his going thither till to-morrow, when I should go along with him, and he would put me in a way of acting for myself, without a servile dependance on that rascal Cringer, much less on the lousy taylor to whom I heard him turn you over.—"How," cried I, "is Mr. Staytape a taylor?"—"No less, I'll assure you," answer'd he, "and I confess, more likely to serve you than the member: For provided you can entertain him with politics and conundrums, you may have credit with him for as many and as rich cloaths as you please."—I told him, I was utterly ignorant of both, and so incens'd at Cringer's usage, that I would never set foot within his door again.—After a good deal more conversation, my new acquaintance and I parted, having made an appointment to meet next day at the same place, in order to set out for the city.—I went immediately to Strap, and related every thing which had happen'd, but he did not at all approve of my being so forward to lend money to a stranger, especially as we had been already so much imposed upon by appearances. "However," said he, "if you are sure he is a Scotchman, I believe you are safe."

CHAPTER XVI.

My new acquaintance breaks an appointment——I proceed, by myself, to the Navy-office——address myself to a person there, who assists me with his advice——write to the board——they grant me a letter to the Surgeons at the Hall——I am informed of the beau's name and character——find him——he makes me his confident in an amour——desires me to pawn my linen, for his occasions——I recover what I lent him——some curious observations of Strap on that occasion——his vanity.

In the morning I rose and went to the place of rendezvous, where I waited two hours in vain; and was so exasperated against him for breaking his appointment, that I set out for the city by myself, in hope of finding the villain, and being revenged on him for his breach of promise.—At length I found myself at the Navy-Office, which I entered, and saw crowds of young fellows walking below; many of whom made no better appearance than myself—I consulted the physiognomy of each, and at last made up to one whose countenance I lik'd; and asked, if he could instruct me in the form of the letter which was to be sent to the board, to obtain an order for examination: He answered me in broad Scotch,[1] that he would shew me the copy of what he had writ for himself, by the direction of another who knew the form: and accordingly pulled it out of his pocket for my perusal; and told me, that if I was expeditious, I might send it into the board before dinner, for they did no business in the afternoon. He then went with me to a coffee-house hard by, where I wrote the letter, which was immediately delivered to the messenger; who told me, I might expect an order to-morrow about the same time.—Having transacted this piece of business, my mind was a good deal compos'd; and as I had met with so much civility from this stranger, I desired further acquaintance with him, fully resolved however, not to be deceived by him so much to my prejudice as I had been by the beau—He agreed to dine with me at the cook's shop which I frequented; and on our way thither, carried me to 'Change,[2] where I was in some hopes of finding Mr. Jackson (for that was the name of the person who had broke his appointment)—I sought him there to no purpose, and on our way towards the other end of the town, imparted to my companion his behaviour towards me: Upon which, he gave me to understand, that he was no stranger to the name of beau Jackson (so he was called at the Navy-Office) altho' he did not know him personally; that he had the character of a good-natur'd careless fellow, who made no scruple of borrowing from any body that would lend; that most people who knew him, believed he had a good principle at bottom; but his extravagance was such, he would probably never have it in his power to manifest the honesty of his intention.—This account made me sweat for my five shillings, which I nevertheless did not altogether despair of recovering, provided I could find out the debtor.—This young man likewise added another cir-

cumstance of Squire Jackson's history, which was, that being destitute of all means to equip himself for sea, when he receiv'd his last warrant, he had been recommended to a person who lent him a little money, after he had signed a will and power, entitling that person to lift his wages when they should become due, as also to inherit his effects in case of his death—That he was still under the tutorage and direction of that gentleman, who advanced him small sums from time to time upon this security, at the rate of 50 *per cent*. But at present his credit was very low, because his funds would do little more than pay what he had already receiv'd, this moderate interest included.—After the stranger (whose name was Thomson) had entertained me with this account of Jackson, he informed me that he himself had passed for third mate of a third rate, about four months ago; since which time, he had constantly attended at the Navy-Office, in hope of a warrant, having been assured from the beginning, both by a Scotch member and one of the commissioners to whom the member recommended him, that he should be put into the first vacancy; notwithstanding which promise, he had the mortification to see six or seven appointed in the same station almost every week—that now being utterly impoverish'd, his sole hope consisted in the promise of a friend lately come to town, to lend him a small matter, for a present to the s——t——y; without which he was persuaded he might wait a thousand years to no purpose.—I conceived a mighty liking for this young fellow, which, I believe, proceeded from the similitude of our fortunes: We spent the whole day together; and as he lived at Wapping,[3] I desired him to take a share of my bed.—Next day we returned to the Navy-Office, where, after being called before the board, and question'd about the place of my nativity and education, they ordered a letter to be made out for me, which, upon paying half a crown to the clerk, I receiv'd, and deliver'd into the hands of the clerk at Surgeon's-Hall, together with a shilling for his trouble in registering my name.—By this time my whole stock was diminished to two shillings, and I saw not the least prospect of relief, even for present subsistence, much less to enable me to pay the fees at Surgeon's-Hall, for my examination, which would come on in a fortnight.—In this state of perplexity, I consulted Strap, who assured me, he would pawn every thing he had in the world, even to his razors, before I should want: but this expedient I absolutely rejected, telling him, I would a thousand times rather list for a soldier, of which I had some thoughts, than be any longer a burthen to him.—At the word soldier, he grew pale as death, and begged on his knees, I would think no more of that scheme. "God preserve us all in our right wits!" cried he, "would you turn soldier, and perhaps be sent abroad against the Spaniards,[4] where you must stand and be shot at like a woodcock?—Heaven keep cold lead out of my carcass! and let me die in a bed like a christian, as all my forefathers have done.—What signifies all the riches and honours of this life, if one enjoys not content—And in the next, there is no respect of persons.[5] Better be a poor honest barber with a good conscience, and time to repent of my sins upon my death bed, than be cut off (God bless us) by a musket shot, as it were in the very flower of one's age,[6] in the pursuit of riches and fame.—What signify riches (my dear friend!) do they not make unto themselves wings, as the wise-man saith;[7] and does not Horace observe, '*Non domus aut fundus, non æris acervus aut auri Ægroto domino deduxit corpore febrem, non animo curas*.'[8]——I could moreover mention many other say-

ings in contempt of riches, both from the bible and other good books; but as I know you are not very fond of those things, I shall only assure you, that if you take on to be a soldier, I will do the same; and then if we should both be slain, you will not only have your own blood to answer for, but mine also: And peradventure the lives of all those whom we shall kill in battle.—Therefore I pray you, consider whether you will sit down contented with small things, and share the fruits of my industry in peace, till providence shall send better tidings;[9] or by your despair, plunge both our souls and bodies into everlasting perdition, which God of his infinite mercy forbid."—I could not help smiling at this harangue, which was delivered with great earnestness, the tears standing in his eyes all the time; and promised to do nothing of that sort without his consent and concurrence.—He was much comforted with this declaration; and told me, in a few days he should receive a week's wages, which should be at my service, but advised me, in the mean time, to go in quest of Jackson, and recover, if possible, what he had borrow'd of me.—I accordingly trudg'd about from one end of the town to the other, for several days, without being able to learn any thing certain concerning him: And, one day, being extremely hungry and allur'd by the steams that regal'd my nostrils from a boiling cellar,[10] I went down with an intention to gratify my appetite with two-penny worth of beef; when, to my no small surprize, I found Mr. Jackson sitting at dinner with a footman. He no sooner perceiv'd me than he got up, and shook me by the hand, saying, "He was glad to see me, for he intended to have call'd at my lodgings in the afternoon."—I was so well pleas'd with this rencounter, and the apologies he made for not keeping his appointment, that I forgot my resentment, and sat down to dinner, with the happy expectation of not only recovering my own money before we should part, but also of reaping the benefit of his promise to lend me wherewithal to pass examination; and this hope my sanguine complexion[11] suggested, tho' the account Thomson gave me of him, ought to have moderated my expectation.—When we had feasted sumptuously, he took his leave of the footman, and adjourned with me to an ale-house hard by, where, after shaking me by the hand again, he began thus, "I suppose you think me a sad dog, Mr. Random, and I do confess that appearances are against me.—But I dare say, you will forgive me when I tell you, my not coming at the time appointed, was owing to a peremptory message, I receiv'd from a certain lady, whom—harkee (but this is a great secret) I am to marry very soon.—You think this strange perhaps, but it is not less true for all that—a five thousand pounder,[12] I'll assure you, besides expectations.—For my own part, devil take me if I know what any woman can see engaging about me—but a whim you know,——and then one would not baulk one's good fortune.—You saw that footman who din'd with us—he's one of the honestest fellows that ever wore livery.—You must know, it was by his means, I was introduced to her, for he made me first acquainted with her woman, who is his mistress—ay, many a crown has he and his sweet-heart had of my money—but what of that! things are now brought to a bearing.—I have—(come a little this way) I have propos'd marriage, and the day is fix'd—she's a charming creature! and writes like an angel.—O Lord! she can repeat all the English tragedies as well as e'er a player in Drury-Lane;[13] and indeed is so fond of plays that to be near the stage, she has taken lodgings in a court hard by the theatre.—But you shall see—you shall see—here's the last letter she

sent me."—With these words he put it into my hand, and I read (to the best of my remembrance) as follows:

"Deer Kreeter,

As you are the animable hopjack of my contemplayshins, your aydear is infernally skimming before my keymerycal fansee, when Murfy sends his puppies to the heys of slipping mortals; and when Febus shines from his merrydying throne: Whereupon, I shall canseeif old whorie time has lost his pinners, as also Cubit his harrows, until thou enjoy sweet propose in the loafseek harms of thy faithfool to commend,

Wingar-yeard Droory-lane, CLAYRENDER."[14]
January 12th.

While I was reading, he seemed to be in an extasy, rubbing his hands, and bursting out into fits of laughter; at last he caught hold of my hand, and squeezing it, cried, "There is stile for you! what do you think of this billet doux?" I answered, "It might be sublime for ought I knew, for it was altogether above my comprehension."—"O ho! (said he) I believe it is—both tender and sublime—she's a divine creature! and so doats upon me!—Let me see—what shall I do with this money, when I have once got it into my hands?—In the first place I shall do for you.—I'm a man of few words—but, say no more—that's determin'd.—Whether would you advise me to purchase some post, by which I may rise in the state; or lay out my wife's fortune in land and retire to the country at once?" I gave my opinion without hesitation, that he could not do better than buy an estate and improve it; especially since he had already seen so much of the world. Then I launch'd out into the praises of a country life, as describ'd by the poets[15] whose works I had read.—He seem'd to relish my advice, but withal told me, that although he had seen a great deal of the world both at land and sea, having cruiz'd three whole months in the channel, yet he should not be satisfied until he had visited France, which he propos'd to do before he should settle; and to carry his wife along with him.—I had nothing to object to his proposal; and ask'd, how soon he hop'd to be happy.—"As to that (he replied) nothing obstructs my happiness, but the want of a little ready cash—for you must know, my friend in the city has gone out of town for a week or two; and I unfortunately missed my pay at Broad-street, by being detain'd too long by the dear charmer—but there will be a recal at Chatham[16] next week, whither the ship's books are sent, and I have commission'd a friend in that place to receive the money."—"If that be all (said I) there's no great harm in deferring your marriage a few days."—"Yes, faith! but there is (said he) you don't know how many rivals I have, who would take all advantages against me—I would not baulk the impatience of her passion for the world—the least appearance of coldness and indifference would ruin all: and such offers don't occur every day." I acquiesc'd in this observation, and enquir'd how he intended to proceed: At this question he rubb'd his chin, and said, "Why, truly I must be oblig'd to some friend or other—do you know nobody that would lend me a small sum for a day or two?"—I assur'd him, I was such an utter stranger in London, that I did not believe I could borrow a guinea if my life depended upon it.—"No (said he) that's hard—that's hard—I wish I had any thing to pawn—upon my soul, you have got excellent linen (feeling the sleeve of my shirt) how many shirts of that kind have

you got?"—I answer'd, "six ruffled and six plain."—At which he testified great surprize, and swore that no gentleman ought to have more than four.—"How many d'ye think I have got? (continued he) but this and another as I hope to be sav'd!—I dare say we shall be able to raise a good sum out of your superfluity—let me see—let me see—each of these shirts are worth sixteen shillings at a moderate computation—now suppose we pawn them for half price—eight times eight is sixty-four, that's three pounds four—z——ds! that will do—give me your hand."—"Softly, softly, Mr. Jackson (said I) don't dispose of my linen without my consent: first pay me the crown you owe me, and then we shall talk of other matters."—He protested he had not above one shilling in his pocket, but that he would pay me out of the first of the money raised from the shirts. This piece of assurance incensed me so much, that I swore I would not part with him until I had received satisfaction for what I had lent him, and as for the shirts I would not pawn one of them to save him from the gallows.—At this expression he laughed aloud, and then complained, it was damned hard, that I should refuse him a trifle, that would infallibly enable him not only to make his own fortune, but mine also.—"You talk of pawning my shirts (said I) suppose you should sell this hanger, Mr. Jackson? I believe it would fetch a good round sum."—"No, hang it (said he) I can't appear decently without my hanger, or agad it should go." However, seeing me inflexible with regard to my linen, he at length unbuckled his hanger, and shewing me the sign of the three blue balls,[17] desired me to carry it thither and pawn it for two guineas. This office I would by no means have performed, had I seen any likelihood of having my money otherwise; but not willing, out of a piece of false delicacy, to neglect the only opportunity I should, perhaps, ever have, I ventured into a pawn-broker's shop, where I demanded two guineas on the pledge, in the name of Thomas Williams.—"Two guineas, (said the pawn-broker, looking at the hanger) this piece of goods has been here several times before for thirty shillings; however, since I believe the gentleman to whom it belongs will redeem it, he shall have what he wants"; and accordingly he paid me the money, which I carried to the house where I had left Jackson, and calling for change, counted out to him seven and thirty shillings, reserving the other five for myself.—After looking at the money some time he said, "D——n it! it don't signify—this won't do my business; so you may as well take half a guinea or a whole one, as the five shillings you have kept."—I thanked him kindly, but refused to accept of any more than was my due, because I had no prospect of repaying it. Upon which declaration he stared in my face, and told me, I was excessively raw, or I would not talk in that manner.—"Blood! (cried he) I have a very bad opinion of a young fellow who won't borrow of his friend, when he's in want—'tis the sign of a sneaking spirit.—Come, come, Random, give me back the five shillings, and take this half guinea, and if ever you are able to pay me, I believe you will; if not, d——n me if ever I ask it."—When I reflected on my present necessity, I suffered myself to be persuaded, and after making my acknowledgements to Mr. Jackson, who offered to treat me with a play, I returned to my lodgings with a much better opinion of this gentleman than I had in the morning: and at night imparted my day's adventure to Strap, who rejoiced at my good luck, saying, "I told you, if he was a Scotchman you was safe enough—and who knows but this marriage may make us all.—You have heard, I suppose, as how a countryman

of ours, a journeyman baker, ran away with a great lady of this town, and now keeps his coach.—Ecod![18] I say nothing; but yesterday morning as I was shaving a gentleman at his own house, there was a young lady in the room—a fine buxom wench, i'faith! and she threw so many sheep's eyes[19] at a certain person, whom I shall not name, that my heart went knock, knock, knock, like a fulling mill,[20] and my hand sh—— sh—— shook so much that I sliced a piece of skin off the gentleman's nose; whereby he swore a deadly oath, and was going to horsewhip me, when she prevented him, and made my peace.—*Omen haud malum!*[21] Is not a journeyman barber as good as a journeyman baker? The only difference is, the baker uses flour for the belly, and the barber uses it for the head:[22] and as the head is a more noble member than the belly, so is a barber more noble than a baker—for what's the belly without the head?—Besides, I am told he could neither read nor write; now you know I can do both: And moreover speak Latin.—But I will say no more, for I despise vanity—nothing is more vain than vanity."—With these words he pulled out of his pocket a wax candle's end, which he applied to his forehead; and upon examination, I found he had combed his own hair over the toupee of his wig, and was indeed, in his whole dress, become a very smart shaver.[23]—I congratulated him on his prospect with a satirical smile, which he understood very well; and shaking his head, observed I had very little faith, but the truth would come to light in spite of my incredulity.

CHAPTER XVII.

I go to Surgeon's-hall, where I meet with Mr. Jackson——am examined——a fierce dispute arises between two of the examiners—— Jackson disguises himself to attract respect——is detected——in hazard of being sent to Bridewell——he treats us at a tavern——carries us to a night-house——a troublesome adventure there——we are committed to the Round-house——carried before a Justice——his behaviour.

With the assistance of this faithful adherent, who gave me almost all the money he earned, I preserved my half guinea entire, till the day of examination, when I went with a quaking heart to Surgeon's-hall, in order to undergo that ceremony.—Among a croud of young fellows who walked in the outward hall, I perceived Mr. Jackson, to whom I immediately went up, and enquiring into the state of his amour, understood it was still undetermined, by reason of his friend's absence, and the delay of the recal at Chatham, which put it out of his power to bring it to a conclusion.—I then asked what his business was in this place; he replied, he was resolved to have two strings to his bow, that in case the one failed he might use the other; and with this view,

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he was to pass that night for a higher qualification.—At that instant a young fellow came out from the place of examination, with a pale countenance, his lip quivering, and his looks as wild as if he had seen a ghost.—He no sooner appeared, than we all flocked about him with the utmost eagerness to know what reception he had met with; which (after some pause) he described, recounting all the questions they had asked, with the answers he made. In this manner we obliged no less than twelve to recapitulate, which, now the danger was past, they did with pleasure; before it fell to my lot. At length the beadle[1] called my name, with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the sound of the last trumpet: However, there was no remedy, I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table;[2] one of whom bad me come forward in such an imperious tone, that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses.—The first question he put to me was, "Where was you born?" To which I answered, "In Scotland."—"In Scotland (said he) I know that very well—we have scarce any other countrymen to examine here—you Scotchmen have overspread us of late as the locusts did Egypt:[3]—I ask you in what part of Scotland was you born?"—I named the place of my nativity, which he had never before heard of: He then proceeded to interrogate me about my age, the town where I served my time, with the term of my apprenticeship; and when I informed him that I served three years only, he fell into a violent passion; swore it was a shame and a scandal to send such raw boys into the world, as surgeons; that it was great presumption in me, and an affront upon the English, to pretend to sufficient skill in my business, having served so short a time, when every apprentice in England was bound seven years at least;—that my friends would have done better if they had made me a weaver or shoemaker, but their pride would have me a gentleman (he supposed) at any rate, and their poverty could not afford the necessary education.—This exordium did not at all contribute to the recovery of my spirits, but, on the contrary, reduced me to such a situation that I was scarce able to stand; which being perceived by a plump gentleman, who sat opposite to me, with a skull before him, he said Mr. Snarler was too severe upon the young man; and turning towards me, told me, I need not to be afraid, for no body would do me any harm; then bidding me take time to recollect myself, he examined me touching the operation of the trepan,[4] and was very well satisfied with my answers.—The next person who questioned me was a wag, who began by asking if I had ever seen amputation performed; and I replying in the affirmative, he shook his head and said, "What! upon a dead subject, I suppose? If (continued he) during an engagement at sea, a man should be brought to you with his head shot off, how would you behave?"—After some hesitation, I owned, such a case had never come under my observation; neither did I remember to have seen any method of cure proposed for such an accident, in any of the systems of surgery I had perused. Whether it was owing to the simplicity of my answer, or the archness of the question, I know not, but every member at the board deigned to smile, except Mr. Snarler, who seemed to have very little of the *animal risibile*[5] in his constitution—The facetious member, encouraged by the success of his last joke, went on thus: "Suppose you was called to a patient of a plethoric habit,[6] who had been bruised by a fall, what would you do?" I answered, I would bleed him immediately. "What, (said he) before you had tied up his arm?"—But this stroke of wit

"Roderick's Examination at Surgeons Hall" by Stadler after Collings. (Call number HEW 9.13.28, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

not answering his expectation, he desired me to advance to the gentleman who sat next him; and who with a pert air, asked what method of cure I would follow in wounds of the intestines?—I repeated the method of cure as it is prescribed by the best chirurgical writers;[7] which he heard to an end, and then said with a supercilious smile, "So, you think with such treatment the patient might recover?"—I told him I saw nothing to make me think otherwise.—"That may be, (resumed he) I won't answer for your foresight;—but did you ever know a case of this kind succeed?" I acknowledged I did not; and was about to tell him I had never seen a wounded intestine; but he stopt me, by saying with some precipitation, "nor never will.—I affirm, that all wounds of the intestines, whether great or small, are mortal."—"Pardon me, brother (says the fat gentleman) there is very good authority."—Here he was interrupted by the other, with "Sir, excuse me, I despise all authority.—*Nullius in verba*.[8]—I stand upon my own bottom."[9]—"But, Sir, Sir, (replied his antagonist) the reason of the thing shews."—"A fig for reason (cried this sufficient member) I laugh at reason, give me ocular demonstration."[10]—The corpulent gentleman began to wax warm, and observed that no man acquainted with the anatomy of the parts, would advance such an extravagant assertion.—This *inuendo* enraged the other so much, that he started up, and in a furious tone exclaimed: "What Sir! do you question my knowledge in anatomy?"—By this time, all the examiners had espoused the opinion of one or other of the disputants, and raised their voices all together, when the chairman commanded silence, and ordered me to withdraw. In less than a quarter of an hour, I was called in again, received my qualification sealed up, and was ordered to pay five shillings.—I laid down my half-guinea upon the table, and stood some time, until one of them bad me be gone. To this I replied, I will, when I have got my change; upon which another threw me five shillings and six-pence, saying, I should not be a true Scotchman if I went away without my change. I was afterwards obliged to give three shillings and six-pence to the beadles, and a shilling to an old woman who swept the hall: This disbursement sunk my finances to thirteen pence halfpenny, with which I was sneaking off, when Jackson perceiving it, came up to me, and begged I would tarry for him, and he would accompany me to the other end of the town, as soon as his examination should be over. I could not refuse this to a person that was so much my friend; but I was astonished at the change of his dress, which was varied in half an hour from what I have already described, to a very grotesque fashion.——His head was covered with an old smoaked tye-wig[11] that did not boast one crooked hair, and a slouched hat over it, which would have very well become a chimney-sweeper or a dust-man; his neck was adorned with a black crape,[12] the ends of which he had twisted, and fixed in the button-hole of a shabby great coat that wrapped up his whole body; his white silk stockings were converted into black worsted hose; and his countenance was rendered venerable by wrinkles, and a beard of his own painting.—When I expressed my surprize at this metamorphosis, he laughed, and told me, it was done by the advice and assistance of a friend who lived over the way, and would certainly produce something very much to his advantage; for it gave him the appearance of age, which never fails of attracting respect. I applauded his sagacity, and waited with impatience, for the effects of it. At length he was called in, but whether the oddness of his appearance excited a curiosity more than usual in the board,

or his behaviour was not suitable to his figure, I know not, he was discovered to be an impostor, and put into the hands of the beadle, in order to be sent to Bridewell.[13] So that, instead of seeing him come out with a chearful countenance, and a surgeon's qualification in his hand, I perceived him led through the outward hall as a prisoner; and was very much alarmed and anxious to know the occasion; when he called with a lamentable voice and piteous aspect, to me, and some others who knew him; "For God's sake, gentlemen, bear witness that I am the same individual John Jackson, who served as surgeon's second mate on board the Elizabeth,[14] or else I shall go to Bridewell."—It would have been impossible for the most austere hermit that ever lived, to have refrained from laughing at his appearance and address; we therefore indulged ourselves a good while at his expence, and afterwards pleaded his cause so effectually with the beadle, who was gratified with half a crown, that the prisoner was dismissed; and in a few moments resumed his former gaity;—swearing, since the board had refus'd his money, he would spend it every shilling before he went to bed in treating his friends; at the same time inviting us all to favour him with our company. It was now ten o'clock at night, and as I had a great way to walk thro' streets that were utterly unknown to me, I was prevailed upon to be of their party, in hopes he would afterwards accompany me to my lodgings, according to his promise. He conducted us to his friend's house, who kept a tavern over the way, where we continued drinking punch, until the liquor mounted up to our heads, and made us all extremely frolicksome: I, in particular, was so much elevated,[15] that nothing would serve me but a wench, at which demand Jackson expressed much joy, and assured me I should have my desire before we parted.—Accordingly, when he had paid the reckoning we sallied out, roaring and singing; and were conducted by our leader to a place of nocturnal entertainment, where I immediately attached myself to a fair one, with whom I proposed to spend the remaining part of the night; but she not relishing my appearance, refused to grant my request before I should have made her an acknowledgement, which not suiting with my circumstances, we broke off our correspondence, to my no small mortification and resentment, because I thought the mercenary creature had not done justice to my merit.—In the mean time, Mr. Jackson's dress had attracted the inclinations and assiduities of two or three nymphs, who loaded him with caresses, in return for the arrack punch[16] with which he treated them; till at length, notwithstanding the sprightly sallies of those charmers, sleep began to exert his power over us all: and our conductor called, "To pay." When the bill was brought, which amounted to twelve shillings, he put his hand in his pocket, but might have saved himself the trouble, for, his purse was gone.—This accident disconcerted him a good deal at first, but, after some recollection he seized the two Dulcineas, who sat by him, one in each hand; and swore if they did not immediately restore his money, he would charge a constable with them.—The good lady at the bar seeing what passed, whispered something to the drawer, who went out; and then with great composure, asked what was the matter?—Jackson told her he was robbed, and swore if she refused him satisfaction, he would have her and her whores committed to Bridewell.—"Robbed (cried she) robbed, in my house! gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, this person has scandalized my reputation."—At that instant, seeing the constable and watch enter, she proceeded, "What! you must not

only endeavour by your false aspersions to ruin my character; but even commit an assault upon my family? Mr. Constable, I charge you with this uncivil person, who has been guilty of a riot here, I shall take care and bring an action against him for defamation."—While I was reflecting on this melancholy event, which had made me quite sober, the lady whose favours I had sollicited, being piqued at some repartee that passed between us, cried, "They are all concerned"; and desired the constable to take us all into custody, an arrest which was performed instantly, to the utter astonishment and despair of us all, except Jackson, who having been often in such scrapes was very little concerned, and charged the constable, in his turn, with the landlady and her whole bevy: Upon which we were carried all together prisoners to the Round-house;[17] where Jackson (after a word of comfort to us) informed the constable of his being robbed, to which he said he would swear next morning before the justice.—"Ay, ay, (says the bawd) we shall see whose oath will most signify."—In a little time the constable calling Jackson into another room, spoke to him thus: "I perceive that you and your company are strangers, and am very sorry for your being involved in such an ugly business. I have known this woman a great while; she has kept a notorious house in the neighbourhood these many years; and although often complained of as a nuisance, still escapes thro' her interest with the J——t—ces, to whom she and all of her employment, pay contribution quarterly for protection.—As she charged me with you first, her complaint will have the preference, and she can procure evidence to swear whatever she shall please to desire of them. So that, unless you make it up before morning, you and your companions may think yourselves happily quit for a month's hard labour in Bridewell.—Nay, if she should swear a robbery or assault against you, you will be committed to Newgate,[18] and tried next sessions at the Old-Baily[19] for your life." This last piece of information had such an effect upon Jackson, that he agreed to make it up, provided his money might be restored: The constable told him, that instead of retrieving what he had lost, he was pretty certain, it would cost him some more before they would come to any composition.—But however, he had compassion on him, and would, if he pleased, sound them about a mutual release.—The unfortunate beau thanked him for his friendship, and returning to us, acquainted us with the substance of this dialogue; while the constable desiring to speak in private with our adversary, carried her into the next room, and pleaded our cause so effectually, that she condescended to make him umpire: He accordingly proposed an arbitration, to which we gave our assent; and he fined each party in three shillings to be laid out in a bowl of punch, wherein we drowned all animosities, to the inexpressible joy of my two late acquaintances and me, who had been in the state of the damned ever since Jackson mentioned Bridewell and Newgate.—By the time we had finished our bowl, to which, by the by, I had contributed my last shilling, it was morning; and I proposed to move homeward, when the constable gave me to understand, he could discharge no prisoners but by order of the justice, before whom we must appear.—This renewed my chagrin, and I cursed the hour in which I had yielded to Jackson's invitation.—About nine o'clock we were escorted to the house of a certain justice not many miles distant from Covent-Garden;[20] who no sooner saw the constable enter with a train of prisoners at his heels, than he saluted him as follows: "So, Mr. Constable, you are a diligent man—

what den of rogues have you been scouring?"[21] Then looking at us, who appeared very much dejected, he continued, "Ay, ay, thieves, I see—old offenders.—O, your humble servant, Mrs. Harridan![22] I suppose these fellows have been taken robbing your house—yes, yes, here's an old acquaintance of mine—you have used expedition (said he to me) in returning from transportation;[23] but we shall save you that trouble for the future—the surgeons will fetch you from your next transportation, at their expence."[24] I assured his worship he was mistaken in me, for he had never seen me in his life before.—To this declaration he replied, "How! you impudent rascal, dare you say so to my face? Do you think I am to be imposed upon by that northern accent[25] which you have assumed? but it shan't avail you—you shall find me too far north for you.[26]—Here, clerk, write this fellow's *mittimus*[27]—His name is Patrick Gaghagan."—Here Mr. Jackson interposed, and told him, I was a Scotchman lately come to town, descended of a good family, and that my name was Random.—The justice looked upon this assertion as an outrage upon his memory, on which he valued himself much; and strutting up to Jackson, with a fierce countenance, put his hands in his sides, and said, "Who are you, Sir?—Do you give me the lie?—Take notice, gentlemen, here's a fellow who affronts me upon the bench, but I'll lay you fast, sirrah, I will,—for notwithstanding your laced jacket, I believe you are a notorious felon."—My friend was so much abashed at this menace, which was thundered out with great vociferation, that he changed colour, and remained speechless.—This confusion his worship took for a symptom of guilt, and to compleat the discovery, continued his threats.—"Now, I am convinced you are a thief,—your face discovers it,—you tremble all over—your conscience won't lie still—you'll be hang'd, sirrah, (raising his voice) you'll be hang'd, and happy had it been for the world, as well as your own miserable soul, if you had been detected and cut off in the beginning of your career.—Come hither, clerk, and take this man's confession."—I was in an agony of consternation, when the constable going into another room with his worship, acquainted him with the truth of the story: which having learned, he returned with a smiling countenance, and addressing himself to us all, said, it was always his way to terrify young people, when they came before him, that his threats might make a strong impression on their minds, and deter them from engaging in scenes of riot and debauchery, which commonly ended before the judge.—Thus having cloaked his own want of discernment, under the disguise of paternal care, we were dismissed, and I found myself as much lightened as if a mountain had been lifted off my breast.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I carry my qualification to the Navy-office——the nature of it——the behaviour of the S——t——y——Strap's concern for my absence——a battle betwixt him and a blacksmith——the troublesome consequences of it——his harrangue to me——his friend the school-master recommends me to a French apothecary, who entertains me as a journeyman.

I would willingly have gone home to sleep, but was told by my companions, that we must deliver our letters of qualification at the Navy-office before one a-clock; accordingly we went thither, and gave them to the S——t——y, who opened and read them, and I was mightily pleased to find myself qualified for second mate of a third rate.[1] When he had stuck them altogether on a file, one of our company asked if there were any vacancies? To which interrogation he answered, No. Then I ventured to enquire if any ships were to be put in commission soon.—At which question he surveyed me with a look of ineffable contempt, and pushing us out of his office, locked the door without deigning us another word.—We went down stairs and conferred together on our expectations, when I understood that each of them had been recommended to one or other of the commissioners; and each of them promised the first vacancy that should fall; but that none of them relied solely upon that interest, without a present to the S——t——y, with whom some of the C—— went snacks.[2]—For which reason each of them had provided a small purse; and I was asked what I proposed to give?—This was a vexatious question to me, who (far from being in a capacity to gratify a ravenous S——t——y) had not wherewithal to purchase a dinner.—I therefore answered, I had not yet determined what to give; and sneaked off towards my own lodging, cursing my fate all the way, and inveighing with much bitterness against the barbarity of my grandfather, and the sordid avarice of my relations, who left me a prey to contempt and indigence.—Full of these disagreeable reflections, I arrived at the house where I lodged, and relieved my landlord from great anxiety on my account; for, this honest man believed I had met with some dismal accident, and that he should never see me again.—Strap, who had come to visit me in the morning, understanding I had been abroad all night, was almost distracted, and after having obtained leave of his master, had gone in quest of me, though he was even more ignorant of the town than I. Not being willing to inform my landlord of my adventure, I told him, I had met an acquaintance at Surgeon's-hall, with whom I spent the evening and night, but being very much infested by bugs, I had not slept much, and therefore intended to take a little repose; so saying, I went to bed and desired to be awakened if Strap should happen to come while I should be asleep.—I was accordingly roused by my friend himself, who entered my chamber about three a clock in the afternoon; and presented a figure to my eyes, that I could scarce believe real.—In short this affectionate shaver, setting out towards

Surgeon's-hall, had enquired for me there to no purpose; from thence he found his way to the Navy-office, where he could hear no tidings of me, because I was unknown to every body then present; he afterwards went upon Change in hopes of seeing me upon the Scotch walk;[3] but without success: At last, being almost in despair of finding me, he resolved to ask every body he met in the street, if perchance any one could give him information about me: and actually put his resolution in practice, in spite of the scoffs, curses, and reproaches with which he was answered; until a blacksmith's 'prentice, seeing him stop a porter with a burden on his back, and hearing his question, for which he received a hearty curse, called to him, and asked if the person he enquired after was not a Scotchman?—Strap replied with great eagerness, "Yes, and had on a brown coat with long skirts."—"The same (said the blacksmith) I saw him pass by an hour ago."—"Did you so? (cried Strap, rubbing his hands) Odd! I am very glad of that—which way went he?"—"Towards Tyburn in a cart[4] (said he) if you make good speed you may get thither time enough to see him hang'd."—This piece of wit incensed my friend to such a degree, that he called the blacksmith scoundrel, and protested he would fight him for half a farthing.—"No, no, (said the other, stripping) I'll have none of your money—you Scotchmen seldom carry any about you—but I'll fight you for love."—There was a ring immediately formed by the mob: and Strap finding he could not get off honourably without fighting, at the same time burning with resentment against his adversary, quitted his cloaths to the care of the multitude, and the battle began with great violence on the side of Strap, who in a few minutes exhausted his breath and spirits on his patient antagonist, who sustained the assault with great coolness, till finding the barber quite spent, he returned the blows he had lent him, with such interest, that Strap, after having received three falls on the hard stones, gave out, and allowed the blacksmith to be the better man.—The victory being thus decided, it was proposed to adjourn to a cellar hard by and drink friends.—But when my friend began to gather up his cloaths, he perceived that some honest person or other had made free with his shirt, neckcloth, hat and wig, which were carried off; and probably his coat and waistcoat would have met with the same fate, had they been worth stealing.—It was in vain for him to make a noise, which only yielded mirth to the spectators; he was fain to get off in this manner, which he accomplished with much difficulty, and appeared before me, all besmeared with blood and dirt.—Notwithstanding this misfortune, such was his transport at finding me safe and sound, that he had almost stifled and stunk me to death with his embraces.—After he had cleaned himself and put on one of my shirts, and a woolen night-cap; I recounted to him the particulars of my night's campaign, which filled him with admiration, and made him repeat with great energy, an observation which was often in his mouth, namely, "that surely London is the devil's drawing-room."[5]—As neither of us had dined, he desired me to get up, and the milk-woman coming round at that instant, he went down stairs and brought up a quart, with a penny brick,[6] on which we made a comfortable meal. He then shared his money with me, which amounted to eighteen-pence, and left me, with an intention to borrow an old wig and hat of his friend the school-master.

He was no sooner gone than I began to consider my situation with great uneasiness, and revolved all the schemes my imagination could suggest, in order to choose

and pursue some one that would procure me bread; for it is impossible to express the pangs I felt, when I reflected on the miserable dependance in which I lived, at the expence of a poor barber's boy.—My pride took the alarm, and having no hopes of succeeding at the Navy-office, I came to a resolution of enlisting in the foot-guards next day, be the event what it would.[7]—This extravagant design, by flattering my disposition, gave great satisfaction, and I was charging the enemy at the head of my own regiment, when Strap's return interrupted my reverie.—The school-master had made him a present of the tye-wig which he wore when I was introduced to him, together with an old hat, whose brims would have overshadowed a colossus.[8]—Though Strap had ventured to wear them in the dusk, he did not choose to entertain the mob by day; therefore went to work immediately and reduced them both to a moderate size. While he was employed in this office, he addressed me thus: "To be sure, Mr. Random, you are born a gentleman, and have a great deal of learning—and indeed look like a gentleman, for as to person you may hold up your head with the best of them.—On the other hand, I am a poor, but honest cobler's son—my mother was as industrious a woman as ever broke bread, 'till such time as she took to drinking, which you very well know—but every body has failings—*humanum est errare*.[9]—Now for myself I am a poor journeyman barber, tolerably well made, and understand some Latin, and have a smattering of Greek—but what of that? perhaps I might also say that I know a little of the world—but that is to no purpose—though you be gentle[10] and I simple, it does not follow but that I who am simple may do a good office to you who are gentle.—Now this is the case—my kinsman the school-master—perhaps you did not know how nearly he is related to me—I'll satisfy you in that presently—his mother and my grandmother's sister's nephew—no, that's not it—my grandfather's brother's daughter—rabbit it![11] I have forgot the degree; but this I know, he and I are cousins seven times removed." My impatience to know the good office he had done me, got the better of my temper, and I interrupted him at this place, with, "D——n your relation and pedigree,—if the school-master or you can be of any advantage to me, why don't you tell me without all this preamble."—When I pronounced these words with some vehemence, Strap looked at me for some time with a grave countenance, and then went on: "Surely, our pedigree is not to be d——n'd, because it is not so noble as yours.—I am very sorry to see such an alteration in your temper of late—you was always fiery, but now you are grown as crabbed as old Periwinkle the drunken tinker, on whom you and I (God forgive us) played so many unlucky tricks, while we were at school;—but I will no longer detain you in suspence, because (doubtless) nothing is more uneasy than doubt—*dubio procul dubio nil dubius*.[12]—My friend, or relation, or which you will, or both, the school-master, being informed of the regard I have for you—for you may be sure, I did not fail to let him know your good qualities—by the bye he has undertaken to teach you the pronunciation of the English tongue, without which (he says) you will be unfit for business in this country—I say, my relation has spoke in your behalf to a French apothecary who wants a journeyman; and on his recommendation, you may have fifteen pounds *per* year, bed and board, whenever you please."—I was too much interested in this piece of news to entertain it with indifference; but jumping up, insisted on Strap's immediately accompanying me to the house of his friend,

that I might not lose this opportunity through the least delay or neglect on my part.—We were informed that the school-master was in company at a public house in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired, and found him drinking with the very individual apothecary in question. When he was called to the door at our desire, and observed my impatience, he broke out into his usual term of admiration: "O Ch——st! I suppose when you heard of this offer, you did not take leisure enough to come down stairs, but leapt out of the window; did you overturn no porter nor oyster-woman in your way?—It was a mercy of God you did not knock your brains out against some post in your career.—O' my conscience! I believe had I been in the inmost recesses of my habitation,—the very *penetralia*,[13]—even in bed with my wife; your eagerness would have surmounted bolts, bars, decency and every thing.—The den of Cacus, or *Sanctum Sanctorum*[14] could not have hid me from you. But come along, the gentleman of whom I spoke is in the house, I will present you to him forthwith."—When I entered the room, I perceived four or five people smoaking, one of whom the school-master accosted thus: "Mr. Lavement,[15] here's the young man of whom I spoke to you."—The apothecary, who was a little old withered man, with a forehead about an inch high, a nose turned up at the end, large cheek bones that helped to form a pit for his little grey eyes, a great bag of loose skin hanging down on each side in wrinkles like the alforjas[16] of a baboon; and a mouth so accustomed to that contraction which produces grinning, that he could not pronounce a syllable without discovering the remains of his teeth, which consisted of four yellow fangs, not improperly by anatomists, called *canine*.—This person, (I say) after having eyed me some time; said, "Oho, 'tis ver well, Mons. Concordance;[17]—young man, you are ver welcome, take one coup of bierre—and come to mine house to-marrow morning, Mons. Concordance vil shew you de way."[18]—Upon this I made my bow, and as I went out of the room, could hear him say, *Ma foy! ce'st un beau garçon, ce'st un galliard*.[19]—As I had, by my own application, while I served Crab, acquired the French tongue[20] well enough to read authors written in that language, and understand any thing that occurred in conversation, I determined to pretend ignorance to my new master, that he and his family, whom I supposed to be of the same country, not being on the reserve before me, might possibly discover something in discourse, which would either yield me amusement or advantage.—Next morning Mr. Concordance carried me to the apothecary's house, where the bargain was made, and orders given to provide an apartment for me immediately.—But before I entered upon business, the school-master recommended me to his taylor, who gave me credit for a suit of cloaths to be paid out of the first moiety[21] of my wages, and they were begun upon that very day; he afterwards accommodated me with a new hat, on the same terms; so that, in a few days, I hoped to make a very fashionable appearance.—In the mean time, Strap conveyed my baggage to the place allotted for me, which was a back room up two pair of stairs, furnished with a pallet for me to lie upon, a chair without a back, an earthen chamber-pot without an handle, a bottle by way of candlestick, and a triangular piece of glass instead of a mirrour, the rest of its ornaments having been lately removed to one of the garrets, for the convenience of the servant of an Irish captain, who lodged in the first floor.

CHAPTER XIX.

The characters of Mr. Lavement, his wife and daughter——some anecdotes of the family——the mother and daughter rivals——I am guilty of a mistake that gives me present satisfaction, but is attended with troublesome consequences.

Next day while I was at work in the shop, a bouncing damsel well-dressed came in, on pretence of finding a vial for some use or other; and taking an opportunity when she thought I did not mind her, of observing me narrowly, went away with a silent look of disdain.—I easily guessed her sentiments, and my pride took the resolution of entertaining the same indifference and neglect towards her.—At dinner, the maids with whom I dined in the kitchen, gave me to understand that this was my master's only daughter, who would have a very handsome fortune, on account of which, and her beauty, a great many young gentlemen made their addresses to her—that she had been twice on the brink of marriage, but disappointed by the stinginess of her father, who refused to part with a shilling to promote the match—for which reason the young lady did not behave to her father with all the filial veneration that might be expected: In particular, she harboured the most perfect hatred for his countrymen, in which disposition she resembled her mother, who was an English woman; and by these hints they dropp'd, I learned the grey mare was the better horse[1]—that she was a matron of a high spirit, which was often manifested at the expence of her dependants; that she loved diversions, and looked upon miss as her rival in all parties, which was indeed the true cause of her disappointments; for had the mother been hearty in her interest, the father would not have ventured to refuse her demands.—Over and above this intelligence, I of myself, soon made more discoveries; Mr. Lavement's significant grins at his wife, while she looked another way, convinc'd me that he was not at all content with his lot: And his behaviour in presence of the captain, made me believe his chief torment was jealousy.—As for my own part, I was consider'd in no other light than that of a menial servant, and had been already six days in the house without being honour'd with one word from either mother or daughter, the latter (as I understood from the maids) having at table one day, expressed some surprize that her papa should entertain such an aukward, mean-looking journeyman.—I was nettled at this piece of information, and next Sunday, (it being my turn to take my diversion) dressed myself in my new cloaths to the greatest advantage, and, vanity apart, made no contemptible figure.—After having spent most part of the day in company with Strap and some of his acquaintance, I came home in the afternoon, and was let in by miss, who not knowing me, dropt a low courtesy as I advanced, which I returned with a profound bow, and shut the door.—By that time I had turn'd about, she had perceiv'd her mistake, and chang'd colour, but did not withdraw. The passage being narrow, I could not get away without jostling her; so, I was forc'd to remain where I was, with my eyes fix'd on the

ground, and my face glowing with blushes—At length her vanity coming to her assistance, she went away tittering, and I could hear her pronounce the word "creature." From this day forward, she came into the shop fifty times every day, upon various pretences, and put in practice so many ridiculous airs, that I could easily perceive her opinion of me was chang'd, and that she did not think me altogether an unworthy conquest—But my heart was so steel'd against her charms by pride and resentment, which were two chief ingredients in my disposition, that I remain'd insensible to all her arts; and notwithstanding some advances she made, could not be prevail'd upon to yield her the least attention—This neglect soon banish'd all the favourable impressions she felt for me, and the rage of a slighted woman took place in her heart; this she manifested not only in all the suggestions her malice could invent to my prejudice with her father, but also in procuring for me such servile employments, as she hoped, would sufficiently humble my spirit. One day in particular she order'd me to brush my master's coat, but I refusing, a smart dialogue ensued, which ended in her bursting into tears of rage; when her mother interposing, and examining into the merits of the cause, determin'd it in my favour; and this good office I ow'd not to any esteem or consideration she had for me, but solely to the desire of mortifying her daughter, who on this occasion observ'd, that let people be never so much in the right, there were some folks who would never do them justice; but to be sure, they had their reasons for it, which some people were not ignorant of, although they despised their little arts.—This insinuation of some people and some folks, put me upon observing the behaviour of my mistress more narrowly for the future; and it was not long before I had reason to believe that she look'd upon her daughter as a rival in the affections of captain Odonnell, who lodg'd in the house.—In the mean time my industry and knowledge gain'd me the good will of my master, who would often say in French, "*Mardy! c'est un bon garçon*."[2] He had a great deal of business; but as he was mostly employed among his fellow refugees,[3] his profits were small.—However, his expence for medicines was not great, for, he was the most expert man at a succedaneum,[4] of any apothecary in London; so that I have been sometimes amaz'd to see him, without the least hesitation, make up a physician's prescription, though he had not in his shop one medicine mentioned in it.—Oyster-shells he could convert into crab's eyes;[5] common oil into oil of sweet almonds;[6] syrup of sugar into balsamic syrup;[7] Thames water into aqua cinnamomi;[8] turpentine into capivi;[9] and a hundred more costly preparations were produc'd in an instant, from the cheapest and coarsest drugs of the *materia medica*:[10] And when any common thing was order'd for a patient, he always took care to disguise it in colour or taste, or both, in such a manner, as that it could not possibly be known.—For which purpose, cochineal[11] and oil of cloves were of great service. Among many nostrums[12] which he possess'd, there was one for the venereal disease, that brought him a good deal of money; and this he conceal'd so artfully from me, that I could never learn its composition: But during the eight months I stay'd in his service, he was so unfortunate in the use of it, that three parts in four of those who took it, were fain to confirm the cure by a salivation[13] under the direction of another doctor.—This bad success, in all appearance, attach'd him the more to his specific; and before I left him, I may venture to say, he would have sooner renounc'd the Trinity (notwithstanding his being a good Hugonot)[14] than his confi-

dence in the never-failing power of this remedy.—Mr. Lavement had attempted more than once, to introduce a vegetable diet[15] into his family, by launching out into the praise of roots and greens, and decrying the use of flesh, both as a physician and philosopher; but all his rhetoric could not make one proselyte to his opinion, and even the wife of his bosom declared against the proposal.—Whether it was owing to the little regard she paid to her husband's admonition in this particular, or to the natural warmth of her constitution, I know not; but this lady's passions became every day more and more violent, till at last she look'd upon decency as an unnecessary restraint; and one afternoon, when her husband was abroad, and her daughter gone to visit, order'd me to call a hackney coach, in which she and the captain drove towards Covent-Garden.—Miss came home in the evening, and supping at her usual hour, went to bed.—About eleven a clock my master enter'd, and ask'd if his wife was gone to sleep: Upon which I told him, my mistress went out in the afternoon, and was not yet return'd.—This was like a clap of thunder to the poor apothecary, who starting back, cried "*Mort de ma vie!*[16] vat you tell a me?—My wife not at home!"—At that instant a patient's servant arriv'd with a prescription for a draught, which my master taking, went into the shop to make it up with his own hand.—While he rubb'd the ingredients in a glass mortar, he enquir'd of me, whether or no his wife went out alone; and no sooner heard that she was in company with the captain, than with one blow he split the mortar into a thousand pieces, and grinning like the head of a bass viol,[17] exclaim'd, "Ah traitresse!"[18]—It would have been impossible for me to have preserv'd my gravity a minute longer, when I was happily reliev'd by a rap at the door, which I open'd, and perceiv'd my mistress coming out of a coach; she flounc'd immediately into the shop, and addressed her husband thus: "I suppose you thought I was lost, my dear—Captain Odonnell has been so good as to treat me with a play."—"Play—play (replied he) Oho! yes by gar, I believe ver prettie play."—"Bless me! (said she) what's the matter?"—"Vat de matter? (cried he, forgetting all his former complaisance) by gar, you be one damn dog's wife—ventre bleu![19] me vill show you vat it is to put one horn upon my head. Pardieu![20] le capitaine Odonnell be one—"—Here the captain, who had been all the while at the door discharging the coach, enter'd, and said with a terrible voice, "D—mme! what am I?"—Mr. Lavement changing his tone, immediately saluted him with, "*Oh serviteur monsieur le capitaine, vous etes un gallant homme—ma femme est fort obligée*."—Then turning about towards me, pronounc'd with a low voice, "*Et diablement obligeante sans doute*."[21]—"Harkee, Mr. Lavement, (said the captain) I am a man of honour, and I believe you are too much of a gentleman to be offended at the civility I shew your wife."——This declaration had such an effect on the apothecary, that he resum'd all the politesse of a Frenchman;[22] and with the utmost prostration of compliment, assur'd the captain that he was perfectly well satisfied with the honour he had done his wife.—Matters being thus compos'd, every body went to rest.—Next day I perceiv'd through a glass door that open'd from the shop into the parlour, the captain talking earnestly to miss, who heard him with a look that expressed anger mingled with scorn; which however he at last found means to mollify, and seal'd his reconciliation with a kiss.——This circumstance soon convinc'd me of the occasion of the quarrel; but notwithstanding all my vigilance, I could never discover any other commerce between them.——In the mean

while, I had reason to believe I had inspir'd one of the maids with tender sentiments for me; and one night when I thought every other person in the house asleep, I took the opportunity of going to reap the fruits of my conquest: her bedfellow having the day before gone to Richmond[23] to visit her parents—Accordingly I got up, and (naked as I was) explor'd my way in the dark, to the garret where she lay.—I was ravish'd to find the door open, and moved softly to her bed-side, transported with the hope of completing my wishes.—But what horrors of jealousy and disappointment did I feel, when I found her asleep, fast locked in the arms of a man, whom I easily guessed to be no other than the captain's servant! I was upon the point of doing some rash thing, when the noise of a rat scratching behind the wainscot, put me to flight, and I was fain to get back to my own bed in safety.—Whether this alarm had disorder'd my mind, or that I was led astray by the power of destiny, I know not; but instead of turning to the left hand, when I descended to the second story, I pursued the contrary course, and mistook the young lady's bed-chamber for my own. I did not perceive my mistake before I had run against the bed posts; and then it was not in my power to retreat undiscover'd; for the nymph being awake, felt my approach, and with a soft voice, bad me make less noise lest the Scotch-booby in the next room should over-hear us. This hint was sufficient to inform me of the nature of the assignation; and as my passions, at any time high, were then in a state of exaltation, I was resolved to profit by my good fortune.—Without any more ceremony therefore, I made bold to slip into bed to this charmer, who gave me as favourable a reception as I could desire.—Our conversation was very sparing on my part, but she upbraided the person whom I represented, with his jealousy of me, whom she handled so roughly, that my resentment had well nigh occasioned a discovery more than once; but I was consoled for her hatred of me, by the revenge I enjoyed in understanding from her own mouth, that it was now high time to salve her reputation by matrimony; for she had reason to fear she could not much longer conceal the effects of their mutual intercourse.—While I was meditating an answer to this proposal, I heard a noise in my room, like something heavy falling down upon the floor: Upon which I started up, and creeping to the door of my chamber, observ'd by moon-light, the shadow of a man groping his way out; so I retir'd to one side to let him pass, and saw him go down stairs as expeditiously as he could.—It was an easy matter to divine that this was the captain, who having overslept himself, had got up at last to keep his assignation; and finding my door open, had enter'd my apartment instead of that of his mistress, where I supplied his place.—But finding his mistake, by falling over my chair, he was afraid the noise might alarm the family, and for that reason made off, delaying the gratification of his desire till another opportunity.—By this time, I was satisfied; and instead of returning to the place from whence I came, retreated to my own castle, which I fortified by bolting the door, and in the congratulation of my own happiness fell asleep.—But the truth of this adventure could not be long conceal'd from my young mistress, who next day came to an explanation with the captain, upon his lamenting his last night's disappointment, and begging pardon for the noise he had made.—Their mutual chagrin, when they came to the knowledge of what had happen'd, may be easily conjectured, though each had a peculiar grief unfelt by the other; for, she was conscious of not only having betrayed to me the secrets of

her commerce with him; but also, of having incensed me by the freedoms she had taken with my name, beyond a hope of reconciliation.—On the other hand his jealousy suggested, that her sorrow was all artifice; and that I had supplied his place with her own privity and consent.—That such was the situation of their thoughts, will appear in the sequel—for, that very day she came into the shop, where I was alone, and fixing her eyes, swimming in tears, upon me, sighed most piteously: But I was proof against her distress, by recollecting the epithets with which she had honour'd me the night before; and believing that the good reception I enjoy'd was destined for another; therefore, took no notice of her affliction; and she had the mortification to find her disdain return'd four-fold.——However, from thenceforward she thought proper to use me with more complaisance than usual, knowing that it was in my power at any time to publish her shame.—By these means my life became much more agreeable (though I never could prevail upon myself to repeat my nocturnal visit) and as I every day improv'd in my knowledge of the town, I shook off my aukward air by degrees, and acquir'd the character of a polite journeyman apothecary.

CHAPTER XX.

I am assaulted and dangerously wounded——suspect Odonnell, and am confirmed in my opinion——concert a scheme of revenge, and put it in execution——Odonnell robs his own servant, and disappears——I make my addresses to a lady, and am miraculously deliver'd from her snare.

One night about twelve o' clock, as I return'd from visiting a patient at Chelsea,[1] I received a blow on my head from an unseen hand, that stretch'd me senseless on the ground; and was left for dead with three stabs of a sword in my body. The groans I utter'd when I recover'd the use of my reason, alarm'd the people of a solitary alehouse, that stood near the spot where I lay, and they were humane enough to take me in, and send for a surgeon, who dressed my wounds, and assured me they were not mortal. One of them penetrated through the skin and muscles of one side of my belly in such a manner, that (doubtless) the assassin imagin'd he had run me through the entrails.—The second slanted along one of my ribs, and the last, which was intended for the finishing stroke, having been directed to my heart, the sword snapt upon my breast-bone, and the point remained sticking in the skin.—When I reflected upon this event, I could not persuade myself, that I had been assaulted by a common footpad;[2] because it is not usual for such people to murder those they rob, especially when they meet with no resistance; and I found my money and every thing else about me (but my carcase) safe. I concluded therefore, that I must either have been mistaken for another, or obliged to the private resentment of some secret enemy for what had happened; and

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as I could remember no-body who had the least cause of complaint against me, except captain Odonnell and my master's daughter, my suspicion settled upon them, though I took care to conceal it, that I might the sooner arrive at confirmation.—With this view, I went home in a chair[3] about ten o' clock in the morning; and as the chairmen supported me into the house, met the captain in the passage; who no sooner saw me, than he started back, and gave evident signs of guilty confusion, which he would have accounted for from the surprize occasion'd by seeing me in such a condition.—My master having heard my story, condoled me with a good deal of sympathy, and when he understood my wounds were not dangerous, order'd me to be carried up stairs to bed; though not without some opposition from his wife, who was of opinion, it would be better for me to go to an hospital, where I should be more carefully attended.——My meditation was employed in concerting with myself some method of revenge against squire Odonnell and his inamorata, whom I looked upon as the authors of my misfortune; when miss (who was not at home at my arrival) entered my chamber; and saying she was sorry for the accident that had befallen me, asked if I suspected any body to be the assassin? Upon which I fixed my eyes stedfastly upon her, and answer'd, "Yes."—She discover'd no symptom of confusion; but replied hastily, "If that be the case, why don't you take out a warrant to have him apprehended? It will cost but a trifle—if you have no money, I'll lend you."—This frankness not only cur'd me of my suspicion with respect to her; but even stagger'd my belief with regard to the captain, of whose guilt I resolv'd to have further proof, before I should enterprize any thing in the way of revenge.—I thanked her kindly for her generous offer; which however I had no occasion to accept, being determin'd to do nothing rashly: For though I could plainly perceive the person who attacked me, to be a soldier whose face I thought was familiar to me, I could not swear with a safe conscience to any particular man; and granting I could, my prosecution of him would not much avail.—This uncertainty I pretended, lest the captain hearing from her, that I knew the person who wounded me, might think proper to withdraw before I could be in a condition to requite him.—In two days I was up, and able to do a little business, so that Mr. Lavement made shift to carry on his practice, without hiring another journeyman in my room.—The first thing I attempted towards a certain discovery of my secret enemy, was to get into Odonnell's apartment, while he was abroad in an undress,[4] and examine his sword, the point of which being broke off, I applied the fragment that was found sticking in my body, and found it answer'd the fractur'd part exactly.——There was no room left for doubt; and all that remained, was to fix upon a scheme of revenge, which almost solely engrossed my thoughts during the space of eight nights and days.——Sometimes I was tempted to fall upon him in the same manner as he had practised upon me, and kill him outright.—But this assault my honour opposed as a piece of barbarous cowardice, in which he was not to be imitated.——At other times, I entertained thoughts of demanding satisfaction in an honourable way; but was diverted from this undertaking by considering the uncertainty of the event, and the nature of the injury he had done me, which did not entitle him to such easy terms.——At last I determined to pursue a middle course; and actually put my design in execution after this manner.——Having secured the assistance of Strap and two of his acquaintance whom he could depend

upon, we provided ourselves with disguises, and I caused the following letter to be delivered to him by one of our associates in livery, one Sunday evening.

> "SIR,
>
> If I may be allowed to judge from appearance, it will not be disagreeable to you to hear that my husband is gone to Bagshot[5] to visit a patient, and will not return till to-morrow night; so that if you have any thing to propose to me (as your behaviour on many occasions has seemed to insinuate) you will do well to embrace the present opportunity of seeing
>
> *Yours*, &c."

This letter was signed with the name of an apothecary's wife, who lived in Chelsea, of whom I had heard Odonnell was an admirer.—Every thing succeeded to our wish.—The amorous hero hastened towards the place of assignation; and was encountered by us in the very place where he had assaulted me.—We rushed upon him all at once, secur'd his sword, stript off his cloaths even to the skin, which we scourged with nettles till he was blister'd from head to foot, notwithstanding all the eloquence of his tears and supplications. When I was satisfied with the stripes I had bestowed, we carried off his cloaths, which we hid in a hedge near the place, and left him stark naked, to find his way home in the best manner he could, while I took care to be there before him.—I afterwards understood that, in his way to the lodgings of a friend, who lived in the skirts of the town, he was picked up by the watch,[6] who carried him to the Roundhouse, from whence he sent for cloaths to his lodgings; and next morning arrived at the door in a chair, wrapt up in a blanket he had borrowed; for his body was so sore and swelled, that he could not bear to be confined in his wearing apparel.—He was treated with the utmost tenderness by my mistress and her daughter, who vied with each other in their care and attendance of him; but Lavement himself could not forbear expressing his joy, by several malicious grins, while he ordered me to prepare an unguent for his sores.—As to myself, no body can doubt my gratification, when I had every day an opportunity of seeing my revenge protracted on the body of my adversary, by the ulcers of which I had been the cause; and indeed I not only enjoyed the satisfaction of having flead him alive, but another also which I had not foreseen.——The story of his being attacked and stript in such a place, having been inserted in the news, gave information to those who found his cloaths next day, whither to bring them; and accordingly he retrieved every thing he had lost, except a few letters, among which was that which I had writ to him in the name of the apothecary's wife.—This and the others, which (it seems) were all on the subject of love (for this Hibernian hero was one of those people who are called fortune-hunters)[7] fell into the hands of a certain female author,[8] famous for the scandal she has published; who, after having embellished them with some ornaments of her own invention, gave them to the town in print.—I was very much shocked on reflecting, that I might possibly be the occasion of a whole family's unhappiness, on account of the letter I had written; but was eased of that apprehension, when I understood that the Chelsea apothecary had commenced a law-suit against the printer for defamation; and looked upon the whole as a piece of forgery, committed by the author, who had disappeared.—But, what ever might be his opinion of the matter, our two ladies seemed to entertain a different idea of it; for, as

soon as the pamphlet appeared, I could perceive their care of their patient considerably diminish, until at last it ended in total neglect.—It was impossible for him to be ignorant of this change, any more than of the occasion of it; but as he was conscious to himself of having deserved worse than contempt at their hands, he was glad to come off so cheaply, and contented himself with muttering curses and threats against the apothecary, who (as he imagined) having got an inkling of the appointment with his wife, had taken revenge of him in the manner described.—By that time he had got a new scarf skin,[9] his character was become so notorious, that he thought it high time for him to decamp; and his retreat he performed in one night without beat of drum, after having robbed his own servant of every thing that belonged to him, except the cloaths he had on his back.—A few days after he disappeared, Mr. Lavement, for his own security, took into custody a large old trunk which he had left; and as it was very heavy, made no question that the contents were sufficient to indemnify him for what Odonnel owed in lodging.—But, a month being elapsed without hearing any tidings of this adventurer; and my master being impatient to know what the trunk contained; he ordered me to break it open in his presence; which task I performed with the pestle of our great mortar, and discovered, to his inexpressible astonishment and mortification, a heap of stones.

About this time, my friend Strap informed me of an offer he had to go abroad with a gentleman in quality of *valet de chambre*, and at the same time assured me, that whatever advantage he might propose to himself from this prospect, he could not bear the thoughts of parting from me; so much was he attached to my fortune.—In spite of all the obligations I owed to this poor honest fellow, ingratitude is so natural to the heart of man, that I began to be tired of his acquaintance; and now, that I had contracted other friendships which appeared more creditable, was even ashamed to see a journeyman barber enquiring after me with the familiarity of a companion.—I therefore, on pretence of consulting his welfare, insisted upon his accepting the proposal, which he at last determined to embrace with great reluctance, and in a few days took his leave of me, shedding a flood of tears, which I could not behold without emotion.—I now began to look upon myself as a gentleman in reality; learned to dance of a Frenchman whom I had cured of a fashionable distemper;[10] frequented plays during the holidays; became the oracle of an ale-house, where every dispute was referred to my decision; and at length contracted an acquaintance with a young lady, who found means to make a conquest of my heart, and upon whom I prevailed, after much attendance and solicitation to give me a promise of marriage.—As this beautiful creature passed for a rich heiress, I blessed my good fortune, and was actually on the point of crowning all my wishes, by matrimony; when one morning, I went to her lodgings, and her maid being abroad, took the privilege of a bridegroom to enter her chamber, where to my utter confusion I found her in bed with a man.—Heaven gave me patience and presence of mind enough to withdraw immediately; and I thanked my stars a thousand times for the happy discovery, by which I resolved to profit so much, as to abandon all thoughts of marriage for the future.

CHAPTER XXI.

Squire Gawky comes to lodge with my master——is involved in a troublesome affair, out of which he is extricated by me——he marries my master's daughter——they conspire against me——I am found guilty of theft——discharged——deserted by my friends——I hire a room in St. Giles's——where by accident I find the lady to whom I made my addresses, in a miserable condition——I relieve her.

While I enjoyed myself at large in this temper of mind, Mr. Lavement let his first floor to my countryman and acquaintance Squire Gawky, who by this time had got a lieutenancy in the army, and such a martial ferocity in his appearance, that I was afraid he would remember what had happened between us in Scotland, and attone for his breach of appointment then, by his punctuality now; but whether he had actually forgot me, or was willing to make me believe so, he betrayed not the least symptom of recognition at sight of me, and I remained quite cured of my apprehension; tho' I had occasion not long after to be convinced, that howsoever his externals might be altered, he was at bottom the same individual Gawky whom I have already described.—For, coming home late one night from the house of a patient, I heard a noise in the street, and as I approached, perceived two gentlemen in custody of three watchmen. The prisoners, who were miserably disfigured with dirt, complained bitterly of the loss of their hats and wigs; and one of them, whom by his tongue I knew to be a Scotchman, lamented most piteously, offering a guinea for his liberty, which the watchman refused, alledging that one of his companions was wounded grievously, and that he must stand to the consequence.—My prejudice in favour of my native country was so strong,[1] that I could not bear to see any body belonging to it in distress, and therefore, with one blow of my faithful cudgel, knocked down the watchman who had hold of the person for whom I was chiefly concerned.—He was no sooner disengaged, than he betook himself to his heels, and left me to maintain the dispute as I should think proper; and indeed I came off but scurvily, for, before I could avail myself of my speed, I received a blow on the eye, from one of the other two, that had well nigh deprived me of the use of that organ; however, I made shift to get home, where I was informed of Captain[2] Gawky's being robb'd and abused by a company of foot-pads; and was ordered by my master to prepare an emollient glyster[3] and paregorick draught,[4] in order to allay and compose the ferment of his spirits,[5] occasioned by the barbarous treatment he had undergone, while he took twelve ounces of blood from him immediately.—When I enquired into the particulars of this adventure, and understood, by the servant, that he came in just before me, without hat and wig, I made no scruple of believing him to be the person I had released, and was confirmed in that belief upon hearing his voice, to which (before that event) I had been so long a stranger. My eye being consider-

ably swelled and inflamed, I could not reflect upon my enterprise without cursing my own folly, and even resolving to declare the truth of the whole story, in order to be revenged on the cowardly wretch, for whom I had suffered: Accordingly, next day, after he had told, in presence of my master, his wife and daughter, who came to visit him, a thousand lies concerning the prowess he had shewn in making his escape, I ventured to explain the mystery, and calling in the evidence of my contused eye, upbraided him with cowardice and ingratitude.—Gawky was so astonished at this discourse, that he could not answer one word; and the rest of the company stared at one another; till at length my mistress reprimanded me for my insolent behaviour, and threatened to turn me away for my presumption.—Upon which, Gawky (having recollected himself) observed, as the young man might have mistaken another person for him, he could forgive his insinuations, more especially as he seemed to have suffered for his civility; but advised me to be more certain in my conjectures for the future, before I ventured to publish them to the prejudice of any man.—Miss applauded the captain's generosity in pardoning one who had so villainously aspersed him, and I began to imagine her praise was not at all disinterested.—But the apothecary, who perhaps had more penetration, or less partiality, than his wife and daughter, differed from them in his sentiments of the matter, and expressed himself to me in the shop in this manner: "Ah mon pauvre Roderique! you ave more of de veracité[6] dan of de prudence—bot mine vife and dater be diablement sage,[7] and Mons. le capitaine un fanfaron,[8] pardieu!" This eulogium on his wife and daughter, though spoken ironically by him, was nevertheless literally just; by espousing the cause of Gawky, the one obliged a valuable lodger, and the other acquired a husband at a juncture, when one was absolutely necessary; for, the young lady finding the effects of her correspondence with Odonnel becoming plainer and plainer every day, insinuated herself so artfully into the affection of this new lodger, that, in less than a fortnight, on pretence of going to a play, they drove away together to the Fleet,[9] where they were coupled;[10] from thence removed to a bagnio,[11] where the marriage was consummated; and in the morning came home, where they asked her father's and mother's blessing.—The prudent parents, notwithstanding the precipitation with which the match was carried on, did not think fit to refuse their approbation; for, the apothecary was not ill pleased to find his daughter married to a young man of a good prospect, who had not mentioned to him one syllable on the article of her dowry; and his wife was rejoic'd at being rid of a rival in her gallants, and a spy upon her pleasures.—Nor was I without self-enjoyment at this event, when I reflected upon the revenge I had unwittingly taken upon my enemy, in making him a cuckold by anticipation.—But I little dreamed what a storm of mischief was brewing against me, whilst I thus indulged myself.—Whatever face Gawky put on the matter, my discovery of the adventure before related, and the reproaches I vented against him, had stung him to the soul, and cherished the seeds of enmity so strongly in his breast, that he (it seems) imparted his indignation to his wife, who being as desirous as himself, to compass the ruin of one that not only slighted her caresses, but was able on any occasion to discover particulars not at all advantageous to her character, readily joined in a conspiracy against me, which (had it taken effect as they expected) would infallibly have brought me to an ignominious death.

My master having several times missed large quantities of medicines, of which I could give no account, at last lost all patience, and in plain terms taxed me with having embezzled them for my own use. As I could only oppose my single asseveration to his suspicion, he told me one day, "By gar, your vord not be give me de satisfaction—me find necessaire to chercher for my medicine, pardonnez moy—il faut chercher—me demand le clef of your coffre a cette heure."—Then raising his voice to conceal the fright he was in, lest I should make any opposition, he went on, "Oui, foutre, I charge you rendez le clef of your coffre[12]—moi—si, moi qui vous parle."[13]—I was fired with so much resentment and disdain at this accusation, that I burst into tears, which he took for a sign of guilt; and pulling out my key, told him he might satisfy himself immediately, though he would not find it so easy to satisfy me for the injury my reputation had suffered from his unjust suspicion. He took the key, and mounted up to my chamber, attended by the whole family; saying, "He bien, nous verrons—nous verrons."[14]—But what was my horror and amazement, when opening my chest, he pulled out an handful of the very things that were missing, and pronounced, "Ah ha! vous etes bien venus[15]—mardie, Mons. Roderique, you be fort innocent!"[16]—I had not power to utter one word in my own vindication, but stood motionless and silent, while every body present made their respective remarks on what appeared against me.—The servants said, they were sorry for my misfortune, and went away repeating, "Who would have thought it!" My mistress took occasion from this detection to rail against the practice of employing strangers in general; and Mrs. Gawky, after having observed that she never had a good opinion of my fidelity, proposed to have me carried before the justice and committed to Newgate immediately. Her husband was actually upon the stairs in his way for a constable, when Mr. Lavement, knowing the cost and trouble of a prosecution[17] to which he must bind himself, and at the same time dreading lest some particulars of my confession might affect his practice, called out, "Restez mon fils! restez,[18] it be veritablement one grand crime which dis pauvre diable have committed—bot peutetre de good God give him de penitence, and me vil not have upon mine head de blood of one sinner."—The captain and his lady used all the christian arguments their zeal could suggest, to prevail on the apothecary to pursue me to destruction, and represented the injustice he did to the community of which he was a member, in letting a villain escape, who would not fail of doing more mischief in the world, when he should reflect on his coming off so easily now:—but their eloquence made no impression upon my master, who, turning to me, said, "Go, miserable, go from mine house, quick, quick—and make reparation for your mauvaise[19] actions."—By this time my indignation had roused me from the stupefaction in which I had hitherto remained, and I began in this manner: "Sir, appearances, I own, condemn me; but you are imposed upon as much as I am abused—I have fallen a sacrifice to the rancour of that scoundrel (pointing to Gawky) who has found means to convey your goods hither, that the detection of them might blast my reputation, and accomplish my destruction.—His hatred of me is owing to a consciousness of his having wronged me in my own country; for which injury he in a cowardly manner refused me the satisfaction of a gentleman;—he knows, moreover, that I am no stranger to his dastardly behaviour in this town, which I have recounted before;—and he is unwilling that such a testimony of his ingratitude and

pusilanimity should live upon the earth; for this reason he is guilty of the most infernal malice to bring about my ruin.—And I am afraid, madam (turning to Mrs. Gawky) you have too easily entered into the sentiments of your husband—I have often found you my enemy; and am well acquainted with the occasion of your being so, which I don't at present think proper to declare; but I would not advise you, for your own sake, to drive me to extremity." This address enraged her so much, that with a face as red as scarlet, and the eyes of a fury, she strutted up to me, and putting her hands in her sides, spit in my face, saying, I was a scandalous villain, but she defied my malice; and that unless her papa would prosecute me like a thief as I was, she would not stay another night under his roof.—At the same time, Gawky, assuming a big look,[20] told me, he scorned what lies I could invent against him; but that if I pretended to asperse his wife, he would put me to death, by G—d.—To this threat I answered, "I wish to God I could meet with thee in a desart, that I might have an opportunity of punishing thee for thy perfidy towards me, and rid the world of such a rascal—What hinders me this moment (said I, seizing an old bottle that stood by) from doing myself that justice?" I had no sooner armed myself in this manner, than Gawky and his father-in-law retired in such a hurry, that the one overturned the other, and they rolled together down stairs; while my mistress swooned away with fear; and her daughter asked if I intended to murder her.—I gave her to understand that nothing was farther from my intention; that I would leave her to the stings of her own conscience; but was firmly resolved to slit her husband's nose, whenever fortune should offer a convenient opportunity.—Then going down stairs, I met Lavement coming up trembling with the pestle in his hand, and Gawky behind armed with his sword pushing him forward.—I demanded a parley, and having assured them of my pacific disposition; Gawky exclaimed, "Ah! villain! you have killed my dear wife."—And the apothecary cried, "Ah coquin![21] vere is my shild?"—"The lady," said I, "is above stairs, unhurt by me, and will a few months hence (I believe) reward your concern."—Here she called to them, and desired they would let the wretch go, and trouble themselves no further about him.—To which request her father consented, observing nevertheless, that my conversation was fort mysterieuse.—Finding it impossible to vindicate my innocence, I left the house immediately, and went to the schoolmaster, with an intention of clearing myself to him, and asking his advice with regard to my future conduct; but, to my inexpressible vexation, was told he was gone to the country where he would stay two or three days.—I returned with a design of consulting some acquaintance I had acquired in my master's neighbourhood; but my story had taken air, through the officiousness of the servants, and not one of my friends would vouchsafe me a hearing.—Thus I found myself, by the iniquity of mankind, in a much more deplorable condition than ever: for though I had been formerly as poor, my reputation was without blemish, and my health unimpaired till now;—but at present my good name was lost, my money gone, my friends were alienated, my body was infected by a distemper contracted in the course of an amour;[22] and my faithful Strap, who alone could yield me pity and assistance, absent I knew not where.

The first resolution I could take in this melancholy conjuncture, was to remove my cloaths to the house of the person with whom I had formerly lodged; where I remained

George Cruikshank
Roderick Random threatening to execute justice on Gawky
London, Printed for Cochrane & Pickersgill, 1831.

"Roderick Random threatening to execute justice on Gawky" by Cruikshank. (Call number AC85.J2335.Zz831s2, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

two days, in hope of getting another place, by the interest of Mr. Concordance, to whom I made no doubt of being able to vindicate my character;—but in this supposition I reckoned without my host, for Lavement took care to be before-hand with me, and when I attempted to explain the whole affair to the schoolmaster, I found him so prepossessed against me that he would scarce hear me to an end; but when I had finished my justification, shook his head, and beginning with his usual exclamation, O C——st! said, "That won't go down with me.—I am very sorry I should have the misfortune of being concerned in the affair, but however shall be more cautious for the future—I will trust no man from henceforward—no, not my father who begat me—nor the brother who lay with me in my mother's womb—should Daniel[23] rise from the dead I would think him an impostor, and were the genius of truth[24] to appear, would question its veracity."—I told him, that one day, it was possible, he might be convinced of the injury I had suffered, and repent of his premature determination.—To which remark he answered, the proof of my innocence would make his bowels vibrate with joy; "but till that shall happen (continued he) I must beg to have no manner of connection with you—my reputation is at stake—O my good God! I shall be looked upon as your accomplice and abettor—people will say Jonathan Wild[25] was but a type of me—boys will hoot at me as I pass along; and the cinder-wenches[26] belch forth reproaches wafted in a gale impregnated with gin—I shall be notorious—the very butt of slander, and cloaca[27] of infamy."—I was not in an humour to relish the climax of expressions upon which this gentleman valued himself in all his discourses; but without any ceremony took my leave, cursed with every sentiment of horror, which my situation could suggest. I considered, however, in the intervals of my despondence, that I must in some shape suit my expence to my calamitous circumstances; and with that view hired an apartment in a garret near St. Giles's,[28] at the rate of nine-pence *per* week.—In this place I resolved to perform my own cure, having first pawned three shirts to purchase medicines and support for the occasion.

One day when I sat in this solitary retreat, musing upon the unhappiness of my fate, I was alarmed by a groan that issued from a chamber contiguous to mine, into which I immediately ran, and found a woman stretched on a miserable truckle bed,[29] without any visible signs of life. Having applied a smelling bottle to her nose, the blood began to revisit her cheeks, and she opened her eyes; but, good heaven! what were the emotions of my soul, when I discovered her to be the same individual lady, who had triumphed over my heart, and to whose fate I had almost been inseparably joined! Her deplorable situation filled my breast with compassion, and every tender idea reviving in my imagination, I flew into her embrace. She knew me immediately; and straining me gently in her arms, shed a torrent of tears, which I could not help encreasing: At length, casting a languishing look at me, she pronounced, with a feeble voice, "Dear Mr. Random, I do not deserve this concern at your hands—I am a vile creature, who had a base design upon your person—suffer me to expiate that and all my other crimes by a miserable death, which will not fail to overtake me in a few hours."—I encouraged her as much as I could, told her I forgave all her intentions with regard to me; and that, although my circumstances were extremely low, I would share my last farthing with her.—In the mean time, begged to know the immediate cause of that fit

from which she had just recovered, and said I would endeavour, by my skill, to prevent any more such attacks.—She seemed very much affected with this expression, took my hand and pressed it to her lips, saying, "You are too generous! I wish I could live to express my gratitude—but, alas! I perish for want."—Then shutting her eyes, she relapsed into another swoon.—Such extremity of distress must have waked the most obdurate heart to sympathy and compassion: What effect then must it have had on mine, that was naturally prone to every tender passion? I ran down stairs and sent my landlady to a chymist's shop for some cinnamon-water, while I, returning to this unfortunate creature's chamber, used all the means in my power to bring her to herself: This aim with much difficulty I accomplished, and made her drink a glass of the cordial to recruit her spirits; then I prepared a little mulled red wine and a toast, which having taken, she found herself thoroughly revived, and informed me, that she had not tasted food for eight and forty hours before.—As I was impatient to know the occasion and nature of her calamity, she gave me to understand that she was a woman of the town by profession;—that in the course of her adventures, she found herself dangerously infected with a distemper to which all of her class are particularly subject;—that her malady gaining ground every day, she became loathsome to herself, and offensive to others; when she resolved to retire to some obscure corner, where she might be cured with as little noise and expence as possible; that she had accordingly chosen this place of retreat, and put herself into the hands of an advertising doctor,[30] who having fleeced her of all the money she had, or could procure, left her three days ago in a worse condition than that in which he found her;—that except the cloaths on her back, she had pawned or sold every thing that belonged to her, to satisfy that rapacious quack, and quiet the clamour of her landlady, who still persisted in her threats to turn her out into the street.—After having moralized upon these particulars, I proposed that she should lodge in the same room with me, an expedient that would save some money; and assured her I would undertake her cure as well as my own, during which she should partake of all the conveniencies that I could afford to myself.—She embraced my offer with unfeigned acknowledgment, and I began to put it in practice immediately.—I found, in her, not only an agreeable companion, whose conversation greatly alleviated my chagrin, but also a careful nurse, who served me with the utmost fidelity and affection. One day, while I testified my surprize that a woman of her beauty, good sense, and education (for she had a large portion of each) could be reduced to such an infamous and miserable way of life as that of a prostitute; she answered with a sigh, "These very advantages were the cause of my undoing."—This remarkable reply inflamed my curiosity to such a degree, that I begged she would favour me with the particulars of her story, and she complied in these words.

[Roderick Random finds Miss Williams on her sickbed] by Rowlandson. (Courtesy of The Lewis Walpole Library, Yale University.)

CHAPTER XXII.

The History of Miss WILLIAMS.[1]

My father was an eminent merchant in the city, who having, in the course of trade, suffered very considerable losses, retired in his old age with his wife to a small estate in the country, which he had purchased with the remains of his fortune.—At that time I being but eight years of age, was left in town for the convenience of education, boarded with an aunt, who was a rigid presbyterian,[2] and who confined me so closely to what she called the duties of religion, that in time I grew weary of her doctrines, and by degrees conceived an aversion for the good books she daily recommended to my perusal. As I encreased in age, and appeared with a person not disagreeable, I contracted a good deal of acquaintance among my own sex, one of whom, after having lamented the restraint I was under from the narrowness of my aunt's sentiments, told me, I must now throw off the prejudices of opinion imbibed under her influence and example, and learn to think for myself; for which purpose she advised me to read Shaftsbury,[3] Tindal,[4] Hobbs,[5] and all the books that are remarkable for their deviation from the old way of thinking, and by comparing one with another, I should soon be able to form a system of my own.—I followed her advice, and whether it was owing to my prepossession against what I had formerly read, or the clearness of argument in these my new instructors, I know not, but I studied them with pleasure, and in a short time became a professed Free-thinker.[6] Proud of my new improvement, I argued in all companies, and that with such success, that I soon acquired the reputation of a philosopher, and few people durst undertake me in a dispute. I grew vain upon my good fortune, and at length pretended to make my aunt a proselyte to my opinion; but she no sooner perceived my drift, than taking the alarm, she wrote to my father an account of my heresy, and conjured him, as he tendered the good of my soul, to remove me immediately from the dangerous place where I had contracted such sinful principles: Accordingly, my father ordered me into the country, where I arrived in the fifteenth year of my age, and by his command, gave him a detail of all the articles of my faith, which he did not find so unreasonable as they had been represented.—Finding myself suddenly deprived of the company and pleasures of the town, I grew melancholy, and it was some time before I could relish my situation.—But solitude became every day more and more familiar to me, and I consoled myself in my retreat with the enjoyment of a good library, at such times as were not employed in the management of the family, (for my mother had been dead three years) in visiting, or some other party of rural diversion.—Having more imagination than judgment, I addicted myself too much to poetry and romance;[7] and in short was looked upon as a very extraordinary person by every body in the country where I resided.—I had one evening strayed with a book in my hand, into a wood that bordered on the high road, at a little distance from my father's house; when a certain drunken squire, riding by, perceived me, and crying, "Z——ds! there's a charming creature!" alighted in a moment, caught me in

his arms, and treated me so rudely, that I shrieked as loud as I could, and in the mean time opposed his violence with all the strength that rage and resentment could inspire.—During this struggle, another horseman came up, who, seeing a lady so unworthily used, dismounted and flew to my assistance.—My ravisher, mad with disappointment, or provoked with the reproaches of the other gentleman, quitted me, and running to his horse, drew a pistol from the saddle, and fired it at my protector, who happily receiving no damage, went up, and with the butt end of his whip, laid him prostrate on the ground, before he could use the other, which his antagonist immediately seized, and clapping to the squire's breast, threatened to put him to death for his cowardice and treachery: In this dilemma I interposed and begged his life, which was granted to my request, after he had asked pardon, and swore his intention was only to obtain a kiss.—However, my defender thought proper to unload the other pistol, and throw away the flints, before he gave him his liberty.—This courteous stranger conducted me home, where my father, having learned the signal service he had done me, loaded him with caresses, and insisted on his lodging that night at our house.—If the obligation he had conferred upon me justly inspired me with sentiments of gratitude, his appearance and conversation seemed to intitle him to somewhat more.—He was about the age of two and twenty, among the tallest of the middle size; had chesnut-coloured hair, which he wore tied up in a ribbon; a high polished fore-head, a nose inclining to the aquiline, lively blue eyes, red pouting lips, teeth as white as snow, and a certain openness of countenance,—but what need I describe any more particulars of his person? I hope you will do me the justice to believe I do not flatter, when I say he was the exact resemblance of you; and if I had not been well acquainted with his family and pedigree, I should have made no scruple of concluding that you was his brother.—He spoke little, and seemed to have no reserve, for what he said was ingenuous, sensible, and uncommon.—In short (said she, bursting into tears) he was formed for the ruin of our sex.—His behaviour was modest and respectful, but his looks were so significant that I could easily observe, he secretly blessed the occasion that introduced him to my acquaintance.—We learned from his discourse that he was eldest son of a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, to whose name we were no strangers; that he had been to visit an acquaintance in the country, from whose house he was returning home, when my shrieks brought him to my rescue. All night long my imagination formed a thousand ridiculous expectations: There was so much of knight errantry in this gentleman's coming to the relief of a damsel in distress, with whom he immediately became enamoured, that all I had read of love and chivalry recurred to my fancy, and I looked upon myself as a princess in some region of romance, who, being delivered from the power of a brutal giant or satyr by a generous Oroondates,[8] was bound in gratitude, as well as led by inclination, to yield up my affections to him without reserve. In vain did I endeavour to chastise these foolish conceits by reflexions more reasonable and severe: The amusing images took full possession of my mind, and my dreams represented my hero sighing at my feet, in the language of a despairing lover.—Next morning after breakfast he took his leave, when my father begged the favour of further acquaintance with him; to which request he replied by a compliment to him, and a look to me so full of eloquence and tenderness, that my whole soul received the

soft impression.—In a short time he repeated his visit; and, as a recital of the particular steps he pursued to ruin me, would be too tedious and impertinent, let it suffice to say, he made it his business to insinuate himself into my esteem, by convincing me of his own good sense, and at the same time flattering my understanding: This task he performed in the most artful manner, by seeming to contradict me often through misapprehension, that I might have an opportunity of clearing myself, the more to my own honour. Having thus secured my good opinion, he began to give me some tokens of a particular passion founded on a veneration for the qualities of my mind,[9] and as an accidental ornament, admir'd the beauties of my person; till at length, being fully persuaded of his conquest, he chose a proper season for the theme, and disclos'd his love in terms so ardent and sincere, that it was impossible for me to disguise the sentiments of my heart, and he received my approbation with the most lively transport. After this mutual declaration, we contrived to meet more frequently, in private interviews, where we enjoy'd the conversation of one another, in all the elevation of fancy and impatience of hope, that reciprocal adoration can inspire.——He professed his honourable intentions, of which I made no question, lamented the avaricious disposition of his father, who had destin'd him for the arms of another, and vowed eternal fidelity with such an appearance of candour and devotion, that I became a dupe to his deceit, and in an evil hour crowned his eager desire with full possession.—Cursed be the day on which I gave away my innocence and peace for a momentary gratification, which has entail'd upon me such misery and horror! cursed be my beauty that first attracted the attention of the seducer! cursed be my education, that by refining my sentiments, made my heart the more susceptible! cursed be my good sense that fixed me to one object, and taught me the preference I enjoyed was but my due! Had I been ugly, no body would have tempted me; had I been ignorant, the charms of my person would not have attoned for the coarseness of my conversation; had I been giddy, my vanity would have divided my inclinations, and my ideas would have been so diffused, that I should never have listened to the enchantments of one alone.

But to return to my unfortunate story: we gave a loose to guilty pleasure, which for some months banished every other concern.—At last by degrees, his visits became less frequent, and his behaviour less warm: I perceived his coldness, my heart took the alarm, my tears reproached him, and I insisted upon the performance of his promise to espouse me, that whatever should happen, my reputation might be safe: he seemed to acquiesce in my proposal, and left me on pretence of finding a proper clergyman to unite us in the bands of wedlock.—But, alas! the inconstant had no intention to return: I waited a whole week with the utmost impatience; sometimes doubting his honour, at other times inventing excuses for him, and condemning myself for harbouring the least suspicion of his faith.—At length, I understood from a gentleman who dined at our house, that this perfidious wretch was on the point of setting out for London with his bride, to buy cloaths for their approaching nuptials.—This information distracted me! the more so, as I found myself some months gone with child, and reflected, that it would be impossible to conceal my disgrace, which would not only ruin the character I had acquired in the country, but also bring the grey hairs of an indulgent parent with sorrow to the grave. Rage took possession of my soul; I denounced a thousand impreca-

tions, and formed as many schemes of revenge against the traitor who had undone me! Then my resentment would subside to silent sorrow: I recalled the tranquillity I had lost, I wept over my infatuation, and sometimes a ray of hope would intervene, and for a moment cheer my drooping heart; I would revolve all the favourable circumstances of his character, repeat the vows he made, ascribe his absence to the vigilance of a suspicious father who compelled him to a match his soul abhorred, and comfort myself with the expectation of seeing him before the thing should be brought to any terms of agreement.—But how vain was my imagination? The villain left me without remorse, and in a few days the news of his marriage were spread all over the country.—My horror was then inconceivable! and had not the desire of revenge diverted the resolution, I should infallibly have put an end to my miserable life.—My father observed the symptoms of my despair; and, though I have good reason to believe he guessed the cause, was at a great deal of pains to seem ignorant of my affliction, while he endeavoured with paternal fondness to alleviate my distress. I saw his concern, which increased my anguish, and raised my fury against the author of my calamity to an implacable degree. Having furnished myself with a little money, I made an elopement from this unhappy parent in the night-time, and, about break of day, arrived at a small town from whence a stage-coach set out for London, in which I embarked, and next day alighted in town; the spirit of revenge having supported me all the way against every other reflection.—My first care was to hire a lodging, in which I kept myself very retired, having assumed a feigned name, that my character and situation might be the better concealed. It was not long before I found out the house of my ravisher, whither I immediately repaired in a transport of rage, determined to act some desperate deed for the satisfaction of my despair, though the hurry of my spirits would not permit me to concert or resolve upon a particular plan. When I demanded admission to Lothario[10] (so let me call him) I was desired to send up my name and business; but this I refused, telling the porter I had business for his master's private ear: Upon which I was conducted into a parlour until he should be informed of my request.——There I remained about a quarter of an hour, when a servant entered and told me his master was engaged with company, and begged to be excused at that time.—My temper could hold out no longer: I pulled a poignard[11] from my bosom where I had concealed it, and rushing out, flew up stairs like a fury, exclaiming, "Where is this perfidious villain! Could I once plunge this dagger into his false heart, I should then die satisfied." The noise I made alarmed not only the servants, but the company also, who, hearing my threats, came forwards to the stair-case to see what was the matter. I was seized, disarmed, and with-held by two footmen; and in this situation felt the most exquisite torture in beholding my undoer approach with his young wife. I could not endure the sight, was deprived of my senses, and fell into a severe fit, during which I know not how I was treated; but when I recovered the use of reflection, found myself on a bed in a paultry apartment, where I was attended by an old woman, who asked a thousand impertinent questions relating to my condition; and informed me that my behaviour had thrown the whole family into confusion; that Lothario affirmed I was mad, and proposed to have me sent to Bedlam;[12] but my lady persuaded herself there was more in my conduct than he cared should be known, and had taken to her bed on bare suspicion, having first ordered that

I should be narrowly looked to. I heard all she said without making any other reply, than desiring she would do me the favour to call a chair; but this (she told me) could not be done without her master's consent, which, however, was easily procured, and I was conveyed to my own lodgings in a state of mind that baffles all description. The agitation of my thoughts produced a fever, which brought on a miscarriage; and I believe it is well for my conscience that heaven thus disposed of my burden; for, let me own to you with penitence and horror, if I had brought a living child into the world, my frenzy would have prompted me to sacrifice the little innocent to my resentment of the father's infidelity.

After this event my rage abated, and my hate became more deliberate and calm: when one day, my landlady informed me that there was a gentleman below who desired to see me, he having something of consequence to impart, which he was sure would contribute to my peace of mind. I was exceedingly alarmed at this declaration, which I attempted to interpret a thousand ways; and before I came to any determination he entered my room, with an apology for intruding upon me against my knowledge or consent.—I surveyed him some time, and not being able to recollect his face demanded, with a faultering accent, what his business was with me? Upon which, he desired I would give him a particular audience, and he did not doubt of communicating something that would conduce to my satisfaction and repose. As I thought myself sufficiently guarded against any violence, I granted his request, and bad the woman withdraw. The stranger then advancing, gave me to understand that he was well acquainted with the particulars of my story, having been informed of them from Lothario's own mouth—that from the time he knew my misfortunes, he had entertained a detestation for the author of them; which had of late been increased and inflamed to a desire of revenge, by a piece of dishonourable conduct towards him—that hearing of my melancholy situation, he had come with an intention of offering his assistance and comfort, and was ready to espouse my quarrel, and forthwith take vengeance on my seducer, provided I would grant him one consideration, which (he hoped) I should see no reason to refuse.—Had all the artifice of hell been employed in composing a persuasive, it could not have had a more instantaneous or favourable effect than this discourse had upon me. I was transported with a delirium of gloomy joy; I hugged my companion in my arms, and vowed that if he would make good his promise, my soul and body should be at his disposal.—The contract was made; he devoted himself to my revenge, undertook to murder Lothario that very night, and to bring me an account of his death before morning. Accordingly, about two of the clock, he was introduced to my chamber, and assured me my perfidious lover was no more; that although he was not entitled to such an honourable proceeding, he had fairly challenged him to the field, where he upbraided him with his treachery towards me, for whom (he told him) his sword was drawn, and after a few passes left him weltering in his blood.—I was so savaged by my wrongs, that I delighted in the recital of this adventure, made him repeat the particulars, feasted my eyes with the blood that remained on his cloaths and sword, and yielded up my body as a recompence for the service he had done me. My imagination was so engrossed by these ideas, that in my sleep I dreamed Lothario appeared before me, pale, mangled and bloody,[13] blamed my rashness, protested his

innocence, and pleaded his own cause so pathetically, that I was convinced of his fidelity, and waked in a fit of horror and remorse.—My bed-fellow endeavoured to sooth, console, and persuade me that I had but barely done justice to myself.—I dropt asleep again, and the same apparition recurred to my fancy.—In short, I passed the night in great misery, and looked upon my avenger with such abhorrence, that in the morning, perceiving my aversion, he insinuated there was still a possibility of Lothario's recovery; it was true, he left him wounded on the ground, but not quite dead; and perhaps his hurts might not be mortal.—At these words I started up, bad him fly for intelligence, and if he could not bring me tidings of Lothario's safety, at least consult his own and never return, for, I was resolved to surrender myself to justice, and declare all that I knew of the affair, that, if possible, I might expiate my own guilt, by incurring the rigours of a sincere repentance and ignominious death.—He very coolly represented the unreasonableness of my prejudice against him, who had done nothing but what his love of me inspired, and honour justified;—that now he had, at the risk of his life, been subservient to my revenge, I was about to discard him as an infamous agent occasionally necessary: and that, even if he should be so lucky as to bring news of Lothario's safety, it was probable my former resentment might revive, and I would upbraid him with having failed in his undertaking.—I assured him that, on the contrary, he should be dearer to me than ever, as I then should be convinced he acted more on the principles of a man of honour, than on those of a mercenary assassin, and scorned to take away the life of an adversary (how inveterate soever) which fortune had put in his power.—"Well then, madam," said he, "whatever may have happened, I shall find it no difficult matter to acquit myself in point of honour."—And took his leave in order to enquire into the consequences of his duel.—I was now more sensible than ever of the degrees of guilt and misery; all the affliction I had suffered hitherto was owing to my own credulity and weakness, and my conscience could only accuse me of venial crimes: but now that I looked upon myself as a murderer, it is impossible to express the terrors of my imagination, which was incessantly haunted by the image of the deceased, and my bosom stung with the most exquisite agonies, of which I saw no end.—At length, Horatio[14] (for so I shall call my keeper) returned, and telling me I had nothing to fear, delivered into my hands a billet containing these words.

"Madam,

As I understand it is of consequence to your peace, I take this liberty to inform you, that the wounds I received from Horatio are not mortal. This satisfaction my humanity could not deny even to a person who has endeavoured to disturb the repose, as well as destroy the life of

Lothario."

Being well acquainted with his hand, I had no reason to suspect an imposition in this letter, which I read over and over with a transport of joy, and caressed Horatio so much, that he appeared the happiest man alive. Thus was I won from despair by the menaces of a greater misfortune than that which depressed me.—Griefs are like usurpers, the most powerful deposes all the rest—But my raptures were not lasting—that very letter which in a manner re-established my tranquillity, in a little time ban-

ished my peace.—His unjust reproaches, while they waked my resentment, recalled my former happiness, and filled my soul with rage and sorrow.—Horatio, perceiving the situation of my mind, endeavoured to divert my chagrin, by treating me with all the amusements and entertainments of the town. I was gratified with every indulgence I could desire; introduced into the company of other kept mistresses,[15] by whom an uncommon deference was paid to me; and I began to lose all remembrance of my former condition, when an accident brought it back to my view with all its interesting circumstances.—Diverting myself one day with some news papers, which I had not before perused, the following advertisement attracted my attention.

"Whereas a young gentlewoman disappeared from her father's house, in the county of ——, about the end of September, on account (as is supposed) of some uneasiness of mind, and has not been as yet heard of; whoever will give any information about her to Mr. —— of Gray's-Inn,[16] shall be handsomely rewarded; or if she will return to the arms of her disconsolate parent, she will be received with the utmost tenderness, whatever reason she may have to think otherwise; and may be the means of prolonging the life of a father, already weighed down almost to the grave with age and sorrow."

This pathetic remonstrance had such an effect on me, that I was fully resolved to return like the prodigal son,[17] and implore the forgiveness of him who gave me life; but alas! upon enquiry, I found he had paid his debt to nature a month before, lamenting my absence to his last hour, having left his fortune to a stranger, as a mark of his resentment of my unkind and undutiful behaviour.—Penetrated with remorse on this occasion, I sunk into the most profound melancholy, and considered myself as the immediate cause of his death.—I lost all relish for company, and indeed most of my acquaintances no sooner perceived my change of temper, than they abandoned me. Horatio, disgusted at my insensibility, or (which is more probable) cloyed with possession, became colder and colder every day, till at last he left me altogether, without making any apology for his conduct, or securing me against the miseries of want, as a man of honour ought to have done, considering the share he had in my ruin; for I afterwards learned that the quarrel between Lothario and him, was a story trumped up to rid the one of my importunities, and give the other the enjoyment of my person, which, it seems, he lusted after, upon seeing me at the house of my seducer.—Reduced to this extremity, I cursed my own simplicity, uttered horrid imprecations against the treachery of Horatio; and as I became every day more and more familiarized to the loss of innocence, resolved to be revenged on the sex in general, by practising their own arts upon themselves.—Nor was an opportunity long wanting: an old gentlewoman, under pretence of sympathizing, visited me, and after having condoled me on my misfortunes, and professed a disinterested friendship, began to display the art of her occupation, in encomiums on my beauty, and invectives against the wretch who had forsaken me; insinuating withal, that it would be my own fault if I did not still make my fortune by the extraordinary qualifications with which nature had endowed me.—I soon understood her drift, and gave her such encouragement to explain herself, that we came to an agreement immediately to divide the profits of my prostitution, accruing from

such gallants as she should introduce to my acquaintance. The first stroke of my dissimulation, was practised upon a certain J——ge, to whom I was recommended by this matron, as an innocent creature just arrived from the country. He was so transported with my appearance and feigned simplicity, that he paid a hundred guineas[18] for the possession of me for one night only, during which I behaved in such a manner, as to make him perfectly well pleased with his purchase.

CHAPTER XXIII.

She is interrupted by a bailiff,[1] who arrests, and carries her to the Marshalsea[2]——I accompany her——bring witnesses to prove she is not the person named in the writ——the bailiff is fain to give her a present and discharge her——we shift our lodging——she resumes her story and ends it——my reflections thereupon——she makes me acquainted with the progress of a common woman of the town——resolves to quit that way of life.

Her story was here interrupted by a rap at the door, which I no sooner opened, than three or four terrible fellows rushed in, one of whom accosted my fellow-lodger thus:—"Madam, your servant—you must do me the favour to come along with me—I have got a writ against you."—While the bailiff (for so he was) spoke thus, his followers surrounded the prisoner, and began to handle her very roughly.—This treatment incensed me so much, that I snatched up the poker, and would certainly have used it in defence of the lady, without any regard to the strength and number of her adversaries, had she not begged me with a composure of countenance, for which I could not account, to use no violence in her behalf, which could be of no service to her, but might be very detrimental to myself.—Then turning to the leader of this formidable troop, she desired to see the writ, and having perused it, said with a faultering voice, "I am not the person whose name is here mentioned; arrest me at your peril."—"Ay, ay, Madam (replied the catchpole)[3] we shall prove your identity.—In the mean time, whether will you be pleased to be carried to my house[4] or to jail?"—"If I must be confined," said she, "I would rather be in your house than in a common jail."—"Well, well," answered he, "if you have money enough in your pocket, you shall be entertained like a princess."—But when she acquainted him with her poverty, he swore he never gave credit, and ordered one of his myrmidons[5] to call a coach, to carry her to the Marshalsea at once.—While they waited for the convenience she took me aside, and bad me be under no concern on her account, for she knew how to extricate herself from this difficulty very soon, and perhaps gain something by the occasion.—Although her dis-

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course was a mystery to me, I was very well pleased with her assurance, and when the coach came to the door, offered to accompany her to prison; to which proposal, after much intreaty, she consented.—When we arrived at the gate of the Marshalsea, our conductor alighted, and having demanded entrance, presented the writ to the turnkey, who no sooner perceived the name of Elizabeth Cary,[6] than he cried, "Ah hah! my old acquaintance Bett! I'm glad to see thee with all my heart."—So saying he opened the coach-door, and helped her to dismount; but when he observed her face, he started back, saying, "Z——ds! who have you got here?"—The bailiff, alarmed at this interrogation, cried with some emotion, "Who the devil should it be, but the prisoner Elizabeth Cary?" The turnkey replied, "That Elizabeth Cary!—I'll be damned if that's Elizabeth Cary, more than my grandmother.—D——n my blood, I know Bett Cary as well as if I had made her."—Here the lady thought fit to interpose, and tell the catchpole, if he had taken her word for it at first, he might have saved himself and her a great deal of trouble.—"It may be so (answered he) but by G—d, I'll have further evidence that you are not the person before you and I part."—"Yes, yes," said she, "you shall have further evidence to your cost."—Then we adjourned into the lodge,[7] and called for a bottle of wine, where my companion wrote a direction to two of her acquaintance, and begged the favour of me to go to their lodgings, and request them to come to her immediately: I found them together at a house in Bridges-street,[8] Drury-lane, and as they were luckily unengaged, they set out with me in a hackney-coach, without hesitation, after I had related the circumstances of the affair, which flattered them with hopes of seeing a bailiff trounced; for there is an antipathy as natural between the whores and bailiffs, as that subsisting between mice and cats.——Accordingly, when they entered the lodge, they embraced the prisoner very affectionately by the name of Nancy Williams; and asked how long she had been nabb'd, and for what?—On hearing the particulars of her adventure repeated, they offered to swear before a justice of peace that she was not the person mentioned in the writ, whom, it seems, they all knew; but the bailiff, who by this time was convinced of his mistake, told them he would not put them to that trouble.—"Ladies," said he, "there's no harm done—you shall give me leave to treat you with another bottle, and then we'll part friends."—This proposal was not at all relished by the sisterhood; and miss Williams told him: Sure he did not imagine her such a fool as to be satisfied with a paultry glass of sour wine.—Here the turnkey interrupted her, by affirming with an oath, that the wine was as good as ever was tipped over tongue.—"Well (continued she) that may be—but was it the best of champaign, it is no recompence for the damage I have suffered both in character and health, by being wrongfully dragged to jail—At this rate no innocent person is safe, since an officer of justice, out of malice, private pique, or mistake, may injure and oppress the subject with impunity—but, thank heaven, I live under the protection of laws[9] that will not suffer such insults to pass unpunished, and I know very well how to procure redress."—Mr. Vulture[10] (for that was the bailiff's name) finding he had to deal with one who would not be imposed upon, began to look very sullen and perplexed, and leaning his forehead on his hand, entered into a deliberation with himself, which lasted a few minutes, and then broke out in a volley of dreadful curses against the old b——ch our landlady (as he called her) for having misinformed

him—After much wrangling and swearing, the matter was referred to the decision of the turnkey, who calling for the other bottle, mulcted[11] the bailiff in all the liquor that had been drank, coach-hire, and a couple of guineas for the use of the plaintiff.—The money was immediately deposited; Miss Williams gratified the two evidences with one half, and putting the other in her pocket, drove home with me, leaving the catchpole grumbling over his loss, yet pleased in the main, for having so cheaply got clear of a business that might have cost him ten times the sum, and his place to boot.—This guinea was a very seasonable relief to us, who were reduced to great necessity, six of my shirts and almost all my cloaths, except those on my back, having been either pawned or sold for our maintenance before this happened.—As we resented the behaviour of our landlady, our first care was to provide ourselves with another lodging, whither we removed next day, with an intention to keep ourselves as retired as possible until our cure should be completed.—When we were fixed in our new habitation, I intreated her to finish the story of her life, which she pursued in this manner:

The success of our experiment on the J——ge, encouraged us to practise the same deceit on others, and my virginity was five times sold to good purpose; but this harvest lasted not long, my character taking air, and my directress deserting me for some new game. Then I took lodgings near Charing-cross,[12] at two guineas *per* week, and began to entertain company in a public manner:—But my income being too small to defray my expence, I was obliged to retrench, and enter into articles with the porters of certain taverns, who undertook to find employment enough for me, provided I would share my profits with them—Accordingly, I was almost every night engaged with company, among whom I was exposed to every mortification, danger and abuse, that flow from drunkenness, brutality and disease.[13]—How miserable is the condition of a courtezan, whose business is to sooth, suffer and obey, the dictates of rage, insolence and lust!—As my spirit was not sufficiently humbled to the will, nor my temper calculated for the conversation of my gallants, it was impossible for me to overcome an aversion I felt for my profession, which manifested itself in a settled gloom on my countenance, and disgusted those sons of mirth and riot so much, that I was frequently used in a shocking manner, and kicked down stairs with disgrace.—The messengers seeing me disagreeable to their benefactors and employers, seldom troubled me with a call, and I began to find myself almost totally neglected. To contribute towards my support, I was fain to sell my watch, rings, trinkets, with the best part of my cloaths; and I was one evening musing by myself, on the misery before me, when I received a message from a bagnio, whither I repaired in a chair, and was introduced to a gentleman dressed like an officer, with whom I supped in a sumptuous manner, and after drinking a hearty glass of champaign, went to bed.—In the morning when I awoke I found my gallant had got up, and drawing aside the curtain, could not perceive him in the room. This circumstance gave me some uneasiness, but as he might have retired on some necessary occasion, I waited a full hour for his return; and then in the greatest perplexity rose up, and rung the bell. When the waiter came to the door, he found it locked, and desired admittance, which I granted, after observing with great surprize, that the key remained on the inside, as when we went to bed.—I no sooner enquired for the

captain, than the fellow staring with a distracted look, cried, "How, Madam! is he not a-bed?" And when he was satisfied as to that particular, ran into a closet adjoining to the chamber, the window of which he found open.——Through this, the adventurer had got upon a wall, from whence he dropped down into a court and escaped; leaving me to be answerable, not only for the reckoning, but also for a large silver tankard and posset[14] bowl, which he had carried off with him.—It is impossible to describe the consternation I was under, when I saw myself detained as a thief's accomplice; for I was looked upon in that light, and carried before a justice, who mistaking my confusion for a sign of guilt, committed me, after a short examination, to Bridewell, having advised me, as the only means to save my life, to turn evidence, and impeach my confederate.—I now concluded, the vengeance of heaven had overtaken me, and that I must soon finish my career by an ignominious death.—This reflection sunk so deep into my soul, that I was for some days deprived of my reason, and actually believed myself in hell, tormented by fiends: Indeed, there needs not a very extravagant imagination to form that idea; for of all the scenes on earth, that of Bridewell approaches nearest the notion I had always entertained of the infernal regions.[15]—Here I saw nothing but rage, anguish and impiety; and heard nothing but groans, curses and blasphemy.—In the midst of this hellish crew, I was subjected to the tyranny of a barbarian, who imposed upon me tasks that I could not possibly perform, and then punished my incapacity with the utmost rigour and inhumanity. I was often whipt into a swoon, and lashed out of it, during which miserable intervals, I was robbed by my fellow-prisoners of every thing about me, even to my cap, shoes and stockings: I was not only destitute of necessaries, but even of food; so that my wretchedness was extreme. Not one of my acquaintance to whom I imparted my situation, would grant me the least succour or regard, on pretence of my being committed for theft; and my landlord refused to part with some of my own cloaths which I sent for, because I was indebted to him for a week's lodging—Overwhelmed with calamity, I grew desperate, and resolved to put an end to my grievances and life together; for this purpose I got up in the middle of the night, when I thought every body round me asleep, and fixing one end of my handkerchief to a large hook in the ceiling, that supported the scales on which the hemp is weigh'd, I stood upon a chair, and making a noose on the other end, put my neck into it, with an intention to hang myself; but before I could adjust the knot, I was surprized and prevented by two women who had been awake all the while, and suspected my design.—In the morning my attempt was published among the prisoners, and punished with thirty stripes, the pain of which co-operating with my disappointment and disgrace, bereft me of my senses and threw me into an ecstasy of madness, during which I tore the flesh from my bones with my teeth, and dashed my head against the pavement.—So that they were obliged to set a watch over me, to restrain me from doing further mischief to myself and others.—This fit of phrenzy continued three days, at the end of which I grew calm and sullen; but as the desire of making away with myself still remained, I came to a determination of starving myself to death, and with that view refused all sustenance. Whether it was owing to the want of opposition, or to the weakness of nature, I know not, but on the second day of my fast, I found my resolution considerably impaired, and the calls of hunger almost insupportable.—At this critical

conjuncture a lady was brought into the prison with whom I had contracted an acquaintance while I lived with Horatio; she was then on the same footing as I was, but afterwards quarrelling with her gallant, and not finding another to her mind, altered her scheme of life, and set up a coffee-house among the hundreds of Drury,[16] where she entertained gentlemen with claret, arrack, and the choice of half a dozen of damsels, who lived in her house. This serviceable matron having neglected to gratify a certain j——ce for the connivance she enjoyed, was indicted at the quarter-sessions;[17] in consequence of which her bevy was dispersed, and herself committed to Bridewell.—She had not been long there, before she learned my disaster, and coming up to me, after a compliment of condolance, enquired into the particulars of my fate: while we were engaged in discourse together, the master came and told me, that the fellow on whose account I had suffered was taken, that he had confessed the theft, and cleared me of any concern in the affair; for which reason he, the master, had orders to discharge me, and that I was from that moment free. This piece of news soon banished all thoughts of death, and had such an instantaneous effect on my countenance, that Mrs. Coupler[18] (the lady then present) hoping to find her account in me, very generously offered to furnish me with what necessaries I wanted, and take me into her own house, as soon as she could compromise matters with the j——ces. The conditions of her offer, were, that I should pay three guineas weekly for my board, and a reasonable consideration besides for the use of such cloaths and ornaments as she should supply me with, to be deducted from the first profits of my embraces.—These were hard terms; but not to be rejected by one who was turned out helpless and naked into the wide world, without a friend to pity or assist her.—I therefore embraced her proposal, and she being bailed in a few hours, took me home with her in a coach. As I was by this time conscious of having formerly disgusted my admirers by my reserved and haughty behaviour, I now endeavoured to conquer that disposition, and the sudden change of my fortune giving me a flow of spirits, I appeared in the most winning and gay manner I could assume. Having the advantage of a good voice and education, I exerted my talents to the uttermost, and soon became the favourite with all company.—This success alarmed the pride and jealousy of Mrs. Coupler, who could not bear the thoughts of being eclipsed: She therefore made a merit of her envy, and whisper'd among her customers that I was unsound.[19]—There needed no more to ruin my reputation and blast my prosperity; every body shunned me with marks of aversion and disdain, and in a very short time I was as solitary as ever. Want of gallants was attended with want of money to satisfy my malicious landlady, who having purposely given me credit to the amount of eleven pounds, took out a writ against me, and I was arrested in her own house—Though the room was crowded with people, when the bailiff entered, not one of them had compassion enough to mollify my prosecutrix, far less to pay the debt; they even laughed at my tears, and one of them bad me be of good cheer, for I should not want admirers in Newgate. At that instant, a sea-lieutenant came in, and seeing my plight, began to enquire into the circumstances of my misfortune, when this wit advised him to keep clear of me, for I was a fire-ship.[20]—"A fire-ship! (replied the sailor) more like a poor galley in distress that has been boarded by such a fire-ship as you; if so be as that is the case, she stands in more need of assistance.—Harkee, my girl, how

far have you over-run the constable?"—I told him that the debt amounted to eleven pounds, besides the expence of the writ—"An that be all," said he, "you shan't go to the bilboes this bout."[21]—And taking out his purse, paid the money, discharged the bailiff, and telling me, I had got into the wrong port, advised me to seek out a more convenient harbour, where I could be safely hove down,[22] for which purpose he made me a present of five guineas more.—I was so touched with this singular piece of generosity, that for some time I had not power to thank him.—However, as soon as I had recollected myself, I begged the favour of him to go with me to the next tavern, where I explained the nature of my disaster, and convinced him of the falshood of what was reported to my prejudice so effectually, that he from that moment attached himself to me, and we lived in great harmony together, until he was obliged to go to sea, where he perished in a storm.

Having lost my benefactor, and almost consumed the remains of his bounty, I saw myself in danger of relapsing into my former necessity, and began to be very uneasy at the prospect of bailiffs and jails;—when one of the sisterhood, a little stale, advised me to take lodgings in a part of the town where I was unknown, and pass for an heiress, by which artifice I might entrap somebody to be my husband, who would possibly be able to allow me an handsome maintenance, or at worst screen me from the dread and danger of a prison, by becoming liable for whatever debts I should contract.—I approved of this scheme, towards the execution of which my companion clubbed[23] her wardrobe, and undertook to live with me in quality of my maid; with the proviso, that she should be reimbursed, and handsomely considered out of the profits of my success.—She was immediately detached to look out for a convenient place, and that very day hired a genteel apartment in Park-street,[24] whither I moved in a coach loaded with her baggage and my own.—I made my first appearance in a blue riding habit trimmed with silver; and my maid acted her part so artfully, that in a day or two, my fame was spread all over the neighbourhood, and I was said to be a rich heiress just arrived from the country.—This report brought a swarm of gay young fellows about me; but I soon found them out to be all indigent adventurers like myself, who crouded to me like crows to a carrion, with a view of preying upon my fortune.—I maintained, however, the appearance of wealth as long as possible, in hopes of gaining some admirer more for my purpose; and at length attracted the regard of one who would have satisfied my wishes; and managed matters so well, that a day was actually fixed for our nuptials: in the interim, he begged leave to introduce an intimate friend to me, which request as I could not refuse, I had the extreme mortification and surprise, to see next night, in that friend, my old keeper Horatio, who no sooner beheld me than he changed colour; but had presence of mind to advance and salute me, bidding me (with a low voice) be under no apprehension, for he would not expose me.—In spite of this assurance, I could not recover myself so far, as to entertain them, but withdrew to my chamber on pretence of a severe head-ach, to the no small concern of my adorer, who took his leave in the tenderest manner, and went off with his friend.

Having imparted my situation to my companion, she found it high time for us to decamp, and that without any noise, because we were not only indebted to our landlady, but also to several tradesmen in the neighbourhood.—Our retreat, (therefore) was

concerted and executed in this manner: Having packed up all our cloaths and moveables in small parcels, she, (on pretence of fetching cordials for me) carried them at several times, to the house of an acquaintance, where she likewise procured a lodging, to which we retired in the middle of the night, when every other body in the house was asleep.—I was now obliged to aim at lower game, and accordingly spread my nets among trades-people; but found them all too phlegmatic or cautious for my art and attractions; till at last I became acquainted with you, on whom I practised all my dexterity; not that I believed you had any fortune or expectation of one, but that I might transfer the burthen of such debts as I had incurred or should contract, from myself to another, and at the same time avenge myself of your sex, by rendering miserable, one who bore such resemblance to the wretch who ruined me; but heaven preserved you from my snares, by the discovery you made, which was owing to the negligence of my maid in leaving the chamber-door unlocked, when she went to buy sugar for breakfast.—The person in bed with me, was a gentleman whom I had allured the night before, as he walked homeward pretty much elevated with liquor; for by this time my condition was so low, that I was forced to turn out in the twilight, to the streets in hopes of prey.—When I found myself detected and forsaken by you, I was fain to move my lodging, and dwell two pair of stairs higher than before: My companion being disappointed in her expectations, left me to trade upon her own bottom, and I had no other resource, than to venture forth, like the owls, in the dark, to pick up a precarious and uncomfortable subsistence. I have often sauntered between Ludgate-hill and Charing-cross,[25] a whole winter night, exposed not only to the inclemency of the weather, but likewise to the rage of hunger and thirst, without being so happy as to meet with one cully;[26] then creep up to my garret, in a deplorable, draggled condition, sneak to bed, and try to bury my appetite and sorrows in sleep.—When I lighted on some rake or tradesman reeling home drunk, I frequently suffered the most brutal treatment; in spite of which I was obliged to affect gaiety and good humour, tho' my soul was stung with resentment and disdain, and my heart loaded with grief and affliction.—In the course of these nocturnal adventures, I was infected with the disease that in a short time render'd me the object of my own abhorrence, and drove me to the retreat, where your benevolence rescued me from the jaws of death.

So much candour and good sense appeared in this lady's narration, that I made no scruple of believing every syllable of what she said; and expressed my astonishment at the variety of miseries she had undergone, in so little time; for all her misfortunes had happened within the compass of two years.—I compared her situation with my own, and found it a thousand times more wretched: I had endured hardships, 'tis true; my whole life had been a series of such, and when I looked forward, the prospect was not much bettered—but then they were become habitual to me, and consequently I could bear them with less difficulty.—If one scheme of life should not succeed, I could have recourse to another, and so to a third, veering about to a thousand different shifts, according to the emergencies of my fate, without forfeiting the dignity of my character, beyond a power of retrieving it, or subjecting myself wholly to the caprice and barbarity of the world. On the other hand, she had known and relished the sweets of pros-

perity, she had been brought up under the wings of an indulgent parent, in all the delicacies to which her sex and rank entitled her; and without any extravagance of hope, entertained herself with the view of uninterrupted happiness thro' the whole scene of life.—How fatal then, how tormenting, how intolerable must her reverse of fortune be! a reverse, that not only robs her of these external comforts, and plunges her into all the miseries of want, but also murthers her peace of mind, and entails upon her the curse of eternal infamy!—Of all professions I pronounced that of a courtezan the most deplorable, and her of all courtezans the most unhappy.—She allowed my observation to be just in the main, but at the same time, affirmed, that notwithstanding the disgraces which had fallen to her share, she had not been so unlucky in the condition of a prostitute as many others of the same community.—"I have often seen, (said she) while I strolled about the streets at midnight, a number of naked wretches reduced to rags and filth, huddled together like swine, in the corner of a dark alley; some of whom, but eighteen months before, I had known the favourites of the town, rolling in affluence, and glittering in all the pomp of equipage[27] and dress."—And indeed the gradation is easily conceived: the most fashionable woman of the town is as liable to contagion as one in a much humbler sphere; she infects her admirers, her situation is public; she is avoided, neglected, unable to support her usual appearance, which however she strives to maintain as long as possible; her credit fails, she is obliged to retrench and become a night-walker, her malady gains ground, she tampers with her constitution, and ruins it; her complexion fades, she grows nauseous to every body, finds herself reduced to a starving condition, is tempted to pick pockets, is detected, committed to Newgate, where she remains in a miserable condition, 'till she is discharged because the plaintiff will not appear to prosecute her. Nobody will afford her lodging, the symptoms of her distemper are grown outragious, she sues to be admitted into an hospital, where she is cured at the expence of her nose;[28] she is turned out naked into the streets, depends upon the addresses of the lowest class, is fain to allay the rage of hunger and cold with gin, degenerates into a brutal insensibility, rots and dies upon a dung-hill.—Miserable wretch that I am! perhaps the same horrors are decreed for me;—"No," cried she (after some pause), "I shall never live to such extremity of distress; my own hand shall open a way for my deliverance, before I arrive at that forlorn period!"—Her condition filled me with sympathy and compassion; I revered her qualifications, looked upon her as unfortunate, not criminal; and attended her with such care and success, that in less than two months, her health, as well as my own, was perfectly re-established.—As we often conferred upon our mutual affairs, and interchanged advice, a thousand different projects were formed, which upon further canvassing appeared impracticable.—We would have gladly gone to service; but who would take us in without recommendation? At length an expedient occurred to her, of which she intended to lay hold; and this was, to procure with the first money she should earn, the homely garb of a country wench, go to some village at a good distance from town, and come up in a waggon, as a fresh girl for service;[29] by which means, she might be provided for in a manner much more suitable to her inclination, than her present way of life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I am reduced to great misery——assaulted on Tower-hill by a press-gang,[1] *who put me on board a tender——my usage there——my arrival on board of the Thunder man of war, where I am put in irons, and afterwards released by the good offices of Mr. Thomson, who recommends me as assistant to the surgeon——he relates his own story, and makes me acquainted with the characters of the captain, surgeon, and first mate.*

I applauded the resolution of Miss Williams, who a few days after, was hired in quality of bar-keeper, by one of the ladies who had witnessed in her behalf at the Marshalsea; and who since that time had got credit with a wine merchant, whose favourite she was, to set up a convenient house of her own.—Thither my fellow-lodger repaired, after having taken leave of me, with a torrent of tears, and a thousand protestations of eternal gratitude; assuring me, she would remain in this situation no longer than she could pick up money sufficient to put her other design in execution.

As for my own part, I saw no resource but the army or navy, between which I hesitated so long, that I found myself reduced to a starving condition.—My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean, as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to enquire for an old school-fellow, who (I understood) had got the command of a small coasting-vessel,[2] then in the river, and implore his assistance.—But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behaviour; for as I crossed Tower-wharf,[3] a squat tawny fellow with a hanger by his side, and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me, calling, "Yo, ho! brother, you must come along with me."—As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation, I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company; upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar, and began to drag me along.—Not being of a humour to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and with one blow of my cudgel, laid him motionless on the ground: and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice, by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success, that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses; and after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head, and another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing tender;[4] where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold, among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well nigh distracted me.—As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief ('tis true) but instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grat-

ing of the hatch-way, and with astonishing composure, sold it before my face to a bum-boat-woman* then on board for a quart of gin, with which he treated his companions, regardless of my circumstances and intreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery, to the midshipman on deck, telling him, at the same time, that unless my hurts were dressed, I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person, who squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me, "I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be damned."—Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season.—In the mean time, loss of blood, vexation and want of food, contributed, with the noisome stench of the place, to throw me into a swoon; out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administred by the tar who stood centinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip,[5] and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board of the Thunder next day, where I should be freed from handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor.—I no sooner heard him name the Thunder, than I asked, if he had belonged to that ship long; and he giving me to understand, he had belonged to her five years, I enquired if he knew lieutenant Bowling?—"Know lieutenant Bowling (said he)—odds my life! and that I do; and a good seaman he is, as ever stept upon forecastle,[6]—and a brave fellow as ever crackt bisket;—none of your guinea pigs,[7]—nor your fresh-water, wishy-washy, fair-weather fowls.—Many a taught[8] gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together.——Here's his health with all my heart, where-ever he is, a-loft or a-low—in heaven or in hell—all's one for that—he needs not be ashamed to shew himself."—I was so much affected with this elogium, that I could not refrain from telling him, I was lieutenant Bowling's kinsman; in consequence of which connexion, he expressed an inclination to serve me, and when he was relieved, brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another can of flip together. While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who (I found) was very much beloved by the ship's company, and pitied for the misfortune that happened to him in Hispaniola, which I was very glad to be informed was not so great as I imagined; for, captain Oakhum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ship. Having by accident, in my pocket my uncle's letter written from Port Louis, I gave it my benefactor (whose name was Jack Rattlin)[9] for his perusal; but honest Jack told me frankly, he could not read, and desired to know the contents, which I immediately communicated: When he heard that part of it, in which, he says, he had writ to his landlord, in Deal; he cried, "Body o' me! that was old Ben. Block,[10]—he was dead before the letter came to hand.—Ey, ey, had Ben. been alive, lieutenant Bowling would have had no occasion to skulk so long.—Honest Ben. was the first man that taught him to hand, reef and steer.[11]—Well, well, we must all die, that's certain,—we must all come to port sooner or later,—at sea or on shore;—we must be fast moored one day,—death's like the best bower anchor,[12] as the saying is, it

* A bum-boat-woman, is one who sells bread, cheese, greens, liquor, and fresh provision to the sailors, in a small boat that lies along-side of the ship.

will bring us all up."—I could not but signify my approbation of the justness of Jack's reflections; and enquired into the occasion of the quarrel between captain Oakhum and my uncle, which he explained in this manner.——"Captain Oakhum, to be sure, is a good man enough—besides, he's my commander;—but what's that to me?—I do my duty, and value no man's anger of a rope's end.[13]—Now the report goes, as how he's a lord's, or baron knight's brother,[14] whereby (d'ye see me)[15] he carries a strait arm,[16] and keeps aloof from his officers, thof, may hap, they may be as good men in the main as he. Now we lying at anchor in Tuberoon bay,[17] lieutenant Bowling had the middle watch,[18] and as he always kept a good look-out, he made (d'ye see) three lights in the offing, whereby he ran down to the great cabin for orders, and found the captain asleep;—whereupon he waked him; which put him in a main high passion, and he swore woundily at the lieutenant, and called him lousy Scotch son of a whore, (for I being then centinel in the steerage,[19] heard all) and swab and lubber, whereby the lieutenant returned the salute, and they jawed together fore and aft[20] a good spell, till at last the captain turned out, and laying hold of a rattan,[21] came athwart Mr. Bowling's quarter; whereby he told the captain, that if he was not his commander, he would heave him over board, and demanded satisfaction a-shore; whereby, in the morning watch, the captain went a-shore in the pinnace,[22] and afterwards the lieutenant carried the cutter[23] a-shore; and so they, leaving the boats crews on their oars, went away together; and so (d'ye see) in less than a quarter of an hour we heard firing, whereby we made for the place, and found the captain lying wounded on the beach, and so brought him on board to the doctor, who cured him in less than six weeks. But, the lieutenant clapt on all the sail he could bear, and had got far enough ahead before we knew any thing of the matter; so that we could never after get sight of him, for which we were not sorry, because the captain was mainly wroth, and would certainly have done him a mischief;—for he afterwards caused him to be run on the ship's books,[24] whereby he lost all his pay, and if he should be taken, would be tried as a deserter."

This account of the captain's behaviour gave me no advantageous idea of his character; and I could not help lamenting my own fate, that had subjected me to such a commander. However, making a virtue of necessity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was with the other pressed men put on board of the Thunder lying at the Nore.[25]—When we came along side, the mate who guarded us thither, ordered my handcuffs to be taken off, that I might get on board the easier; this circumstance being perceived by some of the company who stood upon the gang-boards[26] to see us enter, one of them called to Jack Rattlin, who was busied in doing this friendly office for me; "Hey, Jack, what Newgate galley[27] have you boarded in the river as you came along? Have we not thieves enow among us already?" Another observing my wounds, which remained exposed to the air, told me, my seams were uncaulked, and that I must be new payed.[28]—A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were into distinct cords, took notice, that my bows were manned with the red ropes,[29] instead of my side.—A fourth asked me, if I could not keep my yards square[30] without iron braces? And in short, a thousand witticisms of the same nature were passed upon me, before I could get up the ship's side.—After we had been all entered upon the ship's books, I enquired of one of my ship-mates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds

dressed, and had actually got as far as the middle deck (for our ship carried eighty guns) in my way to the cock-pit,[31] when I was met by the same midshipman, who had used me so barbarously in the tender: He seeing me free from my chains, asked, with an insolent air, who had released me? To this question I foolishly answered with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts; "Whoever did it, I am persuaded did not consult you in the affair."—I had no sooner uttered these words, than he cried, "Damn you, you saucy son of a bitch, I'll teach you to talk so to your officer."[32]—So saying he bestowed on me several severe stripes, with a supple Jack[33] he had in his hand; and going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me, that I was immediately put in irons by the master at arms,[34] and a centinel placed over me.——Honest Rattlin, as soon as he heard of my condition, came to me, and administred all the consolation he could, and then went to the surgeon in my behalf, who sent one of his mates to dress my wounds. This mate was no other than my old friend Thomson, with whom I became acquainted at the Navy-office, as before mentioned. If I knew him at first sight, it was not easy for him to recognize me, disfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the misery I had undergone.—Unknown as I was to him, he surveyed me with looks of compassion, and handled my sores with great tenderness. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I asked him if my misfortunes had disguised me so much, that he could not recollect my face? Upon this address he observed me with great earnestness for some time, and at length, protested he could not recollect one feature of my countenance.—To keep him no longer in suspence, I told him my name; which when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and professed his sorrow in seeing me in such a disagreeable situation. I made him acquainted with my story, and when he heard how inhumanly I had been used in the tender, he left me abruptly, assuring me, I should see him again soon. I had scarce time to wonder at his sudden departure, when the master at arms came to the place of my confinement, and bad me follow him to the quarter-deck,[35] where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who commanded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me.—I recounted the particulars of his behaviour to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship, part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement to make way for him, who was delivered to the master at arms to take his turn in the bilboes.——And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed, for I was, at the request of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty, than that of assisting his mates in making and administring medicines to the sick.—This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr. Thomson, who had represented me in such a favourable light to the surgeon, that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead.——When I had obtained this favour, my friend Thomson carried me down to the cock-pit, which is the place allotted for the habitation of the surgeons mates: And when he had shewn me their birth, (as he called it) I was filled with astonishment and horror.—We descended by divers ladders to a space as dark as a dungeon, which I understood was immersed several feet under water, being immediately above the hold: I had no sooner ap-

proached this dismal gulph, than my nose was saluted with an intolerable stench of putrified cheese and rancid butter,[36] that issued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, resembling a chandler's shop,[37] where, by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a pale meagre countenance, sitting behind a kind of desk, having spectacles on his nose, and a pen in his hand—This (I learned of Mr. Thomson) was the ship's steward,[38] who sat there to distribute provision to the several messes, and to mark what each received.—He therefore presented my name to him, and desired I might be entered in his mess; then taking a light in his hand, conducted me to the place of his residence, which was a square of about six feet, surrounded with the medicine chest, that of the first mate, his own, and a board by way of table fastened to the after-powder-room; it was also inclosed with canvas nailed round to the beams of the ship, to screen us from the cold, as well as from the view of the midshipmen and quarter-masters,[39] who lodged within the cable tiers[40] on each side of us: In this gloomy mansion, he entertained me with some cold salt pork, which he brought from a sort of locker, fixed above the table; and calling for the boy of the mess,[41] sent him for a can of beer, of which he made excellent flip to crown the banquet.——By this time I began to recover my spirits, which had been exceedingly depressed with the appearance of every thing about me, and could no longer refrain from asking the particulars of Mr. Thomson's fortune, since I had seen him in London—He told me, that being disappointed in his expectations of borrowing money to gratify the rapacious s——t—ry at the Navy-office, he found himself utterly unable to subsist any longer in town, and had actually offered his service in quality of mate, to the surgeon of a merchant's ship bound to Guinea on the slaving trade;[42] when one morning, a young fellow, of whom he had some acquaintance, came to his lodgings, and informed him, that he had seen a warrant made out in his name at the Navy-office, for surgeon's second mate of a third rate: This unexpected piece of good news he could scarcely believe to be true; more especially, as he had been found qualified at Surgeon's-hall for third mate only; but that he might not be wanting to himself, he went thither to be assured, and actually found it so: Whereupon, demanding his warrant, it was delivered to him, and the oaths administred immediately.—That very afternoon, he went to Gravesend[43] in the tilt-boat,[44] from whence he took a place in the tide-coach[45] for Rochester;[46] next morning got on board the Thunder, for which he was appointed, then lying in the harbour at Chatham; and the same day was mustered by the clerk of the checque.[47]——And well it was for him, that such expedition was used; for in less than twelve hours after his arrival, another William Thomson came on board, affirming that he was the person for whom the warrant was expedited, and that the other was an impostor.—My friend was grievously alarmed at this accident, the more so, as his namesake had very much the advantage over him, both in assurance and dress.—However, to acquit himself of the suspicion of imposture, he produced several letters written from Scotland to him in that name, and recollecting that his indentures were in a box on board, he brought them up, and convinced all present, that he had not assumed a name which did not belong to him.—His competitor, enraged that they should hesitate in doing him justice, (for to be sure, the warrant had been designed for him) behaved with so much indecent heat, that the commanding officer, (who was the same gentleman I had seen) and the

surgeon, were offended at his presumption, and making a point of it with their friends in town, in less than a week got the first confirmed in his station.—"I have been on board," said he, "ever since, and as this way of life is become familiar to me, have no cause to complain of my situation.—The surgeon is a good-natured indolent man; the first mate (who is now on shore on duty) is indeed a little proud and choleric, as all Welchmen are, but in the main, a friendly honest fellow.——The lieutenants I have no concern with; and as for the captain, he is too much of a gentleman to know a surgeon's mate, even by sight."

CHAPTER XXV.

The behaviour of Mr. Morgan——his pride, displeasure and generosity——the œconomy of our mess described——Thomson's further friendship——the nature of my duty explained——the situation of the sick.

While he was thus discoursing to me, we heard a voice on the cockpit-ladder, pronounce with great vehemence, in a strange dialect,[1] "The devil and his dam blow me from the top of Mounchdenny,[2] if I go to him before there is something in my pelly;—let his nose be as yellow as saffron, or as blue as a pell (look you) or green as a leek,[3] 'tis all one."—To this declaration somebody answered, "So it seems my poor mess-mate must part his cable[4] for want of a little assistance.—His fore-topsail is loose[5] already; and besides, the doctor ordered you to over-haul[6] him;—But I see you don't mind what your master says." Here he was interrupted with, "Splutter and oons![7] you lousy tog, who do you call my master? get you gone to the doctor, and tell him my birth, and education, and my abilities; and moreover, my behaviour is as good as his, or any shentleman's (no disparagement to him) in the whole world—Got pless my soul! does he think, or conceive, or imagine, that I am a horse, or an ass, or a goat, to trudge backwards and forewards, and upwards and downwards, and by sea, and by land, at his will and pleasures?—Go your ways, you rapscallion, and tell doctor Atkins,[8] that I desire and request, that he will give a look upon the tying man, and order something for him if he be dead or alive, and I will see him take it by and by, when my craving stomach is satisfied, look you."—At this the other went away, saying, that if they would serve him so, when he was dying, by God, he would be foul of them in the other world.—Here Mr. Thomson let me know that the person we heard was Mr. Morgan,[9] the first mate, who was just come on board from the hospital, whither he had attended some of the sick in the morning.—At the same time I saw him come into the birth.—He was a short thick man with a face garnished with pimples, a snub nose turned up at the end, an excessive wide mouth, and little fiery eyes, surrounded with skin puckered up in innumerable wrinkles.—My friend immediately made him ac-

surgeon, were offended at his presumption, and making a point of it with their friends in town, in less than a week got the first confirmed in his station.—"I have been on board," said he, "ever since, and as this way of life is become familiar to me, have no cause to complain of my situation.—The surgeon is a good-natured indolent man; the first mate (who is now on shore on duty) is indeed a little proud and choleric, as all Welchmen are, but in the main, a friendly honest fellow.——The lieutenants I have no concern with; and as for the captain, he is too much of a gentleman to know a surgeon's mate, even by sight."

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quainted with my case; when he regarded me with a very lofty look, but without speaking, set down a bundle he had in his hand, and approached the cupboard, which when he had opened, he exclaimed in a great passion, "Cot is my life! all the pork is gone, as I am a christian!" Thomson then gave him to understand, that as I had been brought on board half famished, he could do no less than entertain me with what was in the locker; and the rather as he had bid the steward enter me in the mess.—Whether this disappointment made Mr. Morgan more peevish than usual, or he really thought himself too little regarded by his fellow-mate, I know not, but after some pause he went on in this manner.—"Mr. Thomson, perhaps you do not use me with all the good manners, and complaisance, and respect, (look you) that becomes you, because you have not vouchsafed to advise with me in this affair.—I have, in my time, (look you) been a man of some weight and substance, and consideration, and have kept house and home, and paid scot and lot[10] and the king's taxes; ay, and maintained a family to boot.—And moreover, also, I am your senior, and your elder, and your petter, Mr. Thomson."—"My elder I'll allow you to be, but not my better," (cried Thomson with some heat.) "Cot is my saviour, and witness too (said Morgan, with great vehemence) that I am more elder, and therefore more petter by many years than you."—Fearing this dispute might be attended with some bad consequence, I interposed, and told Mr. Morgan, I was very sorry for having been the occasion of any difference between him and the second mate; and that, rather than cause the least breach in their good understanding, I would eat my allowance by myself, or seek admission into some other company.—But Thomson, with more spirit than discretion (as I thought) insisted upon my remaining where he had appointed me; and observed that no man possessed of generosity and compassion, would have any objection to it, considering my birth and talents, and the misfortunes I had of late so unjustly undergone.——This was touching Mr. Morgan on the right key, who protested with great earnestness, that he had no objection to my being received in the mess; but only complained, that the ceremony of asking his consent was not observed. "As for a shentleman in distress, (said he, shaking me by the hand) I lofe him as I lofe my own powels: For Got help me! I have had vexation enough upon my own pack."—And as I afterwards learned, in so saying, he spoke no more than what was true; for he had been once settled in a very good situation in Glamorganshire,[11] and was ruined by being security for an acquaintance.—All differences being composed, he untied his bundle, which consisted of three bunches of onions, and a great lump of Cheshire-cheese wrapt up in a handkerchief; and taking some biscuit from the cupboard, fell to with a keen appetite, inviting us to a share of the repast.—When he had fed heartily on his homely fare, he filled a large cup made of a cocoa-nut shell, with brandy, and drinking it off, told us, "Prandy was the pest menstruum[12] for onion and sheese."—His hunger being appeased, he began to be in better humour; and being inquisitive about my birth, no sooner understood that I was descended of a good family, than he discovered a particular good will to me on that account, deducing his own pedigree in a direct line from the famous Caractacus[13] king of the Britons, who was first the prisoner, and afterwards the friend, of Claudius Cæsar.—Perceiving how much I was reduced in point of linen, he made me a present of two good ruffled shirts, which, with two more of check which I received from

Mr. Thomson, enabled me to appear with decency.—Mean while the sailor, whom Mr. Morgan had sent to the doctor, brought a prescription for his mess-mate, which when the Welchman had read, he got up to prepare it, and asked, if the man was "Tead or alive." "Dead!" replied Jack, "if he was dead, he would have no occasion for doctor's stuff.—No, thank God, death han't as yet boarded him, but they have been yard arm and yard arm these three glasses."[14]—"Are his eyes open" (continued the mate.)—"His starboard eye (said the sailor) is open, but fast jamm'd in his head; and the haulyards[15] of his under-jaw have given way."——"Passion of my heart!" cried Morgan, "the man is as pad as one would desire to be!—Did you feel his pulses?" To this the other replied with "Anan?"—Upon which this Cambro-Briton,[16] with great earnestness and humanity, ordered the tar to run to his mess-mate, and keep him alive till he should come with the medicine; "and then," said he, "you shall peradventure, behold what you shall see."—The poor fellow with great simplicity ran to the place where the sick man lay, but in less than a minute returned with a woful countenance, and told us his comrade had struck.[17] Morgan hearing this, exclaimed, "Mercy upon my salvation! why did you not stop him till I came?"—"Stop him (said the other) I hail'd him several times, but he was too far on his way, and the enemy had got possession of his close quarters;[18] so that he did not mind me."—"Well, well," said he, "we all owe heaven a teath.—Go your ways, you ragamuffin, and take an example and a warning, look you, and repent of your misteets."—So saying, he pushed the seaman out of the birth.

While he entertained us with reflections suitable to this event, we heard the boatswain pipe to dinner; and immediately the boy belonging to our mess, ran to the locker, from whence he carried off a large wooden platter, and in a few minutes, returned with it full of boiled pease, crying, "Scaldings,"[19] all the way as he came.—The cloth, consisting of a piece of an old sail, was instantly laid, covered with three plates, which by the colour I could with difficulty discern to be metal, and as many spoons of the same composition, two of which were curtailed in the handles, and the other abridged in the lip. Mr. Morgan himself enriched this mess with a lump of salt butter, scooped from an old gallipot,[20] and a handful of onions shorn, with some pounded pepper.—I was not very much tempted with the appearance of this dish, of which, nevertheless, my mess-mates eat heartily, advising me to follow their example, as it was banyan day,[21] and we could have no meat till next noon.—But I had already laid in sufficient for the occasion; and therefore desired to be excused; expressing a curiosity to know the meaning of banyan-day—They told me, that on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the ship's company had no allowance of meat, and that these meagre days were called banyan days, the reason of which they did not know; but I have since learned they take their denomination from a sect of devotees in some parts of the East Indies, who never taste flesh.

After dinner, Thomson led me round the ship, shewed me the different parts, described their uses, and as far as he could, made me acquainted with the particulars of the discipline and œconomy practised on board.—He then demanded of the boatswain, an hammock for me, which was slung in a very neat manner by my friend Jack Rattlin; and as I had no bed-cloaths, procured credit for me with the purser, for a mattrass and two blankets.—At seven o'clock in the evening Morgan visited the sick, and

having ordered what was proper for each, I assisted Thomson in making up his prescriptions: But when I followed him with the medicines into the sick-birth or hospital, and observed the situation of the patients, I was much less surprised that people should die on board, than that any sick person should recover.—Here I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches, suspended in rows, so huddled one upon another, that not more than fourteen inches space[22] was allotted for each with his bed and bedding; and deprived of the light of the day, as well as of fresh air; breathing nothing but a noisome atmosphere of the morbid steams exhaling from their own excrements and diseased bodies, devoured with vermin hatched in the filth that surrounded them, and destitute of every convenience necessary for people in that helpless condition.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A disagreeable accident happens to me in the discharge of my office——Morgan's nose is offended——a dialogue between him and the ship's steward——upon examination, I find more causes of complaint than one——my hair is cut off——Morgan's cookery——the manner of sleeping on board——I am awaked in the night by a dreadful noise.

I could not comprehend how it was possible for the attendants to come near those who hung on the inside towards the sides of the ship, in order to assist them, as they seemed barricadoed by those who lay on the outside, and entirely out of the reach of all visitation—Much less could I conceive how my friend Thomson would be able to administer clysters, that were ordered for some in that situation; when I saw him thrust his wig in his pocket, and strip himself to his waistcoat in a moment, then creep on all four, under the hammocks of the sick, and forcing up his bare pate between two, keep them asunder with one shoulder, until he had done his duty.—Eager to learn the service, I desired he would give me leave to perform the next operation of that kind; and he consenting, I undressed myself after his example, and crawling along, the ship happened to roll; this motion alarming me, I laid hold of the first thing that came within my grasp with such violence, that I overturned it, and soon found by the smell that issued upon me, I had not unlocked a box of the most delicious perfume; it was well for me that my nose was none of the most delicate, else I know not how I might have been affected by this vapour, which diffused itself all over the ship, to the utter discomposure of every body who tarried on the same deck;—neither was the consequence of this disgrace confined to my sense of smelling only; for I felt my misfortune more ways than one. That I might not, however, appear altogether disconcerted in this my first essay, I got up, and pushing my head with great force between two hammocks,

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towards the middle, where the greatest resistance was, I made an opening indeed, but not understanding the knack of dexterously turning my shoulder to maintain my advantage, had the mortification to find myself stuck up as it were in a pillory, and the weight of three or four people bearing on each side of my neck; so that I was in danger of strangulation.—While I remained in this defenceless posture, one of the sick men, rendered peevish by his distemper, was so enraged at the smell I had occasioned, and the rude shock he had received from me in my elevation, that with many bitter reproaches, he seized me by the nose, which he tweaked so unmercifully that I roared with anguish. Thomson perceiving my condition, ordered one of the waiters to my assistance, who with much difficulty disengaged me from this situation, and hindered me from taking vengeance on the sick man, whose indisposition would not have screened him from the effects of my indignation.

After having made an end of our ministry for that time, we descended to the cockpit, my friend comforting me for what had happened, with a homely proverb,[1] which I do not chuse to repeat.—When we had descended half way down the ladder, Mr. Morgan, before he saw us, having intelligence by his nose, of the approach of something extraordinary, cried, "Cot have mercy upon my senses! I believe the enemy has poarded us in a stink-pot!"[2] Then directing his discourse to the steward, from whom he imagined the odour proceeded, he reprimanded him severely for the freedoms he took among gentlemen of birth, and threatened to smoak him like a padger with sulphur, if he ever should presume to offend his neighbours with such smells, for the future: The steward, conscious of his own innocence, replied with some warmth, "I know of no smells but those of your own making."—This repartee introduced a smart dialogue, in which the Welchman undertook to prove that though the stench he complained of, did not flow from the steward's own body, he was nevertheless the author of it, by serving out damaged provisions to the ship's company; and in particular, putrified cheese, from the use of which only, he affirmed, such unsavory steams could arise.—Then he launched out into the praise of good cheese, of which he gave the analysis; explained the different kinds of that commodity, with the methods practised to make and preserve it; and concluded with observing, that in yielding good cheese, the county of Glamorgan[3] might vie with Cheshire itself, and was much superior to it in the produce of goats and putter.—I gathered from this conversation, that if I entered in my present pickle, I should be no welcome guest, and therefore desired Mr. Thomson to go before, and represent my calamity; at which the first mate expressing some concern, went upon deck immediately, taking his way through the cable tire, and by the main hatchway, to avoid encountering me; desiring me to clean myself as soon as possible; for he intended to regale himself with a dish of salmagundy[4] and a pipe.—Accordingly, I set about this disagreeable business, and soon found I had more causes of complaint than I at first imagined; for I perceived some guests[5] had honoured me with their company, whose visit I did not at all think seasonable; neither did they seem inclined to leave me in a hurry, for, they were in possession of my chief quarters, where they fed without reserve at the expence of my blood.—But considering it would be much easier to extirpate this ferocious colony in the infancy of their

settlement, than after they should be multiplied and naturalized to the soil, I took the advice of my friend, who, to prevent such misfortunes, went always close shaved, and made the boy of our mess cut off my hair, which had been growing since I left the service of Lavement; and the second mate lent me an old bob wig to supply the loss of that covering. This affair being ended, and every thing adjusted in the best manner my circumstances would permit, the descendant of Caractacus returned, and ordering the boy to bring a piece of salt beef from the brine, cut off a slice, and mixed it with an equal quantity of onions, which seasoning with a moderate proportion of pepper and salt, he brought it into a consistence with oil and vinegar.——Then tasting the dish, assured us, it was the best salmagundy that ever he made, and recommended it to our palate with such heartiness, that I could not help doing honour to his preparation. But I had no sooner swallowed a mouthful, than I thought my entrails were scorched, and endeavoured with a deluge of small beer to allay the heat it occasioned—Supper being over, Mr. Morgan having smoaked a couple of pipes, and supplied the moisture he had expended with as many cans of flip, of which we all partook, a certain yawning began to admonish me, that it was high time to repair by sleep the injury I had suffered from want of rest the preceding night; which being perceived by my companions, whose time of repose was now arrived, they proposed we should turn in, or in other words, go to bed. Our hammocks, which hung parallel to one another, on the outside of the birth, were immediately unlashed, and I beheld my mess-mates spring with great agility into their respective nests, where they seemed to lie concealed, very much at their ease.—But it was some time before I could prevail upon myself to trust my carcase at such a distance from the ground, in a narrow bag, out of which, I imagined, I should be apt, on the least motion in my sleep, to tumble down at the hazard of breaking my bones. I suffered myself, however, to be persuaded, and taking a leap to get in, threw myself quite over, with such violence, that had I not luckily got hold of Thomson's hammock, I should have pitched upon my head on the other side, and in all likelihood fractured my skull.—After some fruitless efforts, I succeeded at last; but the apprehension of the jeopardy in which I believed myself, withstood all the attacks of sleep, till towards the morning-watch, when, in spite of my fears, I was overpowered with slumber: though I did not long enjoy this comfortable situation; being aroused with a noise so loud and shrill, that I thought the drums of my ears were burst by it; this was followed by a dreadful summons pronounced by a hoarse voice, which I could not understand. While I was debating with myself whether or not I should wake my companion, and enquire into the occasion of this disturbance, I was informed by one of the quarter-masters, who passed by me with a lanthorn in his hand, that the noise which alarmed me, was occasioned by the boatswain's mates who called up the larboard watch,[6] and that I must lay my account with[7] such interruption every morning at the same hour.—Being now more assured of my safety, I addressed myself again to rest, and slept till eight o'clock, when rising, and breakfasting with my comrades, on biscuit and brandy, the sick were visited and assisted as before; after which visitation, my good friend Thomson explained and performed another piece of duty, to which I was a stranger.—At a certain hour in the morning, the boy of the mess went round all

the decks, ringing a small hand-bell, and in rhimes composed for the occasion, invited all those who had sores, to repair before the mast, where one of the doctor's mates attended, with applications to dress them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I acquire the friendship of the surgeon, who procures a warrant for me, and makes me a present of cloaths——a battle between a midshipman and me——the surgeon leaves the ship——the captain comes on board with another surgeon——a dialogue between the captain and Morgan——the sick are ordered to be brought upon the quarter-deck and examined——the consequences of that order——a madman accuses Morgan, and is set at liberty by command of the captain, whom he instantly attacks and pummels without mercy.

While I was busied with my friend in this practice, the doctor chanced to pass by the place where we were, and stopping to observe me, appeared very well satisfied with my method of application; and afterwards sent for me to his cabbin, where, having examined me touching my skill in surgery, and the particulars of my fortune, he interested himself so far in my behalf, as to promise his assistance in procuring a warrant for me, seeing I had been already found qualified at Surgeon's-Hall, for the station I filled on board; and in this good office he the more cordially engaged, when he understood I was nephew to lieutenant Bowling, for whom he expressed a particular regard.—In the mean time, I could learn from his discourse, that he did not intend to go to sea again with Captain Oakhum, having, as he thought, been indifferently used by him during the last voyage.

While I lived tolerably easy, in expectation of preferment, I was not altogether without mortifications, which I not only suffered from the rude insults of the sailors, and petty officers, among whom I was known by the name of *Loblolloy Boy*;[1] but also from the disposition of Morgan, who, though friendly in the main, was often very troublesome with his pride, which expected a good deal of submission from me, and delighted in recapitulating the favours I had received at his hands.

About six weeks after my arrival on board, the surgeon bidding me follow him into his cabbin, presented a warrant to me, by which I was appointed surgeon's third mate on board the Thunder.—This he had procured by his interest at the Navy-Office; as also another for himself, by virtue of which he was removed into a second rate. I acknowledged his kindness in the strongest terms my gratitude could suggest, and pro-

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fessed my sorrow at the prospect of losing so valuable a friend, to whom I hoped to have recommended myself still further, by my respectful and diligent behaviour.—But his generosity rested not here;—for before he left the ship, he made me a present of a chest and some cloaths, that enabled me to support the rank to which he had raised me.—I found my spirit revive with my good fortune; and now I was an officer, resolved to maintain the dignity of my station, against all opposition or affronts; nor was it long before I had occasion to exert my resolution; my old enemy the mid-shipman (whose name was Crampley) entertaining an implacable animosity against me, for the disgrace he had suffered on my account, had since that time taken all opportunities of reviling and ridiculing me, when I was not intitled to retort this bad usage.—And even after I had been rated on the books, and mustered as surgeon's mate, did not think fit to restrain his insolence.—In particular, being one day present, while I dressed a wound in a sailor's leg, he began to sing a song,[2] which I thought highly injurious to the honour of my country, and therefore signified my resentment, by observing, that the Scots always laid their account with finding enemies among the ignorant, insignificant and malicious.—This unexpected piece of assurance enraged him to such a degree, that he lent me a blow on the face, which I verily thought had demolished my cheek-bone; I was not slow in returning the obligation, and the affair began to be very serious, when by accident Mr. Morgan, and one of the master's mates, coming that way, interposed, and inquiring into the cause, endeavoured to promote a reconciliation; but finding us both exasperated to the uttermost, and bent against accommodation, they advised us, either to leave our difference undecided till we should have an opportunity of terminating it on shore, like gentlemen, or else choose a proper place on board, and bring it to an issue by boxing. This last expedient was greedily embraced by us both; and being forthwith conducted to the ground proposed, we stript in a moment, and began a very furious contest, in which I soon found myself inferior to my antagonist, not so much in strength and agility, as in skill, which he had acquired in the school of Hockley in the Hole[3] and Tottenham-Court.[4]—Many cross-buttocks[5] did I sustain, and pegs[6] on the stomach without number, till at last, my breath being quite gone, as well as my vigour wasted, I grew desperate, and collecting all my strength in one effort, threw in at once head, hands, and feet with such violence, that I drove my antagonist three paces backward into the main hatchway, down which he fell, and pitching upon his head and right shoulder, remained without sense and motion.—Morgan looking down, and seeing him lie in that condition, cried, "Upon my conscience, as I am a christian sinner (look you) I believe his pattles are all ofer; but I take you all to witness that there was no treachery in the case, and that he has suffered by the chance of war."—So saying he descended to the deck below, to examine into the situation of my adversary; and left me very little pleased with my victory, as I found myself not only terribly bruised, but likewise in danger of being called to account for the death of Crampley: But this fear vanished when my fellow-mate having by bleeding him in the jugular,[7] brought him to himself, and enquired into the state of his body, called up to me to be under no concern, for the mid-shipman had received no other damage than as pretty a luxation of the *os humeri*,[8] as one would desire to see on a summer's day.—Upon this information I crawled down to the cockpit, and acquainted Thomson with the affair, who providing

[Roderick Random and midshipman Crampley settling their differences in a boxing match] by Rowlandson. (Courtesy of The Lewis Walpole Library, Yale University.)

himself with bandages, &c. necessary for the occasion, went up to assist Mr. Morgan in the reduction of the dislocation.—When this was successfully performed, they wished me joy of the event of the combat: and the Welchman, after observing, that in all likelihood, the ancient Scots and Britons were the same people,[9] bad me "Praise Got for putting mettle in my pelly, and strength in my limbs to support it."—I acquired such reputation by this rencounter (which lasted twenty minutes) that every body became more cautious in behaviour towards me; though Crampley, with his arm in a sling, talked very high, and threatned to seize the first opportunity of retrieving on shore, the honour he had lost by an accident, from which I could justly claim no merit.

About this time, captain Oakhum, having received sailing orders, came on board, and brought along with him a surgeon of his own country,[10] who soon made us sensible of the loss we suffered in the departure of doctor Atkins; for he was grosly ignorant, and intolerably assuming, false, vindictive, and unforgiving; a merciless tyrant to his inferiors, an abject sycophant to those above him. In the morning after the captain came on board, our first mate, according to custom, went to wait on him with a sick list, which when this grim commander had perused, he cried with a stern countenance, "Blood and oons! sixty one sick people on board of my ship! Harkee you, sir, I'll have no sick in my ship, by G—d." The Welchman replied, he should be very glad to find no sick people on board; but while it was otherwise, he did no more than his duty in presenting him with a list.—"You and your list may be d——n'd, (said the captain, throwing it at him) I say there shall be no sick in this ship while I have the command of her."—Mr. Morgan being nettled at this treatment, told him, his indignation ought to be directed to Got Almighty, who visited his people with distempers, and not to him, who contributed all in his power towards their cure. The bashaw[11] not being used to such behaviour in any of his officers, was enraged to fury at this satyrical insinuation, and stamping with his foot, called him insolent scoundrel, threatning to have him pinioned to the deck, if he should presume to utter another syllable. But the blood of Caractacus being thoroughly heated, disdained to be restricted by such a command, and began to manifest itself in, "Captain Oagum, I am a shentleman of birth and parentage (look you) and peradventure I am moreover—"Here his harangue was broke off by the captain's steward, who, being Morgan's countryman, hurried him out of the cabin before he had time to exasperate his master to a greater degree: and this would certainly have been the case; for the indignant Welchman could hardly be hindered by his friend's arguments and intreaties, from re-entering the presence-chamber, and defying Captain Oakhum to his teeth.—He was, however, appeased at length, and came down to the birth, where finding Thomson and me at work preparing medicines, he bad us leave off our lapour and go to play, for the captain, by his sole word and power and command, had driven sickness a pegging to the tevil, and there was no more malady on board. So saying, he drank off a gill[12] of brandy, sighed grievously three times, poured forth an ejaculation of "Got pless my heart, liver and lungs!" and then began to sing a Welch song[13] with great earnestness of visage, voice and gesture.—I could not conceive the meaning of this singular phænomenon, and saw by the looks of Thomson, who at the same time shook his head, that he suspected poor Cadwallader's[14] brains were unsettled. He perceiving our amazement, told us, he would explain

the mystery; but at the same time, bad us take notice, that he had lived poy, patchelor, married man and widower, almost forty years, and in all that time, there was no man nor mother's son in the whole world, who durst use him so ill as Captain Oakhum had done. Then he acquainted us with the dialogue that passed between them, as I have already related it; and had no sooner finished this narration, than he received a message from the surgeon, to bring the sick-list to the quarter-deck, for the captain had ordered all the patients thither to be reviewed.—This inhuman order shocked us extremely, as we knew it would be impossible to carry some of them on the deck, without imminent danger of their lives; but as we likewise knew it would be to no purpose for us to remonstrate against it, we repaired to the quarter-deck in a body, to see this extraordinary muster! Morgan observing by the way, that the captain was going to send to the other world, a great many evidences to testify against himself.—When we appeared upon deck, the captain bad the doctor, who stood bowing at his right hand, look at these lazy lubberly sons of bitches, who were good for nothing on board but to eat the king's provision, and encourage idleness in the skulkers.—The surgeon grinned approbation, and taking the list, began to examine the complaints of each as they could crawl to the place appointed. The first who came under his cognizance was a poor fellow just freed of a fever, which had weakned him so much, that he could hardly stand.—Mr. Macshane[15] (for that was the doctor's name) having felt his pulse, protested he was as well as any man in the world; and the captain delivered him over to the boatswain's mate, with orders that he should receive a round dozen at the gang-way immediately, for counterfeiting himself sick: but before the discipline could be executed, the man dropt down on the deck, and had well nigh perished under the hands of the executioner.—The next patient to be considered, laboured under a quartan ague,[16] and being then in his interval of health, discovered no other symptoms of distemper, than a pale meagre countenance, and emaciated body; upon which he was declared fit for duty, and turned over to the boatswain; but being resolved to disgrace the doctor, died upon the forecastle next day, during his cold fit. The third complained of a pleuretic stitch,[17] and spitting of blood, for which doctor Macshane prescribed exercise at the pump, to promote expectoration; but whether this was improper for one in his situation, or that it was used to excess, I know not, but in less than half an hour he was suffocated with a deluge of blood that issued from his lungs.—A fourth, with much difficulty, climbed to the quarter-deck, being loaded with a monstrous ascites or dropsy,[18] that invaded his chest so much, he could scarce fetch his breath; but his disease being interpreted into fat, occasioned by idleness and excess of eating, he was ordered, with a view to promote perspiration and enlarge his chest, to go aloft immediately: It was in vain for this unwieldy wretch, to alledge his utter incapacity, the boatswain's driver[19] was commanded to whip him up with a cat and nine tails: The smart of this application made him exert himself so much, that he actually arrived at the puttoc shrouds;[20] but when the enormous weight of his body had nothing else to support it than his weakened arms, either out of spite or necessity he quitted his hold, and plumped into the sea, where he must have been drowned, had not a sailor, who was in a boat along-side, saved his life, by keeping him afloat, till he was hoisted on board by a tackle.—It would be tedious and disagreeable to describe the fate of every miser-

able object that suffered by the inhumanity and ignorance of the captain and surgeon, who so wantonly sacrificed the lives of their fellow-creatures. Many were brought up in the height of fevers, and rendered delirious by the injuries they suffered in the way.—Some gave up the ghost in the presence of their inspectors; and others, who were ordered to their duty, languished a few days at work, among their fellows, and then departed without any ceremony.—On the whole, the number of sick was reduced to less than a dozen; and the authors of this reduction were applauding themselves for the services they had done to their king and country, when the boatswain's mate informed his honour, that there was a man below lashed to his hammock by the direction of the doctor's mate, and that he begged hard to be released; affirming, he had been so maltreated only for a grudge Mr. Morgan bore him, and that he was as much in his senses as any man aboard.—The captain hearing this, darted a severe look at the Welchman, and ordered the man to be brought up immediately: Upon which, Morgan protested with great fervency, that the person in question was as mad as a March-hare;[21] and begged for the love of Got, they would at least keep his arms pinioned during his examination, to prevent him from doing mischief.—This request the commander granted for his own sake, and the patient was produced, who insisted on his being in his right wits with such calmness and strength of argument, that every body present was inclined to believe him, except Morgan, who affirmed there was no trusting to appearances; for he himself had been so much imposed upon by his behaviour two days before, that he had actually unbound him with his own hands, and had well nigh been murdered for his pains: this was confirmed by the evidence of one of the waiters, who declared, he had pulled this patient from the doctor's mate, whom he had gotten down and almost strangled.—To this the man answered, that the witness was a creature of Morgan's, and was suborned to give his testimony against him by the malice of the mate, whom the defendant had affronted, by discovering to the people on board that Mr. Morgan's wife kept a gin-shop in Rag-Fair.[22]—This anecdote produced a laugh at the expence of the Welchman, who, shaking his head with some emotion, said, "Ay, ay, 'tis no matter.—Got knows, it is an arrant falshood."—Captain Oakhum, without any further hesitation, ordered the fellow to be unfettered; at the same time, threatning to make Morgan exchange situations with him for his spite; but the Briton no sooner heard the decision in favour of the madman, than he got up the mizen-shrouds,[23] crying to Thomson and me to get out of his reach, for we should see him play the devil with a vengeance. We did not think fit to disregard his caution, and accordingly got up on the poop, whence we beheld the maniac (as soon as he was released) fly at the captain like a fury, crying, "I'll let you know, you scoundrel, that I am commander of this vessel"—and pummel him without mercy. The surgeon, who went to the assistance of his patron, shared the same fate; and it was with the utmost difficulty, that he was mastered at last, after having done great execution among those who opposed him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The captain, enraged, threatens to put the mad man to death with his own hand——is diverted from that resolution by the arguments and persuasion of the first lieutenant and surgeon——we set sail for St. Helens, join the fleet under the command of Sir C——n——r O——le,[1] *and proceed for the West-Indies——are overtaken by a terrible tempest——my friend Jack Rattlin has his leg broke by a fall from the main-yard——the behaviour of doctor Mackshane——Jack opposes the amputation of his limb, in which he is seconded by Morgan and me, who undertake the cure, and perform it successfully.*

The captain was carried into his cabbin, so enraged with the treatment he had received, that he ordered the fellow to be brought before him, that he might have the pleasure of pistoling him with his own hand; and would certainly have satisfied his revenge in this manner, had not the first lieutenant remonstrated against it, by observing that, in all appearance, the fellow was not mad, but desperate; that he had been hired by some enemy of the captain to assassinate him, and therefore ought to be kept in irons till he could be brought to a court-martial, which, no doubt, would sift the affair to the bottom (by which means, important discoveries might be made) and then sentence the criminal to a death adequate to his demerits.—This suggestion, improbable as it was, had the desired effect upon the captain, being exactly calculated for the meridian of his intellects; more especially, as doctor Mackshane espoused this opinion, in consequence of his previous declaration that the man was not mad.—Morgan finding there was no more damage done, could not help discovering by his countenance, the pleasure he enjoyed on this occasion; and while he bathed the doctor's face with an embrocation,[2] ventured to ask him, Whether he thought there were more fools or madmen on board? But he would have been wiser in containing this sally, which his patient carefully laid up in his memory, to be taken notice of at a more fit season.—Mean while we weighed anchor, and on our way to the Downs,[3] the madman, who was treated as a prisoner, took an opportunity, while the centinel attended him at the head,[4] to leap over-board, and frustrate the revenge of the captain.—We staid not long at the Downs, but took the benefit of the first easterly wind to go round to Spithead;[5] where having received on board provisions for six months, we sailed from St. Hellens,[6] in the grand fleet bound for the West-Indies, on the ever-memorable expedition of Carthagena.[7]

It was not without great mortification I saw myself on the point of being transported to such a distant and unhealthy climate, destitute of every convenience that could render such a voyage supportable; and under the dominion of an arbitrary tyrant, whose

command was almost intolerable: However, as these complaints were common to a great many on board, I resolved to submit patiently to my fate, and contrive to make myself as easy as the nature of the case would allow.——We got out of the channel with a prosperous breeze, which died away, leaving us becalmed about fifty leagues to the westward of the Lizard:[8] But this state of inaction did not last long; for, next night our main-top-sail[9] was split by the wind, which in the morning increased to a hurricane.—I was wakened by a most horrible din, occasioned by the play of the gun-carriages upon the decks above, the cracking of cabbins, the howling of the wind through the shrouds, the confused noise of the ship's crew, the pipes of the boatswain and his mates, the trumpets[10] of the lieutenants, and the clanking of the chain-pumps.[11]——Morgan, who had never been at sea before, turned out in a great hurry, crying, "Got have mercy and compassion upon us! I believe we have got upon the confines of Lucifer and the d——ned!"—while poor Thomson lay quaking in his hammock, putting up petitions to heaven for our safety.—I rose and joined the Welchman, with whom (after having fortified ourselves with brandy) I went above; but if my sense of hearing was startled before, how must my sight have been appalled in beholding the effects of the storm! The sea was swelled into billows mountain-high, on the top of which our ship sometimes hung as if it was about to be precipitated to the abyss below! Sometimes we sunk between two waves that rose on each side higher than our topmast head,[12] and threatened by dashing together, to overwhelm us in a moment! Of all our fleet, consisting of a hundred and fifty sail, scarce twelve appeared, and these driving under their bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At length the mast of one of them gave way, and tumbled over-board with a hideous crash! Nor was the prospect in our own ship much more agreeable; a number of officers and sailors ran backward and forward with distraction in their looks, hollowing to one another, and undetermined what they should attend to first. Some clung to the yards, endeavouring to unbend the sails that were split into a thousand pieces flapping in the wind; others tried to furl those which were yet whole, while the masts, at every pitch, bent and quivered like twigs, as if they would have shivered into innumerable splinters!—While I considered this scene with equal terror and astonishment, one of the main-braces[13] broke, by the shock whereof two sailors were flung from the yard's arm into the sea, where they perished, and poor Jack Rattlin thrown down upon the deck, at the expence of a broken leg. Morgan and I ran immediately to his assistance, and found a splinter of the shin-bone thrust, by the violence of the fall, through the skin: As this was a case of too great consequence to be treated without the authority of the doctor, I went down to his cabbin to inform him of the accident, as well as to bring up dressings, which we always kept ready prepared.—I entered his apartment without any ceremony, and, by the glimmering of a lamp, perceived him on his knees, before something that very much resembled a crucifix; but this I will not insist upon, that I may not seem too much a slave to common report, which indeed assisted my conjecture on this occasion, by representing Dr. Mackshane as a member of the church of Rome.[14]—Be this as it will, he got up in a sort of confusion, occasioned (I suppose) by his being disturbed in his devotion, and in a trice snatched the subject of my suspicion from my sight.—After making an apology for my intrusion, I acquainted him with the situation of Rattlin, but could by no means prevail

upon him to visit him on deck where he lay; he bade me desire the boatswain to order some of the men to carry him down to the cockpit, and in the mean time, said he, I will direct Thomson to get ready the dressings. When I signified to the boatswain the doctor's desire, he swore a terrible oath, that he could not spare one man from the deck, because he expected the mast would go by the board[15] every minute.—This piece of information did not at all contribute to my peace of mind; however, as my friend Rattlin complained very much, with the assistance of Morgan, I supported him to the lower deck, whither Mr. Mackshane, after much intreaty, ventured to come, attended by Thomson with a box full of dressings, and his own servant, who carried a whole set of capital instruments.[16]—He examined the fracture and the wound, and, concluding from a livid colour extending itself upon the limb, that a mortification would ensue, resolved to amputate the leg immediately.—This was a dreadful sentence to the patient, who recruiting himself with a quid of tobacco, pronounced with a woful countenance, "What! is there no remedy, doctor?—must I be dock'd?[17] can't you splice it?"—"Assuredly, doctor Mackshane (said the first mate) with submission, and deference, and veneration to your superior abilities, and opportunities, and stations (look you) I do apprehend, and conjecture, and aver, that there is no occasion nor necessity to smite off this poor man's leg." "God Almighty bless you, dear Welchman!" cried Rattlin, "may you have fair wind and weather wheresoever you're bound, and come to an anchor in the road of heaven[18] at last."—Mackshane, very much incensed at his mate's differing in opinion from him so openly, answered, that he was not bound to give an account of his practice to him; and, in a peremptory tone, ordered him to apply the tourniquet.—At the sight of which, Jack starting up, cried, "Avast, avast! d——n my heart, if you clap your nippers on me, till I know wherefore!—Mr. Random, won't you lend a hand towards saving my precious limb? Odd's heart, if lieutenant Bowling was here, he would not suffer Jack Rattlin's leg to be chopped off like a piece of old junk."[19]—This pathetic address to me, joined to my inclination to serve my honest friend, and the reasons I had to believe there was no danger in delaying the amputation, induced me to declare myself of the first mate's opinion, and affirm that the preternatural colour of the skin was owing to an inflammation occasioned by a contusion, and common in all such cases, without any indication of an approaching gangrene. Morgan, who had a great opinion of my skill, manifestly exulted in my fellowship, and asked Thomson's sentiments of the matter, in hopes of strengthening our association with him too; but he being of a meek disposition, and either dreading the enmity of the surgeon, or speaking the dictates of his own judgment, in a modest manner, espoused the opinion of Mackshane, who by this time, having consulted with himself, determined to act in such a manner, as to screen himself from censure; and at the same time revenge himself on us, for our arrogance in contradicting him.—With this view, he asked if we would undertake to cure the leg at our peril; that is, be answerable for the consequence.—To this question Morgan replied, that the lives of his creatures are in the hands of Got alone; and it would be great presumption in him to undertake for an event that was in the power of his Maker, no more than the doctor could promise to cure all the sick to whom he administered his assistance; but if the patient would put himself under our direction, we would do our endeavour to bring his distemper to a

favourable issue, to which, at present, we saw no obstruction.—I signified my concurrence; and Rattlin was so overjoyed, that shaking us both by the hands, he swore no body else should touch him; and if he died, his blood should be upon his own head.—Mr. Mackshane, flattering himself with the prospect of our miscarriage, went away, and left us to manage it as we should think proper; accordingly, having sawed off part of the splinter that stuck thro' the skin, we reduced the fracture, dressed the wound, applied the eighteen-tailed bandage,[20] and put the leg in a box, *secundem artem*.[21]—Every thing succeeded according to our wish, and we had the satisfaction, of not only preserving the poor fellow's leg, but likewise of rendering the doctor contemptible among the ship's company, who had all their eyes on us during the course of this cure, which was compleated in six weeks.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mackshane's malice——I am taken up and imprisoned for a spy——Morgan meets with the same fate——Thomson is tampered with to turn evidence against us——disdains the proposal, and is maltreated for his integrity——Morgan is released to assist the surgeon during an engagement with some French ships of war——I remain fettered on the poop, exposed to the enemy's shot, and grow delirious with fear:——am comforted after the battle by Morgan, who speaks freely of the captain; is over-heard by the centinel, who informs against him, and again imprisoned——Thomson grows desperate, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Morgan and me, goes overboard in the night.

In the mean time, the storm subsided into a brisk gale, that carried us into the warm latitudes, where the weather became intolerable, and the crew very sickly.—The doctor left nothing unattempted towards the completion of his vengeance against the Welchman and me. He went among the sick under pretence of enquiring into their grievances, with a view of picking up complaints to our prejudice; but finding himself frustrated in that expectation by the good will we had procured from the patients by our diligence and humanity, he took the resolution of listening to our conversation, by hiding himself behind the canvass that surrounded our birth; here too he was detected by the boy of our mess, who acquainted us with this piece of behaviour, and one night, while we were picking a large bone of salt-beef, Morgan discerned something stir on the outside of our hangings, which immediately interpreting to be the doctor,

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he tipt me the wink, and pointed to the place, where I could perceive somebody standing; upon which, I snatched up the bone, and levelled it with all my force at him, saying, "Whoever you are, take that for your curiosity."—It had the desired effect, for we heard the listener tumble down, and afterwards crawl to his own cabbin.—I applauded myself much for this feat, which turned out one of the most unlucky exploits of my life, Mackshane from that time marking me out for destruction.—About a week after this exploit, as I was going my rounds among the sick, I was taken prisoner, and carried to the poop[1] by the master at arms, where I was loaded with irons, and stapled to the deck, on pretence that I was a spy on board, and had conspired against the captain's life.—How ridiculous soever this imputation was, I did not fail to suffer by it all the rigour that could be shewn to the worst of criminals, being exposed in this miserable condition to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the unwholsome damps by night, during the space of twelve days, in which I was neither brought to trial, nor examined touching the probability of my charge.—I had no sooner recovered the use of my reflection, which had been quite overthrown by this accident, than I sent for Thomson, who, after condoling me on the occasion, hinted, that I owed this misfortune to the hatred of the doctor, who had given an information against me to the captain, in consequence of which I was arrested, and all my papers seized.—While I was cursing my capricious fate, I saw Morgan ascend the poop, guarded by two corporals, who made him sit down by me, that he might be pinioned in the same machine.—Notwithstanding my situation, I could scarce refrain from laughing at the countenance of my fellow-prisoner, who, without speaking one word, allowed his feet to be inclosed in the rings provided for that purpose; but when they pretended to fasten him on his back, he grew outragious, and, drawing a large cuteau[2] from his side-pocket, threatned to rip up the belly of the first man that should approach him, in order to treat him in such an unworthy manner.—They were preparing to use him very roughly, when the lieutenant on the quarter-deck called out to them to let him remain as he was.—He then crept towards me, and taking me by the hand, bad me "put my trust in Got."—And looking at Thomson, who sat by us trembling, with a pale visage, told him, there were two more rings for his feet, and he should be glad to find him in such good company——But it was not the intention of our adversary to include the second mate in our fate: Him he excepted to be his drudge in attending the sick, and, if possible, his evidence against us: With this view he sounded him afar off, but finding his integrity incorruptible, harrassed him so much out of spite, that in a short time this mild creature grew weary of his life.

While I and my fellow-prisoner comforted each other in our tribulation, the admiral discovered four sail to leeward, and made signal for our ship and four more to chace: Hereupon every thing was cleared for an engagement,[3] and Mackshane, foreseeing he should have occasion for more assistants than one, obtained Morgan's liberty; while I was left in this deplorable posture to the chance of battle.—It was almost dark when we came up with the sternmost chace,[4] which we hailed, and enquired who they were; they gave us to understand they were French men of war, upon which captain Oakhum commanded them to send their boat on board of[5] him; but they refused, telling him, if he had any business with them, to come on board of their ship: He then threatened to pour in a broad-side upon them, which they promised to return.—Both

sides were as good as their word, and the engagement began with great fury.—The reader may guess how I passed my time, lying in this helpless situation, amidst the terrors of a sea-fight; expecting every moment to be cut asunder or dashed in pieces by the enemy's shot! I endeavoured to compose myself as much as possible, by reflecting that I was not a whit more exposed than those who were stationed about me; but when I beheld them employed without intermission in annoying the foe, and encouraged by the society and behaviour of one another, I could easily perceive a wide difference between their condition and mine: However, I concealed my agitation as well as I could, till the head of the officer of marines, who stood near me, being shot off,[6] bounced from the deck athwart my face, leaving me well nigh blinded with brains.—I could contain myself no longer, but began to bellow with all the strength of my lungs: when a drummer coming towards me, asked if I was wounded, and before I could answer, received a great shot in his belly which tore out his intrails, and he fell flat on my breast.—This accident entirely bereft me of all discretion: I redoubled my cries, which were drowned in the noise of the battle; and finding myself disregarded, lost all patience, and became frantic: I vented my rage in oaths and execrations, till my spirits being quite exhausted, I remained quiet and insensible of the load that oppressed me.—The engagement lasted till broad day, when captain Oakhum, finding he was like to gain neither honour nor advantage by the affair, pretended to be undeceived by seeing their colours; and hailing the ship with whom he had fought all night, protested he believed them Spaniards,[7] and the guns being silenced on each side, ordered the barge to be hoisted out, and went on board of the French commodore.—Our loss amounted to ten killed, and eighteen wounded, most part of whom afterwards died.—My fellow-mates had no sooner dispatched their business in the cock-pit, than full of friendly concern they came to visit me.—Morgan ascending first, and seeing my face almost covered with brains and blood, concluded I was no longer a man for this world; and calling to Thomson with great emotion, bad him come up, and take his last farewell of his comrade and countryman, who was posting to a petter place, where there were no Mackshanes nor Oakhums to asperse and torment him.—"No, (said he, taking me by the hand) you are going to a country where there is more respect shewn to unfortunate shentlemen, and where you will have the satisfaction of peholding your adversaries tossing upon pillows of purning primstone."—Thomson alarmed at this apostrophe, made haste to the place where I lay, and sitting down by me, with tears in his eyes, enquired into the nature of my calamity.—By this time I had recollected myself so far as to be able to converse rationally with my friends, whom, to their great satisfaction, I immediately undeceived with regard to their apprehension of my being mortally wounded.—After I had got myself disengaged from the carnage in which I wallowed, and partaken of a refreshment which my friends brought along with them, we entered into discourse upon the hardships we sustained, and spoke very freely of the authors of our misery: but our discourse being overheard by the centinel who guarded me, he was no sooner relieved, than he reported to the captain every syllable of our conversation, according to the orders he had received: the effect of this information soon appeared in the arrival of the master at arms, who replaced Morgan in his former station; and gave the second mate a caution to keep a strict guard over his tongue, if he did not choose to accompany us in our confinement.—Thomson fore-

seeing that the whole slavery of attending the sick and wounded, as well as the cruelty of Mackshane, must now fall upon his shoulders, grew desperate at the prospect, and, though I never heard him swear before, imprecated dreadful curses on the heads of his oppressors, declaring that he would rather quit life altogether, than be much longer under the power of such barbarians.—I was not a little startled at his vivacity, and endeavoured to alleviate his complaints, by representing the subject of my own, with as much aggravation as it would bear, by which comparison he might see the balance of misfortune lay on my side, and take an example from me of fortitude and submission, till such time as we could procure redress, which (I hoped) was not far off, considering, that we should probably be in a harbour in less than three days, where we should have an opportunity of preferring our complaints to the admiral.—The Welchman joined in my remonstrances, and was at great pains to demonstrate, that it was every man's duty as well as interest to resign himself to the divine will, and look upon himself as a centinel upon duty, who is by no means at liberty to leave his post before he is relieved.—Thomson listened attentively to what we said, and at last, shedding a flood of tears, shook his head, and left us without making any reply.—About eleven at night he came to see us again, with a settled gloom on his countenance, and gave us to understand, that he had undergone excessive toil since he saw us, and, in recompense, had been grosly abused by the doctor, who taxed him with being confederate with us, in a design of taking away his life and that of the captain. After some time spent in mutual exhortation, he got up, and squeezing me by the hand with an uncommon fervour, cried, "God bless you both"; and left us to wonder at his singular manner of parting with us, which did not fail to make an impression on us both.

Next morning, when the hour of visitation came round, this unhappy young man was missing, and, after strict search, supposed to have gone over-board in the night; and this was certainly the case.[8]

CHAPTER XXX.

We lament the fate of our companion——the captain offers Morgan his liberty, which he refuses to accept——We are brought before him and examined——Morgan is sent back into custody, whither also I am remanded, after a curious trial.

The news of this event affected my fellow-prisoner and me extremely, as our unfortunate companion had justly acquired, by his amiable disposition, the love and esteem of us both; and the more we regretted his untimely fate, the greater horror we conceived for the villain who was undoubtedly the occasion of it.—This abandoned miscreant did not discover the least symptom of concern for Thomson's death, although he must have been conscious to himself, of having driven him by ill usage to

seeing that the whole slavery of attending the sick and wounded, as well as the cruelty of Mackshane, must now fall upon his shoulders, grew desperate at the prospect, and, though I never heard him swear before, imprecated dreadful curses on the heads of his oppressors, declaring that he would rather quit life altogether, than be much longer under the power of such barbarians.—I was not a little startled at his vivacity, and endeavoured to alleviate his complaints, by representing the subject of my own, with as much aggravation as it would bear, by which comparison he might see the balance of misfortune lay on my side, and take an example from me of fortitude and submission, till such time as we could procure redress, which (I hoped) was not far off, considering, that we should probably be in a harbour in less than three days, where we should have an opportunity of preferring our complaints to the admiral.—The Welchman joined in my remonstrances, and was at great pains to demonstrate, that it was every man's duty as well as interest to resign himself to the divine will, and look upon himself as a centinel upon duty, who is by no means at liberty to leave his post before he is relieved.—Thomson listened attentively to what we said, and at last, shedding a flood of tears, shook his head, and left us without making any reply.—About eleven at night he came to see us again, with a settled gloom on his countenance, and gave us to understand, that he had undergone excessive toil since he saw us, and, in recompense, had been grosly abused by the doctor, who taxed him with being confederate with us, in a design of taking away his life and that of the captain. After some time spent in mutual exhortation, he got up, and squeezing me by the hand with an uncommon fervour, cried, "God bless you both"; and left us to wonder at his singular manner of parting with us, which did not fail to make an impression on us both.

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that fatal resolution; but desired the captain to set Morgan at liberty again to look after the patients. Accordingly, one of the corporals was sent up to unfetter him; and he protested he would not be released until he should know for what he was confined; nor would he be a tennis-ball,[1] nor a shuttle-cock, nor a trudge,[2] nor a scullion to any captain under the sun.—Oakhum finding him obstinate, and fearing it would not be in his power to exercise his tyranny much longer with impunity, was willing to shew some appearance of justice, and therefore ordered us both to be brought before him on the quarter-deck, where he sat in state, with his clerk on one side, and his counsellor Mackshane on the other.—When we approached, he honoured us with this salutation: "So, gentlemen, damn my blood! many a captain in the navy would have ordered you both to be tuck'd up[3] to the yard's arm, without either judge or jury, for the crimes you have been guilty of; but damn my blood, I have too much good nature, in allowing such dogs as you to make your defence."—"Captain Oakhum, (said my fellow-sufferer) certainly it is in your power (Got help the while) to tuck us all up at your will and desire, and pleasures.—And perhaps it would be petter for some of us to be tucked up, than undergo the miseries to which we have been exposed.——So may the farmer hang his kids for his diversion, and amusement, and mirth; but there is such a thing as justice, if not upon earth, surely in heaven, that will punish with fire and primstone all those that take away the lives of innocent people out of wantonness and parparity (look you)—In the mean time, I shall be glad to know the crimes laid to my charge, and see the person who accuses me."—"That you shall (said the captain) here, doctor, what have you to say?"—Mackshane stepping forward, hemmed a good while, in order to clear his throat, and before he began, Morgan accosted him thus: "Doctor Mackshane, look in my face—look in the face of an honest man, who abhors a false witness as he abhors the tevil, and Got be judge between you and me."—The doctor not minding this conjuration, made the following speech, as near as I can remember:—"I'll tell you what, Mr. Morgan, to be sure what you say is just, in regard to an honest man, and if so be it appears as how you are an honest man, then it is my opinion, that you deserve to be acquitted, in relation to that there affair; for I tell you what, captain Oakhum is resolved for to do every body justice.—As for my own part, all that I have to alledge is, that I have been informed, you have spoken disrespectful words against your captain, who to be sure is the most honourable and generous commander in the king's service, without asparagement or acceptation of man, woman, or child."—Having uttered this elegant harrangue, on which he seemed to plume himself, Morgan replied, "I do partly guess and conceive, and understand your meaning, which I wish could be more explicite: But however, I do suppose, I am not to be condemned upon bare hear-say; or if I am convicted of speaking disrespectfully of captain Oakhum, I hope there is no treason in my words."—"But there's mutiny, by God, and that's death by the articles of war (cried Oakhum)——In the mean time, let the witnesses be called."——Hereupon Mackshane's servant appeared, and the boy of our mess, whom they had seduced and tutored for the purpose.—The first declared, that Morgan, as he descended the cock-pit ladder one day, cursed the captain and called him a savage beast, saying, he ought to be hunted down as an enemy to mankind.—"This (said the clerk) is a strong presumption of a design formed against the captain's life.—For why? It presupposes malice afore-thought, and a criminal intention *a priori*."[4]—"Right (said the captain to this

miserable grub,[5] who had been an attorney's boy) you shall have law enough; here's Cook and Littlejohn[6] for it." This evidence was confirmed by the boy, who affirmed, he heard the first-mate say, that the captain had no more bowels than a bear, and the surgeon had no more brains than an ass.—Then the centinel who heard our discourse on the poop was examined, and informed the court that the Welchman assured me, captain Oakhum and doctor Mackshane would toss upon billows of burning brimstone in hell for their barbarity.—The clerk observed, that there was an evident prejudication, which confirmed the former suspicion of a conspiracy against the life of captain Oakhum; for, because, how could Morgan so positively pronounce that the captain and surgeon would be damned, unless he had intention to make away with them before they could have time to repent?—This sage explanation had great weight with our noble commander, who exclaimed, "What have you to say to this, Taffy?[7] you seem to be taken all a-back, brother, hah!"—Morgan was too much of a gentleman to disown the text, although he absolutely denied the truth of the comment: Upon which the captain, strutting up to him, with a ferocious countenance, said, "So, Mr. son of a bitch, you confess you honoured me with the names of bear and beast, and pronounced my damnation! Damn my heart! I have a good mind to have you brought to a court-martial and hanged, you dog."—Here Mackshane, having occasion for an assistant, interposed, and begged the captain to pardon Mr. Morgan, with his wonted goodness, upon condition that he the delinquent should make such submission as the nature of his misdemeanour demanded. Upon which the Cambro-Briton, who on this occasion would have made no submission to the Great Mogul,[8] surrounded with all his guards, thanked the doctor for his mediation, and acknowledged himself in the wrong for calling the image of Got a peast, "but (said he) I spoke by metaphor, and parable, and comparison, and types; as we signify meekness by a lamb, letchery by a goat, and craftiness by a fox; so we liken ignorance to an ass, and brutality to a bear, and fury to a tyger;[9] therefore I made use of these similies to express my sentiments (look you;) and what I said, before Got, I will not unsay before man or peast neither."—Oakhum was so provoked at this insolence (as he termed it) that he ordered him forthwith to be carried to the place of his confinement, and his clerk to proceed on the examination of me—The first question put to me, was touching the place of my nativity, which I declared to be the north of Scotland.—"The north of Ireland more like (cried the captain;) but we shall bring you up presently."—He then asked what religion I professed; and when I answered, "The Protestant," swore I was as arrant a Roman as ever went to mass.—"Come, come, clerk (continued he) catechize him a little on this subject."—But before I relate the particulars of the clerk's enquiries, it will not be amiss to inform the reader that our commander himself was an Hibernian, and, if not shrewdly belied, a Roman Catholic to boot.—"You say you are a Protestant (said the clerk:) make the sign of the cross with your fingers, so, and swear upon it to that affirmation."—When I was about to perform this ceremony, the captain cried with some emotion, "No, no, damme! I'll have no profanation neither.—But go on with your interrogations."—"Well then (proceeded my examiner) how many sacraments are there?"—To which I replied, "Two."——"What are they?" (said he.) I answered, "Baptism and the Lord's supper."[10]—"And so you would explode confirmation and marriage altogether? (said Oakhum.) I thought this fellow was a rank Roman."—The clerk, though he was bred

under an attorney, could not refrain from blushing at this blunder, which he endeavoured to conceal, by observing, that these decoys would not do with me, who seemed to be an old offender.—He went on with asking, if I believed in transubstantiation;[11] but I treated the notion of a real presence with such disrespect, that his patron was scandalized at my impiety, and commanded him to proceed to the plot.—Whereupon this miserable pettifogger told me, there was great reason to suspect me of being a spy on board; and that I had entered into a conspiracy with Thomson, and others not yet detected, against the life of captain Oakhum.—Which accusation they pretended to support by the evidence of our boy, who declared he had often heard the deceased Thomson and me whispering together, and could distinguish the words, "Oakhum, rascal, poison, pistol." By which expressions it appeared, we did intend to use sinister means to accomplish his destruction. That the death of Thomson seemed to confirm this conjecture, who, either feeling the stings of remorse, for being engaged in such a horrid confederacy, or fearing a discovery, by which he must have infallibly suffered an ignominious death, had put a fatal period to his own existence.—But what established the truth of the whole, was a book in cypher[12] found among my papers, which exactly tallied with one found in his chest after his disappearance: This, he observed, was a presumption very near proof positive, and would determine any jury in christendom to find me guilty.—In my own defence, I alledged that I had been dragged on board at first very much against my inclination, as I could prove by the evidence of some people now in the ship, consequently could have no design of becoming spy at that time; and ever since had been entirely out of the reach of any correspondence that could justly intail that suspicion upon me!—As for conspiring against my captain's life, it could not be supposed that any man in his right wits would harbour the least thought of such an undertaking, which he could not possibly perform without certain infamy and ruin to himself, even if he had all the inclination in the world.—That allowing the boy's evidence to be true (which I affirmed was false and malicious) nothing conclusive could be gathered from a few incoherent words: Neither was the fate of Mr. Thomson a circumstance more favourable for the charge; for I had in my pocket a letter which too well explained that mystery, in a very different manner from that which was supposed: With these words I produced the following letter, which Jack Rattlin brought to me the very day after Thomson disappeared; and told me it was committed to his care by the deceased, who made him promise not to deliver it sooner. The clerk taking it out of my hand, read aloud the contents, which were these:

"*Dear Friend*,

I am so much oppressed with the fatigue I daily and nightly undergo, and the barbarous usage of doctor Macshane, who is bent on your destruction, as well as mine, that I am resolved to free myself from this miserable life, and before you receive this, shall be no more. I could have wished to die in your good opinion, which I am afraid I shall forfeit by the last act of my life; but if you cannot acquit me, I know you will at least preserve some regard for the memory of an unfortunate young man who loved you.—I recommend it to you, to beware of Macshane, whose revenge is implacable.—I wish all prosperity to you and Mr. Morgan, to whom pray offer my last respects, and beg to be remembered as your unhappy friend and countryman.

William Thomson."

This letter was no sooner read, than Macshane, in a transport of rage, snatched it out of the clerk's hands, and tore it in to a thousand pieces, saying, it was a villainous forgery, contrived and executed by myself.—The captain and clerk declared themselves of the same opinion, although I insisted on having the remains of it compared with other writings of Thomson, which they had in their possession; and I was ordered to answer the last article of my accusation, namely, the book of cyphers found among my papers.—"That is easily done (said I.) What you are pleased to call cyphers, are no other than the Greek characters, in which, for my amusement, I kept a diary of every thing remarkable that has occurred to my observation since the beginning of the voyage, till the day on which I was put in irons; and the same method was practised by Mr. Thomson, who copied mine."—"A very likely story! (cried Macshane:) what occasion was there for using Greek characters, if you were not afraid of discovering what you had wrote?—But what d'ye talk of Greek characters?—D'ye think I am so ignorant of the Greek language, as not to distinguish its letters from these, which are no more Greek than Chinese? No, no, I will not give up my knowledge of the Greek for you, nor none that ever came from your country." So saying, with an unparalleled effrontery, he repeated some gibberish, which by the sound seemed to be Irish, and made it pass for Greek with the captain, who, looking at me with a contemptuous sneer, exclaimed, "Ah ha! have you caught a Tartar?"[13] I could not help smiling at the consummate assurance of this Hibernian, and offered to refer the dispute to any body on board who understood the Greek alphabet: Upon which Morgan was brought back, and being made acquainted with the affair, took the book and read a whole page in English, without hesitation, deciding the controversy in my favour.—The doctor was so far from being out of countenance at this detection, that he affirmed Morgan was in the secret, and repeated from his own invention.—Oakhum said, "Ay, ay, I see they are both in a story": And dismissed my fellow-mate to his cock-loft,[14] although I proposed that he and I should read and translate separately, any chapter or verse in the Greek-testament in his possession, by which it would appear whether we or the surgeon spoke truth.—Not being endued with eloquence enough to convince the captain that there could be no juggle nor confederacy in this expedient, I begged to be examined by some unconcerned person on board, who understood Greek: Accordingly the whole ship's company, officers and all, were called upon deck, among whom it was proclaimed, that if any of them could speak Greek, he or they so qualified should ascend the quarter-deck immediately.—After some pause, two fore-mast-men[15] came up and professed their skill in that language, which (they said) they acquired during several voyages to the Levant,[16] among the Greeks of the Morea.[17] The captain exulted much in this declaration, and put my journal-book into the hands of one of them, who candidly owned he could neither read nor write; the other acknowledged the same degree of ignorance, but pretended to speak the Greek lingo with any man on board; and, addressing himself to me, pronounced some sentences of a barbarous corrupted language, which I did not understand.—I asserted that the modern Greek was as different from that spoke and written by the ancients, as the English used now from the old Saxon spoke in the time of Hengist;[18] and as I had only learned the true original tongue, in which Homer, Pindar,[19] the Evangelists,[20] and other great men of antiquity

wrote, it could not be supposed that I should know any thing of an imperfect Gothic dialect[21] that rose on the ruins of the former, and scarce retained any traces of the old expression.—But if doctor Macshane, who pretended to be master of the Greek language, could maintain a conversation with these seamen, I would retract what I had said, and be content to suffer any punishment he should think proper to inflict.—I had no sooner uttered these words, than the surgeon knowing one of the fellows to be his countryman, accosted him in Irish, and was answered in the same brogue; then a dialogue ensued between them, which they affirmed to be in Greek, after having secured the secrecy of the other tar, who had his cue in the language of the Morea from his companion, before they would venture to assert such an intrepid falsehood.—"I thought (said Oakhum) we should discover the imposture at last.—Let the rascal be carried back to his confinement.—I find he must dangle."—Having nothing further to urge in my own behalf, before a court so prejudiced with spite, and fortified with ignorance against truth, I suffered myself to be reconducted peaceably to my fellow-prisoner, who hearing the particulars of my trial, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and uttered a dreadful groan; and not daring to disburthen his thoughts to me by speech, lest he might be overheard by the centinel, burst forth into a Welch song, which he accompanied with a thousand contortions of face, and violent gestures of body.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I discover a subornation against me, by means of a quarrel between two of the evidences; in consequence of which, I am set at liberty, and prevail upon Morgan to accept of his freedom on the same terms——Mackshane's malice——we arrive at Jamaica, from whence in a short time we beat up to Hispaniola, in conjunction with the West-India squadron——we take in water, sail again, and arrive at Carthagena——reflections on our conduct there.

Mean while, a quarrel happening between the two modern Greeks,[1] the one to be revenged of the other, came and discovered to us the mystery of Mackshane's dialogue, as I have explained it above. This detection coming to the ears of the doctor, who was sensible that (now we were in sight of Jamaica) we should have an opportunity of clearing ourselves before a court-martial, and at the same time, of making his malice and ignorance conspicuous, he interceded for us with the captain so effectually, that in a few hours we were set at liberty, and ordered to return to our duty.—This was a happy event for me, my whole body being blistered by the sun, and my limbs

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benumbed by want of motion: But I could scarce persuade the Welchman to accept of this indulgence, he persisting in his obstinacy to remain in irons, until he should be discharged by a court-martial,[2] which he believed would also do him justice on his enemies; at length I represented to him the precarious issue of a trial, the power and interest of his adversaries, and flattered his revenge with the hope of wreaking his resentment with his own hands upon Mackshane after our return to England: This last argument had more weight with him than all the rest, and prevailed upon him to repair with me to the cockpit, which I no sooner entered, than the idea of my departed friend presented itself to my remembrance, and filled my eyes with tears.—We discharged from our mess the boy who had acted so perfidiously, notwithstanding his tears, intreaties, and professions of penitence for what he had done; but not before he had confessed that the surgeon had bribed him to give evidence against us, with a pair of stockings and a couple of old check shirts, of which his servant had since plundered him.

The keys of our chests and lockers being sent to us by the doctor, we detained the messenger until we had examined the contents; and my fellow-mate finding all his cheshire cheese consumed to a crust, his brandy exhausted, and his onions gone, was seized with a fit of choler, which he discharged on Mackshane's man in oaths and execrations, threatening to prosecute him as a thief.—The fellow swore, in his turn, that he never had the keys in his possession till that time, when he received them from his master, with orders to deliver them to us.—"As Got is my judge (cried Morgan) and my salfation, and my witness, whosoever has pilfered my provisions, is a lousy, peggarly, rascally knave! and by the soul of my grandsire! I will impeach, and accuse, and indict him of a roppery, if I did but know who he is."—Had this misfortune happened at sea, where we could not repair the loss, in all probability this descendent of Caractacus would have lost his wits entirely: but when I observed, how easy it would be to remedy this paultry mischance, he became more calm, and reconciled himself to the occasion.—A little while after this transport, the surgeon came into the birth, under pretence of taking something out of the medicine-chest, and with a smiling aspect, wished us joy of our deliverance, which (he said) he had been at great pains to obtain of the captain, who was very justly incensed at our behaviour; but he (the doctor) had passed his word for our future conduct, and he hoped we should give him no cause to repent of his kindness.—He expected (no doubt) an acknowledgment from us for this pretended piece of service, as well as a general amnesty of what was past; but he had to do with people who were not quite so apt to forgive injuries as he imagined, or to forget that if our deliverance was owing to his mediation, our calamity was occasioned by his malice; I therefore sat silent while my companion answered, "Ay, ay, 'tis no matter—Got knows the heart—there is a time for all things, as the wise man saith, there is a time for throwing away stones, and a time to gather them up again."[3]—He seemed to be disconcerted at this reply, and went away in a pet, muttering something about "Ingratitude" and "Fellows," of which we did not think fit to take any notice.

Our fleet having joined another that waited for us, lay at anchor about a month in the harbour of Port-Royal[4] in Jamaica, during which time something of consequence was certainly transacted; notwithstanding the insinuations of some who affirmed we had no business at all in that place—that in order to take the advantage of the season, proper

for our enterprize, the West-Indian squadron,[5] which had previous notice of our coming, ought to have joined us at the west-end of Hispaniola, with necessary stores and refreshments, from whence we could have sailed directly to Carthagena, before the enemy could put themselves in a good posture of defence, or indeed have an inkling of our design. Be this as it will, we sailed from Jamaica, and in ten days or a fortnight, beat up[6] against the wind as far as the isle of Vache,[7] with an intention, as was said, to attack the French fleet, then supposed to be lying near that place; but before we arrived they had sailed for Europe, having first dispatched an advice-boat[8] to Carthagena with an account of our being in those seas, as also of our strength and destination.——We loitered here some days longer, taking in wood, and brackish water, in the use whereof, however, our admiral seemed to consult the health of the men, by restricting each to a quart a day.—At length we set sail, and arrived in a bay to the windward of Carthagena, where we came to an anchor, and lay at our ease ten days longer.—Here again, certain malicious people take occasion to blame the conduct of their superiors, by saying, that in so doing, they not only unprofitably wasted time, which was very precious, considering the approach of the rainy season, but also allowed the Spaniards to recollect themselves from the terror occasioned by the approach of an English fleet, at least three times as numerous as ever appeared in that part of the world before. But if I might be allowed to give my opinion of the matter, I would ascribe this delay to the generosity of our chiefs, who scorned to take any advantage that fortune might give them, even over an enemy. At last, however, we weighed, and anchored again somewhat nearer the harbour's mouth, where we made shift to land our marines, who encamped on the beach, in despite of the enemies shot, which knocked a good many of them on the head.—This piece of conduct in choosing a camp under the walls of an enemy's fortification, which I believe never happened before, was, practised, I presume, with a view of accustoming the soldiers to stand fire, who were not as yet much used to discipline, most of them having been taken from the plough-tail a few months before.—This expedient again has furnished matter for censure against the ministry,[9] for sending a few raw recruits on such an important enterprize, while so many veteran regiments lay inactive at home: But surely our governors had their reasons for so doing, which possibly may be disclosed with other secrets of the deep.[10] Perhaps they were loth to risk their best troops on such desperate service; or, the colonels and field officers of the old corps, who, generally speaking, enjoyed their commissions as sinecures or pensions, for some domestic services tendered to the court, refused to embark in such a dangerous and precarious undertaking; for which refusal, no doubt, they are to be much commended.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Our land-forces being disembarked, erect a fascine battery——our ship is ordered, with four more, to batter the fort of Boca Chica——Mackshane's cowardice——the chaplain's phrenzy——honest Rattlin loses one hand——his heroism and reflections on the battle——Crampley's behaviour to me during the heat of the fight.

Our forces being landed and stationed as I have already mentioned, set about erecting a fascine battery[1] to cannonade the principal fort of the enemy, and in something more than three weeks, it was ready to open. That we might do the Spaniards as much honour as possible, it was determined in a council of war, that five of our largest ships should attack the fort on one side, while the battery, strengthened by two mortars and twenty-four cohorns,[2] should ply it on the other.

Accordingly, the signal for our ship to engage, among others, was hoisted, we being advertised the night before, to make every thing clear for that purpose: and in so doing, a difference happened between captain Oakhum and his well-beloved cousin and counsellor Mackshane, which had well nigh terminated in an open rupture.—The doctor, who had imagined there was no more danger of being hurt by the enemy's shot in the cockpit than in the center of the earth, was lately informed that a surgeon's mate had been killed in that part of a ship, by a cannon-ball from two small redoubts[3] that were destroyed before the disembarkation of our soldiers; and therefore insisted upon having a platform raised for the convenience of the sick and wounded, in the after-hold,[4] where he deemed himself more secure than on the deck above.—The captain, offended at this extraordinary proposal, accused him of pusillanimity, and told him there was no room in the hold for such an occasion; or if there was, he could not expect to be indulged more than the rest of the surgeons of the navy, who used the cockpit for that purpose: Fear rendering Mackshane obstinate, he persisted in his demand, and shewed his instructions,[5] by which it was authorised: the captain swore these instructions were dictated by a parcel of lazy poltroons who were never at sea; nevertheless he was obliged to comply, and sent for the carpenter to give him orders about it: But before any such measure could be taken, our signal was thrown out,[6] and the doctor compelled to trust his carcase in the cockpit, where Morgan and I were busy in putting our instruments and dressings in order.

Our ship, with others destined for this service, immediately weighed, and in less than half an hour came to an anchor before the castle of Boca Chica,[7] with a spring upon our cable[8]—And the cannonading (which indeed was terrible!) began. The surgeon, after having crossed himself, fell flat on the deck; and the chaplain and purser, who were stationed with us, in quality of assistants, followed his example, while the Welchman and I sat upon a chest looking at one another with great discomposure,

scarce able to refrain from the like prostration.—And that the reader may know, it was not a common occasion that alarmed us thus, I must inform him of the particulars of this dreadful din that astonished us. The fire of the Spaniards proceeded from eighty-four great guns, besides a mortar and small arms in Boca Chica, thirty-six in Fort St. Joseph,[9] twenty in two fascine batteries, and four men of war, mounting sixty-four guns each.—This was answered by our land battery[10] mounted with twenty-one cannon, two mortars and twenty-four cohorns, and five great ships of eighty or seventy guns that fired without intermission.—We had not been many minutes engaged, when one of the sailors brought another on his back to the cockpit, where he tossed him down like a bag of oats, and pulling out his pouch, put a large chew of tobacco[11] in his mouth without speaking a word; Morgan immediately examined the condition of the wounded man, and cried, "As I shall answer now, the man is as tead as my great-grandfather."—"Dead (said his comrade) he may be dead now, for ought I know, but I'll be damn'd if he was not alive when I took him up."—So saying, he was about to return to his quarters, when I bade him carry the body along with him, and throw it over board.—"D——n the body!" said he, "I think 'tis fair enough if I take care of my own."——My fellow-mate snatching up the amputation-knife, pursued him half-way up the cockpit ladder, crying, "You lousy rascal, is this the church-yard, or the charnel-house, or the sepulchre, or the Golgotha[12] of the ship?"—but was stopt in his career by one calling, "Yo ho, avast there—scaldings"—"Scaldings! (answered Morgan) Got knows 'tis hot enough indeed:—who are you?"—"Here's one" (replied the voice.)—And I immediately knew it to be that of my honest friend Jack Rattlin, who coming towards me, told me, with great deliberation, he was coming to be dock'd at last, and discovered the remains of one hand which had been shattered to pieces with a grape shot.—I lamented with unfeigned sorrow his misfortune, which he bore with heroic courage, observing, that every shot had its commission: It was well it did not take him in the head; or if it had, what then? he should have died bravely, fighting for his king and country: Death was a debt which every man owed, and must pay; and that now was as well as another time.—I was much pleased and edified with the maxims of this sea-philosopher, who endured the amputation of his left hand without shrinking; the operation being performed (at his request) by me, after Mackshane, who was with difficulty prevailed to lift his head from the deck, had declared there was a necessity for his losing the limb.——While I was employed in dressing the stump, I asked Jack's opinion of the battle, who shaking his head, frankly told me, he believed we should do no good; "For why, because instead of dropping anchor close under shore, where we should have had to deal with one corner of Boca Chica only, we had opened the harbour, and exposed ourselves to the whole fire of the enemy from their shipping and Fort St. Joseph, as well as from the castle we intended to cannonade; that besides, we lay at too great a distance to damage the walls, and three parts in four of our shot did not take place; for there was scarce any body on board, who understood the pointing of a gun.—Ah! God help us! (continued he) if your kinsman lieutenant Bowling had been here, we should have had other-guess-work."—By this time our patients had increased to such a number, that we did not know which to begin with; and the first mate plainly told the surgeon, that if he did not get up immediately, and perform his duty,

he would complain of his behaviour to the admiral, and make application for his warrant.—This remonstrance effectually roused Mackshane, who was never deaf to an argument in which he thought his interest was concerned; he therefore rose up, and, in order to strengthen his resolution, had recourse more than once to a case-bottle of rum, which he freely communicated to the chaplain and purser, who had as much need of such extraordinary inspiration as himself: Being thus supported he went to work, and arms and legs were hewed down without mercy.—The fumes of the liquor mounting into the parson's brain, conspired with his former agitation of spirits, to make him quite delirious; he stript himself to the skin, and besmearing his body with blood, could scarce be with-held from running upon deck in that condition. Jack Rattlin, scandalized at this deportment, endeavoured to allay his transports with reason: but finding all he said ineffectual, and great confusion occasioned by his frolicks, he knocked him down with his right hand, and by threats kept him quiet in that state of humiliation.—But it was not in the power of rum to elevate the purser, who sat on the floor wringing his hands, and cursing the hour in which he left his peaceable profession of a brewer in Rochester, to engage in such a life of terror and disquiet.—While we diverted ourselves at the expence of this poor devil, a shot happened to take us between wind and water, and (its course being through the purser's store-room) made a terrible havock and noise among the jars and bottles in its way, and disconcerted Mackshane so much, that he dropt his scalpel, and falling down on his knees, pronounced his *Pater-noster*[13] aloud; the purser fell backward and lay without sense or motion; and the chaplain grew so outragious, that Rattlin with one hand could not keep him under; so that we were obliged to confine him in the surgeon's cabbin, where he was no doubt guilty of a thousand extravagancies.—Much about this time, my old antagonist Crampley came down, with express orders (as he said) to bring me up to the quarter-deck, to dress a slight wound the captain had received by a splinter. His reason for honouring me in particular with this piece of service, being that in case I should be killed or disabled by the way, my death or mutilation would be of less consequence to the ship's company, than that of the doctor or his first mate.——At another time, perhaps I might have disputed this order, to which I was not bound to pay the least regard; but as I thought my reputation depended upon my compliance, I was resolved to convince my rival that I was no more afraid than he of exposing myself to danger.—With this view I provided myself with dressings, and followed him immediately to the quarter-deck, through a most infernal scene of slaughter, fire, smoak, and uproar! Captain Oakhum, who leaned against the mizen-mast, no sooner saw me approach in my shirt, with the sleeves tucked up to my arm-pits, and my hands dyed with blood, than he signified his displeasure by a frown, and asked why the doctor himself did not come? I told him Crampley had singled me out, as if by express command; at which reply he seemed surprized, and threatned to punish the midshipman for his presumption, after the engagement: In the mean time I was sent back to my station, and ordered to tell Mackshane, that the captain expected him immediately.—I got safe back, and delivered my commission to the doctor, who flatly refused to quit the post assigned to him by his instructions: whereupon, Morgan, who (I believe) was jealous of my reputation for courage, undertook the affair, and ascended with great intrepidity.—

The captain finding the surgeon obstinate, suffered himself to be dressed, and swore he would confine Mackshane as soon as the service should be over.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A breach being made in the walls, our soldiers gave the assault, and take the place without opposition——our sailors at the same time become masters of all the other strengths near Boca Chica, and take possession of the harbour——the good consequence of this success——we move nearer the town——find two forts deserted, and the channel blocked up with sunk vessels; which, however, we find means to clear——land our soldiers at La Quinta——repulse a body of militia——attack the castle of St. Lazar, and are forced to retreat with great loss——the remains of our army are re-imbarked——an effort of the admiral to take the town——the œconomy of our expedition described.

Having cannonaded the fort, during the space of four hours, we were all ordered to slip our cables, and sheer off;[1] but next day the engagement was renewed, and continued from the morning till the afternoon, when the enemy's fire from Boca Chica slackened, and towards evening was quite silenced.—A breach being made on the other side, by our land-battery, large enough to admit a middle-sized baboon, provided he could find means to climb up to it; our general proposed to give the assault that very night, and actually ordered a detachment on that duty: Providence stood our friend upon this occasion, and put it into the hearts of the Spaniards to abandon the fort, which might have been maintained by resolute men to the day of judgment against all the force we could exert in the attack.—And while our soldiers took possession of the enemy's ramparts, without resistance, the same good luck attended a body of sailors, who made themselves masters of fort St. Joseph, the fascine batteries, and one Spanish man of war; the other three being burnt or sunk by the foe, that they might not fall into our hands.—The taking of these forts, in the strength of which the Spaniards chiefly confided, made us masters of the outward harbour,[2] and occasioned great joy among us; as we laid our accounts with finding little or no opposition from the town: And indeed, if a few great ships had sailed up immediately, before they had recovered from the confusion and despair that our unexpected success had produced among them, it is not impossible that we might have finished the affair to our satisfaction, without any more blood-shed; but this step our heroes disdained, as a barba-

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rous insult over the enemy's distress; and gave them all the respite they could desire, in order to recollect themselves.—In the mean time, Mackshane taking the advantage of this general exultation, waited on our captain, and pleaded his own cause so effectually, that he was re-established in his good graces; and as for Crampley, there was no more notice taken of his behaviour towards me, during the action.—But of all the consequences of the victory, none was more grateful than plenty of fresh water, after we had languished five weeks on the allowance of a purser's quart[3] *per diem* for each man, in the Torrid Zone,[4] where the sun was vertical, and the expence of bodily fluid so great, that a gallon of liquor could scarce supply the waste of twenty-four hours; especially as our provision consisted of putrid salt beef, to which the sailors gave the name of Irish horse;[5] salt pork of New-England, which though neither fish nor flesh, savoured of both; bread from the same country, every biscuit whereof, like a piece of clock-work, moved by its own internal impulse, occasioned by the myriads of insects that dwelt within it; and butter served out by the gill, that tasted like train-oil[6] thickened with salt. Instead of small beer, each man was allowed three half quarterns of brandy or rum, which were distributed every morning, diluted with a certain quantity of his water, without either sugar or fruit to render it palatable, for which reason, this composition was by the sailors not unaptly stiled *Necessity*.[7] Nor was this limitation of simple element owing to a scarcity of it on board,[8] for, there was at this time water enough in the ship for a voyage of six months, at the rate of half a gallon *per* day to each man: But, this fast must (I suppose) have been enjoined by way of penance on the ship's company for their sins; or rather with a view to mortify them into a contempt of life, that they might thereby become more resolute and regardless of danger. How simple then do those people argue, who ascribe the great mortality[9] among us, to our bad provision and want of water; and affirm, that a great many valuable lives might have been saved, if the useless transports had been employed in fetching fresh stock, turtle, fruit, and other refreshments from Jamaica, and other adjacent islands, for the use of the army and fleet![10] seeing it is to be hoped, that those who died went to a better place, and those who survived were the more easily maintained.—After all, a sufficient number remained to fall before the walls of St. Lazar,[11] where they behaved like their own country mastifs, which shut their eyes, run into the jaws of a bear, and have their heads crushed for their valour.[12]

But to return to my narration: After having put garrisons into the forts we had taken, and re-imbarked our soldiers and artillery, a piece of service that detained us more than a week; we ventured up to the mouth of the inner harbour, guarded by a large fortification on one side, and a small redoubt on the other, both of which were deserted before our approach, and the entrance of the harbour blocked up by several old galleons and two men of war that the enemy had sunk in the channel.—We made shift, however, to open a passage for some ships, that favoured a second landing of our troops at a place called La Quinta,[13] not far from the town, where, after a faint resistance from a body of Spaniards, who opposed their disembarkation, they encamped with a design of besieging the castle of St. Lazar, which overlooked and commanded the city: Whether our renowned general[14] had no body in his army who knew how to approach it in form, or that he trusted entirely to the fame of his arms, I shall not

determine; but, certain it is, a resolution was taken in a council of war, to attack the place with musquetry only: This was put in execution, and succeeded accordingly; the enemy giving them such an hearty reception, that the greatest part of the detachment took up their everlasting residence on the spot.—Our chief not relishing this kind of complaisance in the Spaniards, was wise enough to retreat on board with the remains of his army, which, from eight thousand able men landed on the beach near Boca Chica, was now reduced to fifteen hundred fit for service.—The sick and wounded were squeezed into certain vessels, which thence obtained the name of hospital ships,[15] though methinks they scarce deserved such a creditable title, seeing few of them could boast of their surgeon, nurse, or cook; and the space between decks was so confined, that the miserable patients had not room to sit upright in their beds. Their wounds and stumps being neglected, contracted filth and putrefaction, and millions of maggots were hatched amidst the corruption of the sores.[16] This inhuman disregard was imputed to the scarcity of surgeons; though it is well known that every great ship in the fleet could have spared one at least for this duty; an expedient which would have been more than sufficient to remove this shocking inconvenience: But, perhaps the general was too much of a gentleman to ask a favour of this kind from his fellow-chief,[17] who, on the other hand, would not derogate so much from his own dignity, as to offer such assistance, unasked; for, I may venture to affirm, that by this time the Dæmon of discord[18] with her sooty wings, had breathed her influence upon our counsels; and it might be said of these great men, (I hope they will pardon the comparison) as of Cæsar and Pompey, the one could not brook a superior, and the other was impatient of an equal:[19] So that between the pride of one, and insolence of another, the enterprize miscarried,[20] according to the proverb, "Between two stools the backside falls to the ground."[21]—Not that I would be thought to liken any public concern to that opprobrious part of the human body, though I might with truth assert, if I durst use such a vulgar idiom, that the nation did hang an a—se[22] at its disappointment on this occasion; neither would I presume to compare the capacity of our heroic leaders to any such wooden convenience as a joint-stool or a close-stool;[23] but, only to signify, by this simile, the mistake the people committed in trusting to the union of two instruments that were never joined.

A day or two after the attempt on St. Lazar, the admiral ordered one of the Spanish men of war we had taken,[24] to be mounted with sixteen guns, and manned with detachments from our great ships, in order to batter the town; accordingly, she was towed into the inner harbour in the night, and moored within half a mile of the walls, against which she began to fire at day-break; and continued about six hours exposed to the opposition of at least thirty pieces of cannon, which at length obliged our men to set her on fire, and get off as well as they could, in their boats.—This piece of conduct afforded matter of speculation to all the wits either in the army or navy, who were at last fain to acknowledge it a stroke of policy above their comprehension.—Some entertained such an irreverent opinion of the admiral's understanding, as to think he expected the town would surrender to his floating battery of sixteen guns: Others imagined his sole intention was to try the enemy's strength, by which he should be able to compute the number of great ships that would be necessary to force the town

to a capitulation: But, this last conjecture soon appeared groundless, in as much as no ships of any kind whatever were afterwards employed on that service.—A third sort swore, that no other cause could be assigned for this undertaking, than that which induced Don Quixote to attack the windmill.[25]—A fourth class (and that the most numerous, though without doubt, composed of the sanguine and malicious) plainly taxed this commander with want of honesty as well as sense; and alledged, that he ought to have sacrificed private pique to the interest of his country; that where the lives of so many brave fellow-citizens were concerned, he ought to have concurred with the general, without being sollicited or even desired, towards their preservation and advantage; that if his arguments could not dissuade him from a desperate enterprize, it was his duty to have rendered it as practicable as possible, without running extreme hazard; that this could have been done, with a good prospect of success, by ordering five or six large ships to batter the town, while the land forces stormed the castle; by these means a considerable diversion would have been made in favour of those troops, who in their march to the assault, and in the retreat, suffered much more from the town than from the castle; that the inhabitants seeing themselves vigorously attacked on all hands, would have been divided, distracted and confused, and in all probability, unable to resist the assailants.—But, all these suggestions surely proceed from ignorance and malevolence, or else the admiral would not have found it such an easy matter, at his return to England, to justify his conduct to a ministry at once so upright and discerning.—True it is, that those who undertook to vindicate him on the spot, asserted, there was not water enough for our great ships near the town; though this was a little unfortunately urged, because there happened to be pilots in the fleet perfectly well acquainted with the soundings of the harbour, who affirmed there was water enough for five eighty-gun ships to lye a-breast, almost up at the very walls.—The disappointments we suffered, occasioned an universal dejection, which was not at all alleviated by the objects that daily and hourly entertained our eyes, nor by the prospect of what must have inevitably happened, had we remained much longer in this place—Such was the œconomy in some ships, that rather than be at the trouble of interring the dead, their commanders ordered their men to throw their bodies overboard, many without either ballast or winding sheet;[26] so that numbers of human carcasses floated in the harbour, until they were devoured by sharks and carrion crows;[27] which afforded no agreeable spectacle to those who survived.—At the same time the wet season began, during which, a deluge of rain falls from the rising to the setting of the sun, without intermission; and that no sooner ceases, than it begins to thunder and lighten with such continual flashing, that one can see to read a very small print by the illumination.[28]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

An epidemic fever rages among us——we abandon our conquests——I am seized with the distemper; write a petition to the captain, which is rejected——I am in danger of suffocation through the malice of Crampley; and relieved by a serjeant——my fever increases——the chaplain wants to confess me——I obtain a favourable crisis——Morgan's affection for me proved——the behaviour of Mackshane and Crampley towards me—— Captain Oakhum is removed into another ship, with his beloved doctor—— our new captain described——an adventure of Morgan.

The change of the atmosphere, occasioned by this phænomenon, conspired with the stench that surrounded us, the heat of the climate, our own constitutions impoverished by bad provision, and our despair, to introduce the bilious fever[1] among us, which raged with such violence that three fourths of those whom it invaded, died in a deplorable manner; the colour of their skin being, by the extreme putrefaction of the juices, changed into that of soot.

Our conductors finding things in this situation, perceived it was high time to relinquish our conquests; and this we did, after having rendered their artillery useless, and blown up[2] their walls with gunpowder.—Just as we sailed from Boca Chica, on our return to Jamaica, I found myself threatned with the symptoms of this terrible distemper; and knowing very well that I stood no chance for my life, if I should be obliged to lie in the cock-pit, which by this time, was grown intolerable even to people in health, by reason of the heat and unwholesome smell of decayed provision;[3] I wrote a petition to the captain, representing my case, and humbly imploring his permission to lie among the soldiers in the middle-deck, for the benefit of the air: But I might have spared myself the trouble; for, this humane commander refused my request, and ordered me to continue in the place allotted for the surgeon's mates, or else be contented to lie in the hospital, which, by the bye, was three degrees more offensive, and more suffocating than our own birth below.—Another in my condition, perhaps, would have submitted to his fate, and died in a pet; but I could not brook the thought of perishing so pitifully, after I had weathered so many gales of hard fortune: I therefore, without minding Oakhum's injunction, prevailed upon the soldiers (whose good-will I had acquired) to admit my hammock among them; and actually congratulated myself upon my comfortable situation; which Crampley no sooner understood than he signified to the captain, my contempt of his orders; and was invested with power to turn me down again into my proper habitation.—This barbarous piece of revenge incensed me so much against the author, that I vowed, with bitter imprecations, to call him to a severe account, if ever it should be in my power; and the agitation of my spirits increased

my fever to a violent degree.—While I lay gasping for breath in this infernal abode, I was visited by a serjeant, the bones of whose nose I had reduced and set to rights, after they had been demolished by a splinter during our last engagement: He being informed of my condition, offered me the use of his birth in the middle-deck, which was inclosed with canvas and well-aired by a port-hole that remained open within it.—I embraced this proposal with joy, and was immediately conducted to the place, where I was treated, while my illness lasted, with the utmost tenderness and care by this grateful halberdier,[4] who had no other bed for himself than a hencoop, during the whole passage.—Here I lay and enjoyed the breeze, notwithstanding which, my malady gained ground, and at length my life was despaired of, though I never lost hopes of recovery, even when I had the mortification to see, from my cabin window, six or seven thrown over-board every day, who died of the same distemper. This confidence, I am persuaded, conduced a great deal to the preservation of my life, especially, when joined to another resolution I took at the beginning, namely to refuse all medicine,[5] which I could not help thinking co-operated with the disease, and instead of resisting putrefaction, promoted a total degeneracy of the vital fluid.—When my friend Morgan, therefore, brought his diaphoretic boluses,[6] I put them in my mouth, 'tis true, but without any intention of swallowing them; and when he went away, spit them out, and washed my mouth with water-gruel:[7] I seemingly complied in this manner, that I might not affront the blood of Caractacus, by a refusal which might have intimated a diffidence of his physical capacity; for he acted as my physician, doctor Mackshane never once enquiring about me, or even knowing where I was.—When my distemper was at the height, Morgan thought my case desperate, and after having applied a blister[8] to the nape of my neck, squeezed my hand, bidding me with a woful countenance, recommend myself to Got and my reteemer; then taking his leave, desired the chaplain to come and administer some spiritual consolation to me; but before he arrived, I made shift to rid myself of the troublesome application the Welchman had bestowed on my back.—The parson having felt my pulse, enquired into the nature of my complaints, hemmed a little, and began thus: "Mr. Random, God out of his infinite mercy hath been pleased to visit you with a dreadful distemper, the issue of which no man knows.—You may be permitted to recover, and live many days on the face of the earth; and, which is more probable, you may be taken away and cut off in the flower of your youth: It is incumbent on you therefore, to prepare for the great change, by repenting sincerely of your sins; of this there cannot be a greater sign than an ingenuous confession, which I conjure you to make, without hesitation, or mental reservation; and when I am convinced of your sincerity, I will then give you such comfort as the situation of your soul will admit of. Without doubt, you have been guilty of numberless transgressions, to which youth is subject, as swearing, drunkness, whoredom and adultery; tell me therefore without reserve, the particulars of each, especially of the last, that I may be acquainted with the true state of your conscience: For, no physician will prescribe for his patient until he knows the circumstances of his disease." As I was not under any apprehensions of death, I could not help smiling at the doctor's inquisitive remonstrance, which I told him savoured more of the Roman than of the Protestant church in recommending auricular confession; a thing, in my opinion, not at all necessary to salvation,

and which for that reason, I declined.—This reply disconcerted him a little; however, he explained away his meaning, in making learned distinctions between what was absolutely necessary, and what was only convenient; then proceeded to ask what religion I professed: I answered, that I had not as yet considered the difference of religions, consequently had not fixed on any one in particular, but that I was bred a Presbyterian.—At this word the chaplain expressed great astonishment, and said, he could not comprehend how a presbyterian was entitled to any post under the English government.[9]—Then he asked if I had ever received the Sacrament, or taken the oaths; to which questions I replying in the negative, he held up his hands, assured me he could do me no service, wished I might not be in a state of reprobation; and returned to his messmates, who were making merry in the ward-room, round a table well stored with bumbo*[10] and wine.—This insinuation, terrible as it was, had not such an effect upon me as the fever, which, soon after he had left me, grew outragious; I began to see strange chimeras, and concluded myself on the point of becoming delirious: In the mean time, being in great danger of suffocation, I started up in a kind of frantic fit, with an intention to plunge myself into the sea, and as my friend the serjeant was not present, would certainly have cooled myself to some purpose, had I not perceived a moisture upon my thigh, as I endeavoured to get out of my hammock: The appearance of this revived my hopes, and I had reflection and resolution enough to take the advantage of this favourable symptom, by tearing the shirt from my body, and the sheets from my bed, and wrapping myself in a thick blanket, in which inclosure, for about a quarter of an hour, I felt the pains of hell; but it was not long before I was recompensed for my suffering by a profuse sweat, that bursting from the whole surface of my skin, in less than two hours, relieved me from all my complaints, except that of weakness; and left me as hungry as a kite.[11]—I enjoyed a very comfortable nap, after which I was regaling myself with the agreeable reverie of my future happiness, when I heard Morgan, on the outside of the curtain, ask the serjeant, if I was alive still? "Alive! (cried the other) God forbid he should be otherwise! he has lain quiet these five hours, and I do not choose to disturb him, for, sleep will do him great service."—"Ay, (said my fellow-mate) he sleeps so sound, (look you) that he will never waken till the great trump plows.[12]—Got be merciful to his soul.—He has paid his debt like an honest man.—Ay, and moreover, he is at rest from all persecutions, and troubles, and afflictions, of which, Got knows, and I know, he had his own share.—Ochree![13] Ochree! he was a promising youth indeed!"—So saying, he groaned grievously, and began to whine in such a manner, as persuaded me he had a real friendship for me.—The serjeant, alarmed at his words, came into the birth, and while he looked upon me, I smiled, and tip'd him the wink; he immediately guessed my meaning, and remaining silent, Morgan was confirmed in his opinion of my being dead; whereupon he approached with tears in his eyes, in order to indulge his grief with a sight of the object: And I counterfeited death so well, by fixing my eyes, and dropping my under-jaw, that he said, "There he lies, no petter than a lump of clay, Got help me." And observed, by the distortion of my face, that I must have had a strong struggle. I should not have been able to contain myself

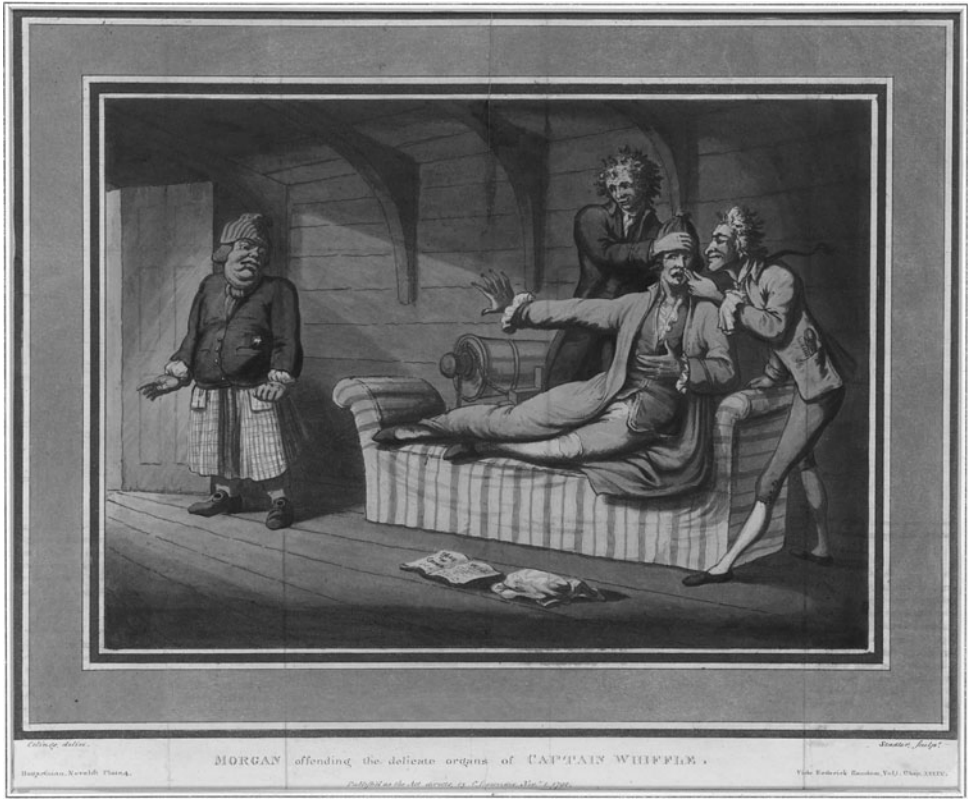
* Bumbo is a liquor composed of rum, sugar, water and nutmeg.

much longer, when he began to perform the last duty of a friend, in closing my eyes and my mouth; upon which, I suddenly snapped at his fingers, and discomposed him so much, that he started back, turned pale as ashes, and stared like the picture of horror: Although I could not help laughing at his appearance, I was concerned for his situation, and stretched out my hand, telling him, I hoped to live and eat some salmagundy of his making in England.—It was sometime before he could recollect himself so far as to feel my pulse, and enquire into the particulars of my disease: But when he found I had enjoyed a favourable crisis, he congratulated me upon my good fortune; not failing to ascribe it under Got, to the blister he had applied to my back, at his last visit; which, by the bye, said he, must now be removed and dressed: He was actually going to fetch dressings, when I feigning astonishment, said, "Bless me! sure you never applied a blister to me—there is nothing on my back, I assure you."—But he could not be convinced till he had examined it, and then endeavoured to conceal his confusion, by expressing his surprize in finding the skin untouched, and the plaister missing. In order to excuse myself for paying so little regard to his prescription, I pretended to have been insensible when it was put on, and to have pulled it off afterwards, in a fit of delirium. This apology satisfied my friend, who on this occasion abated a good deal of his stiffness in regard to punctilio; and as we were now safely arrived at Jamaica, where I had the benefit of fresh provision, and other refreshments, I recovered strength every day, and in a short time my health and vigour were perfectly re-established.—When I got up at first, and was just able to crawl about the deck, with a staff in my hand, I met doctor Mackshane, who passed by me with a disdainful look, and did not vouchsafe to honour me with one word: After him came Crampley, who strutting up to me, with a fierce countenance, pronounced, "Here's fine discipline on board, when such lazy skulking sons of bitches as you, are allowed, on pretence of sickness, to lollop[14] at your ease, while your betters are kept to hard duty!"—The sight and behaviour of this malicious scoundrel enraged me so much, that I could scarce refrain from laying my cudgel across his pate; but when I considered my present feebleness, and the enemies I had in the ship, who wanted only a pretence to ruin me, I restrained my passion, and contented myself with telling him, I had not forgot his insolence and malice, and that I hoped we should meet one day on shore.—At this declaration he grinned, shook his fist, and swore he longed for nothing more than such an opportunity.

Mean while our ship was ordered to be heaved down,[15] victualed and watered, for her return to England; and our captain, for some reason or other, not thinking it convenient for him to revisit his native country at this time, exchanged with a gentleman, who on the other hand wished for nothing so much, as to be safe without the tropic; all his care and tenderness of himself being insufficient to preserve his complexion from the injuries of the sun and weather.

Our tyrant having left the ship, and carried his favourite Mackshane along with him, to my inexpressible satisfaction, our new commander came on board in a ten-oar'd barge, overshadowed with a vast umbrella, and appeared in every thing the reverse of Oakhum, being a tall, thin, young man, dressed in this manner: a white hat, garnished with a red feather, adorned his head, from whence his hair flowed upon his shoulders, in ringlets tied behind with a ribbon.—His coat, consisting of pink-coloured silk, lined

with white, by the elegance of the cut retired backward, as it were, to discover a white sattin waistcoat embroidered with gold, unbuttoned at the upper part to display a broch set with garnets, that glittered in the breast of his shirt, which was of the finest cambric,[16] edged with right Mechlin:[17] the knees of his crimson velvet breeches scarce descended so low as to meet his silk stockings,[18] which rose without spot or wrinkle on his meagre legs, from shoes of blue Meroquin,[19] studded with diamond buckles that flamed forth rivals to the sun! A steel-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, and decked with a knot of ribbon[20] which fell down in a rich tossle,[21] equipped his side; and an amber-headed cane hung dangling from his wrist:—But the most remarkable parts of his furniture were, a mask[22] on his face, and white gloves on his hands, which did not seem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occasionally, but were fixed with a curious ring on the little finger of each hand.—In this garb, captain Whiffle,[23] for that was his name, took possession of the ship, surrounded with a crowd of attendants, all of whom, in their different degrees, seemed to be of their patron's disposition;[24] and the air was so impregnated with perfumes, that one may venture to affirm the clime of Arabia Fœlix[25] was not half so sweet scented.—My fellow-mate, observing no surgeon among his train, thought he had found an occasion too favourable for himself to be neglected; and remembring the old proverb, "Spare to speak, and spare to speed,"[26] resolved to sollicit the new captain's interest immediately, before any other surgeon could be appointed for the ship.—With this view he repaired to the cabbin in his ordinary dress, consisting of a check-shirt and trousers, a brown linen waistcoat, and a night-cap of the same, (neither of them very clean) which for his further misfortune, happened to smell strong of tobacco.—Entering without any ceremony into this sacred place, he found captain Whiffle reposing upon a couch, with a wrapper of fine chintz[27] about his body, and a muslin cap bordered with lace upon his head; and after several low conge's[28] began in this manner:————"Sir, I hope you will forgive, and excuse, and pardon the presumption of one who has not the honour of being known unto you, but who is nevertheless, a shentleman porn and pred, and moreover, has had misfortunes, Got help me, in the world."—Here he was interrupted by the captain, who on seeing him, had started up with great amazement at the novelty of the apparition; and having recollected himself, pronounced with a look and tone signifying disdain, curiosity and surprize, "Zauns![29] who art thou?"——"I am surgeon's first mate on board of this ship, (replied Morgan) and I most vehemently desire and beseech you, with all submission, to be pleased to condescend and vouchsafe to enquire into my character, and my pehaviour, and my deserts, which, under Got, I hope, will entitle me to the vacancy of surgeon."—As he proceeded in his speech, he continued advancing towards the captain, whose nostrils were no sooner saluted with the aromatic flavour that exhaled from him, than he cried with great emotion, "Heaven preserve me! I am suffocated!——Fellow, fellow, away with thee——Curse thee, fellow! get thee gone.—I shall be stunk to death!" At the noise of his outcries, his servants ran into his apartment, and he accosted them thus; "Villains! cut-throats! traitors! I am betrayed! I am sacrificed!———Will you not carry that monster away? or must I be stifled with the stench of him! oh! oh!"—With these interjections, he sunk down upon his settee in a fit; his *valet de chambre* plied him with a smelling-bottle, one footman chafed



"Morgan offending the delicate organs of Captain Whiffle" by Stadler after Collings. (Call number HEW 9.13.28, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

his temples with Hungary water,[30] another sprinkled the floor with spirits of lavender, a third pushed Morgan out of the cabbin; who coming to the place where I was, sat down with a demure countenance, and, according to his custom, when he received any indignity which he durst not revenge, began to sing a Welch ditty.—I guessed he was under some agitation of spirits, and desired to know the cause; but, instead of answering me directly, he asked with great emotion, if I thought him a monster and a stinkard? "A monster and a stinkard (said I, with some surprize) did any body call you so?"—"Got is my judge (replied he) captain Fifle did call me both; ay, and all the water in the Tawy[31] will not wash it out of my remembrance.—I do affirm, and avouch, and maintain, with my soul, and my pody, and my blood, look you, that I have no smells about me, but such as a christian ought to have, except the effluvia of tobacco, which is a cephalic,[32] odoriferous, aromatic herb, and he is a son of a mountain-goat who says otherwise.—As for my being a monster, let that be as it is: I am as Got was pleased to create me, which, peradventure, is more than I shall aver of him who gave me that title; for I will proclaim it before the world, that he is disguised and transfigured, and transmographied with affectation and whimsies; and that he is more like a papoon than one of the human race."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Captain Whiffle sends for me,——his situation described——his surgeon arrives, prescribes for him, and puts him to bed——a bed is put up for Mr. Simper contiguous to the state-room, which, with other parts of the captain's behaviour, gives the ship's company a very unfavourable idea of their commander——I am detained in the West-Indies, by the admiral, and go on board of the Lizard sloop of war, in quality of surgeon's mate, where I make myself known to the surgeon, who treats me very kindly.——I go on shore, sell my ticket, purchase necessaries, and at my return on board, am surprized at the sight of Crampley, who is appointed lieutenant of the sloop——we sail on a cruize——take a prize, in which I arrive at Port Morant, under the command of my mess-mate, with whom I live in great harmony.

He was going on with an elogium upon the captain, when I received a message to clean myself and go up to the great cabbin: And with this command I instantly complied, sweetning myself with rose-water from the medicine chest. When I entered the room, I was ordered to stand by the door, until captain Whiffle had reconnoitered

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me at a distance, with a spy-glass. He having consulted one sense in this manner, bade me advance gradually, that his nose might have intelligence, before it could be much offended: I therefore approached with great caution and success, and he was pleased to say, "Ay, this creature is tolerable."—I found him lolling on his couch with a languishing air, his head supported by his *valet de chambre*, who from time to time applied a smelling-bottle to his nose.—"Vergette,[1] (said he, in a squeaking tone) dost thou think this wretch (meaning me) will do me no injury? may I venture to submit my arm to him?"—"Pon my vord, (replied the valet) I do tink dat dere be great occasion for your honour losing one small quantite of blodt; and the young man ave quelque chose of de bonne mine."[2]—"Well then (said his master) I think I must venture."—Then addressing himself to me, "Hast thou ever blooded any body but brutes?—But I need not ask thee, for thou wilt tell me a most damnable lie."—"Brutes, Sir, (answered I, pulling down his glove, in order to feel his pulse) I never meddle with brutes."—"What the devil art thou about? (cried he) dost thou intend to twist off my hand? Gad's curse! my arm is benumbed up to the very shoulder! Heaven have mercy upon me! must I perish under the hands of savages? What an unfortunate dog was I to come on board without my own surgeon, Mr. Simper."—I craved pardon for having handled him so roughly, and with the utmost care and tenderness tied up his arm with a fillet of silk.[3] While I was feeling for the vein, he desired to know how much blood I intended to take from him, and when I answered, "Not above twelve ounces";[4] started up with a look full of horror, and bad me begone, swearing I had a design upon his life.—Vergette appeased him with difficulty, and opening a bureau, took out a pair of scales, in one of which was placed a small cup; and putting them into my hand, told me, the captain never lost above an ounce and three drachms[5] at one time.—While I prepared for this important evacuation, there came into the cabbin a young man gayly dressed, of a very delicate complexion, with a kind of languid smile on his face, which seemed to have been rendered habitual, by a long course of affectation.—The captain no sooner perceived him, than rising hastily, he flew into his arms, crying, "O! my dear Simper! I am excessively disordered! I have been betrayed, frighted, murdered by the negligence of my servants, who suffered a beast, a mule, a bear, to surprize me, and stink me into convulsions with the fumes of tobacco."—Simper, who by this time, I found, was obliged to art for the clearness of his complexion,[6] assumed an air of softness and sympathy, and lamented with many tender expressions of sorrow, the sad accident that had thrown him into that condition; then feeling his patient's pulse on the outside of his glove, gave it as his opinion, that his disorder was entirely nervous, and that some drops of tincture of castor[7] and liquid laudanum[8] would be of more service to him than bleeding, by bridling the inordinate sallies of his spirits, and composing the fermentation of his bile.—I was therefore sent to prepare this prescription, which was administred in a glass of sack-posset,[9] after the captain had been put to bed, and orders sent to the officers on the quarter-deck, to let no body walk on that side under which he lay.

While the captain enjoyed his repose, the doctor watched over him, and indeed, became so necessary, that a cabbin was made for him contiguous to the state-room, where Whiffle slept, that he might be at hand in case of accidents in the night.—Next day, our commander being happily recovered, gave orders, that none of the lieuten-

ants should appear upon deck without a wig, sword, and ruffles; nor any midshipman, or other petty officer, be seen with a check shirt, or dirty linen.—He also prohibited any person whatever, except Simper and his own servants, from coming into the great cabbin, without first sending in to obtain leave.—These singular regulations did not prepossess the ship's company in his favour; but, on the contrary, gave scandal an opportunity to be very busy with his character, and accuse him of maintaining a correspondence with his surgeon not fit to be named.

In a few weeks our ship being under sailing orders, I was in hope of revisiting my native country in a very short time, when the admiral's surgeon came on board, and sending for Morgan and me to the quarter-deck, gave us to understand there was a great scarcity of surgeons in the West-Indies; that he was commanded to detain one mate out of every great ship that was bound for England; and desired us to agree between ourselves, before the next day at that hour, which of us should stay behind.——We were thunder-struck at this proposal, and stared at one another some time without speaking; at length the Welchman broke silence, and offered to remain in the West-Indies, provided the admiral would give him a surgeon's warrant immediately: But he was told there was no want of chief surgeons, and that he must be contented with the station of mate, till he should be further provided for in due course: Whereupon Morgan flatly refused to quit the ship for which the commissioners of the navy had appointed him; and the other told him as plainly, that if we could not determine the affair by ourselves before to-morrow morning, he must cast lots, and abide by his chance.—When I recalled to my remembrance the miseries I had undergone in England, where I had not one friend to promote my interest, or favour my advancement in the navy, and at the same time reflected on the present dearth of surgeons in the West-Indies, and the unhealthiness of the climate, which every day almost reduced the number, I could not help thinking my success would be much more certain and expeditious, by my staying where I was, than by returning to Europe—I therefore resolved to comply with a good grace, and next day, when we were ordered to throw dice, told Morgan, he needed not trouble himself, for I would voluntarily submit to the admiral's pleasure.—This frank declaration was commended by the gentleman, who assured me, it should not fare the worse with me for my resignation. Indeed he was as good as his word, and that very afternoon procured a warrant, appointing me surgeon's mate of the Lizzard sloop[10] of war, which put me on a footing with every first mate in the service.[11]

My ticket[12] being made out, I put my chest and bedding on board a canoe that lay along side, and having shook hands with my trusty friend the serjeant, and honest Jack Rattlin, who was bound for Greenwich-hospital,[13] I took my leave of Morgan with many tears, after we had exchanged our sleeve-buttons as remembrances of each other.—Having presented my new warrant to the captain of the Lizard, I enquired for the doctor, whom I no sooner saw, than I recollected him to be one of those young fellows with whom I had been committed to the round-house, during our frolic with Jackson, as I have related before.—He received me with a good deal of courtesy, and when I put him in mind of our former acquaintance, expressed great joy at seeing me again, and recommended me to an exceeding good mess, composed of the gunner and master's mate—As there was not one sick person in the ship, I got leave to go a-shore,

next day, with the gunner, who recommended me to a Jew, that bought my ticket at the rate of 40 *per cent*.[14] discount; and having furnished myself with what necessaries I wanted, returned on board in the evening, and to my surprize, found my old antagonist Crampley walking upon deck.—Tho' I did not fear his enmity, I was shocked at his appearance, and communicated my sentiments on that subject to Mr. Tomlins the surgeon, who told me that Crampley, by dint of some friends about the admiral, had procured a commission, constituting him lieutenant on board the Lizzard: and advised me, now he was my superior officer, to behave with some respect towards him, or else he would find a thousand opportunities of using me ill.—This advice was a bitter potion to me, whom pride and resentment had rendered utterly incapable of the least submission to, or even of reconciliation with the wretch who had, on many occasions, treated me so inhumanly: However, I resolved to have as little connection as possible with him, and to ingratiate myself as much as I could with the rest of the officers, whose friendship might be a bulwark to defend me from the attempts of his malice.

In less than a week we sailed on a cruize, and having weathered the east-end of the island, had the good fortune to take a Spanish barcolongo,[15] with her prize, which was an English ship bound for Bristol, that sailed from Jamaica a fortnight before, without convoy. All the prisoners who were well, we put on shore on the north side of the island; the prizes were manned with Englishmen, and the command of the barcolongo given to my friend the master's mate, with orders to carry them into Port Morant,[16] and there to remain until the Lizzard's cruize should be ended, at which time she would touch at the same place in her way to Port-Royal.—With him I was sent to attend the wounded Spaniards as well as Englishmen, who amounted to sixteen, and to take care of them on shore, in a house that was to be hired as an hospital.—This destination gave me a great deal of pleasure, as I should, for some time, be freed from the arrogance of Crampley, whose inveteracy against me had already broke out on two or three occasions since he was become a lieutenant.—My mess-mate, who very much resembled my uncle, both in figure and disposition, treated me on board of the prize with the utmost civility and confidence; and, among other favours, made me a present of a silver-hilted hanger, and a pair of pistols mounted with the same metal, which fell to his share in plundering the enemy.—We arrived safely at Morant, and going on shore, pitched upon an empty store-house, which we hired for the reception of the wounded, who were brought to it next day, with beds and other necessaries; and four of the ship's company appointed to attend them and obey me.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A strange adventure——in consequence of which I am extremely happy——Crampley does me ill offices with the captain: But his malice is defeated by the good-nature and friendship of the surgeon——we return to Port-Royal——our captain gets the command of a larger ship, and is succeeded by an old man——Brayl is provided for——we receive orders to sail for England.

When my patients were all in a fair way, my companion and commander, whose name was Brayl,[1] carried me up the country to the house of a rich planter, with whom he was acquainted; where we were sumptuously entertained, and in the evening set out on our return to the ship. When we had walked about a mile by moonlight, we perceived a horseman behind us, who coming up, wished us *good even*, and asked which way we went: His voice, which was quite familiar to me, no sooner struck my ear, than, in spite of all my resolution and reflection, my hair brisled up, and I was seized with a violent fit of trembling, which Brayl misinterpreting, bad me be under no concern.—I told him he was mistaken in the cause of my disorder; and addressing myself to the person on horseback, said, "I could have sworn by your voice, that you was a dear friend of mine, if I had not been certain of his death."—To this address, after some pause, he replied, "There are many voices as well as faces that resemble one another; but pray, what was your friend's name?" I satisfied him in that particular, and gave a short detail of the melancholy fate of Thomson, not without many sighs and some tears. A silence ensued which lasted some minutes, and then the conversation turned on indifferent subjects, till we arrived at a house on the road, where the horseman alighted, and begged with so much earnestness, that we would go in and drink a bowl of punch with him, that we could not resist.—But if I was alarmed at his voice, what must my amazement be, when I discovered by the light, the very person of my lamented friend! Perceiving my confusion, which was extreme, he clasped me in his arms, and bedewed my face with tears.—It was some time ere I recovered the use of my reason, overpowered with this event, and longer still before I could speak. So that all I was capable of was to return his embraces, and to mingle the overflowings of my joy with his; while honest Brayl, affected with the scene, wept as fast as either of us, and signified his participation of our happiness, by hugging us both, and capering about the room like a madman.—At length I retrieved the use of my tongue, and cried, "Is it possible, can you be my friend Thomson? No certainly, alas! he was drowned! and I am now under the deception of a dream!"—He was at great pains to convince me of his being the individual person whom I regretted, and bidding me sit down and compose myself, promised to explain his sudden disappearance from the Thunder, and to account for his being at present in the land of the living.—This task he acquitted him-

self of, after I had drank a glass of punch, and recollected my spirits; by informing us, that with a determination to rid himself of a miserable existence, he had gone in the night-time to the head, while the ship was on her way, from whence he slipped down, as softly as he could by the bows, into the sea, where, after he was heartily ducked, he began to repent of his precipitation, and as he could swim very well, kept himself above water, in hopes of being taken up by some of the ships astern;—that in this situation, he hailed a large vessel, and begged to be taken in, but was answered, that she was a heavy sailor, and therefore they did not choose to lose time, by bringing to; however, they threw an old chest over-board, for his convenience, and told him, that some of the ships astern would certainly save him;—that no other vessel came within sight or cry of him, for the space of three hours, during which time he had the mortification to find himself in the middle of the ocean alone, without other support or resting-place but what a few crazy[2] boards afforded; till at last, he discerned a small sloop steering towards him, upon which he set up his throat, and had the good fortune to be heard and rescued from the dreary waste, by their boat, which was hoisted out on purpose.—"I was no sooner brought on board (continued he) than I fainted, and when I recovered my senses, found myself in bed, regaled with a most noisome smell of onions and cheese, which made me think at first, that I was in my own hammock, along-side of honest Morgan, and that all which had passed was no more than a dream.—Upon enquiry I understood that I was on board of a schooner belonging to Rhode-Island, bound for Jamaica, with a cargo of geese, pigs, onions, and cheese; and that the master's name was Robertson, by birth a North Briton, whom I knew at first sight to be an old school-fellow of mine.—When I discovered myself to him, he was transported with surprize and joy, and begged to know the occasion of my misfortune, which I did not think fit to disclose, because I knew his notions with regard to religion were very severe and confined;[3] therefore contented myself with telling him, I fell overboard by accident; but made no scruple of explaining the nature of my disagreeable station, and of acquainting him with my determined purpose never to return to the Thunder man of war.—Although he was not of my opinion in that particular, knowing that I must lose my cloaths, and what pay was due to me, unless I went back to my duty; yet, when I described the circumstances of the hellish life I led, under the tyrannic sway of Oakhum and Mackshane; and among other grievances, hinted a dissatisfaction at the irreligious deportment of my ship-mates, and the want of the true presbyterian gospel doctrine; he changed his sentiments, and conjured me with great vehemence and zeal to lay aside all thought of rising in the navy; and that he might shew how much he had my interest at heart, undertook to provide for me in some shape or other, before he should leave Jamaica.—This promise he performed to my heart's desire, by recommending me to a gentleman of fortune, with whom I have lived ever since, in quality of surgeon and overseer[4] to his plantations.—He and his lady are now at Kingston, so that I am, for the present, master of this house, to which, from my soul, I bid you welcome, and hope you will favour me with your company during the remaining part of the night."—I needed not a second invitation; but Mr. Brayl, who was a diligent and excellent officer, could not be persuaded to sleep out of the ship: however, he supped with us, and after having drank a chearful glass, set out for the vessel, which was not

above three miles from the place, escorted by a couple of stout negroes,[5] whom Mr. Thomson ordered to conduct him—Never were two friends more happy in the conversation of each other than we, for the time it lasted: I related to him the particulars of our attempt upon Carthagena, of which he had heard but an imperfect account; and he gratified me with a narration of every little incident of his life since we parted.—He assured me, it was with the utmost difficulty he could resist his inclination of coming down to Port-Royal to see Morgan and me, of whom he had heard no tidings since the day of our separation; but that he was restrained by the fear of being detained as a deserter.—He told me, that when he heard my voice in the dark, he was almost as much surprized as I was at seeing him afterwards; and in the confidence of friendship, disclosed a passion[6] he entertained for the only daughter of the gentleman with whom he lived, who, by his description, was a very amiable young lady, and did not disdain his addresses; that he was very much favoured by her parents, and did not despair of obtaining their consent to the match, which would at once render him independent of the world.—I congratulated him on his good fortune, which he protested should never make him forget his friends; and towards morning we betook ourselves to rest.

Next day he accompanied me to the ship, where Mr. Brayl entertained him at dinner, and we having spent the afternoon together, he took his leave of us in the evening, after he had forced upon me ten pistoles,[7] as a small token of his affection.—In short, while we staid here, we saw one another every day, and generally ate at the same table, which was plentifully supplied by him with all kinds of poultry, butcher's meat, oranges, limes, lemons, pine-apples, Madeira-wine, and excellent rum; so that this small interval of ten days was by far the most agreeable period of my life.

At length the Lizzard arrived; and my patients being all fit for duty, they and I were ordered on board of her, where I understood from Mr. Tomlins, that there was a dryness[8] between the lieutenant and him, on my account; that rancorous villain having taken the opportunity of my absence, to fill the captain's ears with a thousand scandalous stories, to my prejudice; among other things affirming, that I had been once transported for theft,[9] and that when I was in the Thunder man of war I had been whipt for the same crime.—The surgeon, on the other hand, having heard my whole story from my own mouth, defended me strenuously, and in the course of that good-natur'd office, recounted all the instances of Crampley's malice against me, while I remained on board of that ship.—Which declaration, while it satisfied the captain of my innocence, made the lieutenant as much my defender's enemy as mine. This infernal behaviour of Crampley, with regard to me, added such fuel to my former resentment, that at certain times, I was quite beside myself with the desire of revenge, and was even tempted to pistol him on the quarter-deck, though an infamous death[10] must inevitably have been my reward.—But the surgeon, who was my confident, argued against such a desperate action so effectually, that I stifled the flame which consumed me for the present, and resolved to wait for a more convenient opportunity——In the mean time, that Mr. Tomlins might be the more convinced of the wrongs I suffered by this fellow's slander, I begged he would go and visit Mr. Thomson, whose wonderful escape I had made him acquainted with, and enquire of him into the particulars of my conduct, while he was my fellow-mate. This request the surgeon complied with, more through curiosity to

see a person whose fate had been so extraordinary, than to confirm his good opinion of me, which he assured me, was already firmly established.—He therefore set out for the dwelling-place of my friend, with a letter of introduction from me; and being received with all the civility and kindness I expected, returned to the ship, not only satisfied with my character, beyond the power of doubt or insinuation, but also charmed with the affability and conversation of Thomson, who loaded him and me with presents of fresh stock, liquors and fruit. As he would not venture to come and see us on board, lest Crampley should know and detain him; when the time of our departure approached, I obtained leave to go and bid him farewel.—After we had vowed an everlasting friendship, he pressed upon me a purse with four doubloons,[11] which I refused as long as I could, without giving umbrage; and having cordially embraced each other, I returned on board, where I found a small box, with a letter directed for me, to the care of Mr. Tomlins.—Knowing the superscription to be of Thomson's hand-writing, I opened it with some surprize, and learned that this generous friend, not contented with loading me with the presents already mentioned, had sent for my use and acceptance, half a dozen fine shirts, and as many linen waistcoats and caps, with twelve pair of new thread-stockings.—Being thus provided with money, and all necessaries for the comfort of life, I began to look upon myself as a gentleman of some consequence, and felt my pride dilate apace.

Next day we sailed for Port-Royal, where we arrived safely with our prizes; and as there was nothing to do on board, I went ashore, and having purchased a laced waistcoat, with some other cloaths at a sale, made a swaggering figure for some days, among the taverns, where I ventured to play a little at hazard,[12] and came off with fifty pistoles in my pocket. Mean while our captain was promoted to a ship of twenty guns, and the command of the Lizzard given to a man turned of fourscore,[13] who had been lieutenant since the reign of King William,[14] and notwithstanding his long service, would have probably died in that station, had he not applied some prize-money he had lately received, to make interest with his superiors. My friend Brayl was also made an officer about the same time, after he had served in quality of a midshipman and mate five and twenty years. Soon after these alterations, the admiral pitched upon our ship to carry home dispatches for the ministry; and we set sail for England, having first scrubbed her bottom,[15] and taken in provision and water for the occasion.

The End *of the* First Volume.

The Adventures of Roderick Random

VOLUME TWO

Frontispiece, by Grignion after Hayman, to the Fourth Edition, Volume 2. (Reproduced from a copy held privately.)

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

Roderick Random.

Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est. HOR.

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MDCCLV.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

RODERICK RANDOM.

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Now that I could return to my native country in a creditable way, I felt excessive pleasure in finding myself out of sight of that fatal island, which has been the grave of so many Europeans;[1] and as I was accommodated with every thing to render the passage agreeable, I resolved to enjoy myself as much as the insolence of Crampley would permit.—This insidious slanderer had found means already to cause a misunderstanding between the surgeon and captain, who by his age and infirmities was rendered intolerably peevish, his disposition having also been sowered by a long course of disappointments. He had a particular aversion to all young men, especially to surgeons, whom he considered as unnecessary animals on board of a ship;—and in consequence of these sentiments, never consulted the doctor, notwithstanding his being seized with a violent fit of the gout and gravel;[2] but applied to a cask of Holland-gin,[3] which was his sovereign prescription against all distempers: Whether he was at this time too sparing, or took an overdose of his cordial, certain it is, he departed in the night, without any ceremony, which indeed was a thing he always despised, and was found stiff, next morning, to the no small satisfaction of Crampley, who succeeded to the command of the vessel.—For that very reason, Mr. Tomlins and I had no cause to rejoice at this event, fearing that the tyranny of our new commander would now be as unlimited as

his power.—The first day of his command justified our apprehension: For on pretence that the decks were too much crowded, he ordered the surgeon's hen-coops,[4] with all his fowls, to be thrown over board; and at the same time prohibited him and me from appearing on the quarter-deck. Mr. Tomlins could not help complaining of these injuries, and in the course of his expostulation dropped some hasty words, of which Crampley taking hold, confined him to his cabbin, where, in a few days, for want of air, he was attacked by a fever, which soon put an end to his life, after he had made his will, by which he bequeathed all his estate, personal and real, to his sister; and left to me his watch and instruments as memorials of his friendship. I was penetrated with grief on this melancholly occasion! the more because there was no body on board to whom I could communicate my sorrows, or of whom I could receive the least consolation or advice.—Crampley was so far from discovering the least remorse for his barbarity, at the news of the surgeon's death, that he insulted his memory in the most abusive manner, and affirmed he had poisoned himself out of pure fear, dreading to be brought to a court martial for mutiny! for which reason, he would not suffer the service of the dead[5] to be read over his body, before it was thrown over-board.

Nothing but a speedy deliverance could have supported me under the brutal sway of this bashaw, who, to render my life the more irksome, signified to my mess-mates, a desire that I should be expelled from their society.—This was no sooner hinted, than they granted his request; and I was fain to eat in a solitary manner by myself during the rest of the passage, which however soon drew to a period.

We had been seven weeks at sea, when the gunner told the captain, that by his reckoning we must be in soundings,[6] and desired he would order the lead to be heaved.—Crampley swore, he did not know how to keep the ship's way, for we were not within a hundred leagues of soundings, and therefore he would not give himself the trouble to cast the lead.—Accordingly, we continued our course all that afternoon and night, without shortening sail, although the gunner pretended to discover Scilly light;[7] and next morning protested in form against the captain's conduct; for which conduct he was put in confinement.—We discovered no land all that day, and Crampley was still so infatuated as to neglect sounding: But at three o'clock in the morning the ship struck, and remained fast on a sand-bank. This accident alarmed the whole crew; the boat was immediately hoisted out, but, as we could not discern which way the shore lay, we were obliged to wait for day-light. In the mean time, the wind increased, and the waves beat against the sloop with such violence, that we expected she would have gone to pieces. The gunner was released and consulted: He advised the captain to cut away the mast, in order to lighten her; this expedient was performed without success: The sailors seeing things in a desperate situation, according to custom, broke up the chests belonging to the officers,[8] dressed themselves in their cloaths, drank their liquors without ceremony; and drunkenness, tumult, and confusion ensued.—In the midst of this uproar, I went below to secure my own effects; and found the carpenter's mate hewing down the purser's cabbin with his hatchet, whistling all the while with great composure. When I asked his intention in so doing, he replied very calmly, "I only want to taste the purser's rum, that's all, master."—At that instant the purser coming down, and seeing his effects going to wreck, complained bitterly of the injustice done to him,

and asked the fellow what occasion he had for liquor, when in all likelihood he should be in eternity in a few minutes. "All's one for that (said the plunderer) let us live while we can."—"Miserable wretch that thou art! (cried the purser) what must be thy lot in the other world, if thou diest in the commission of robbery?"——"Why, hell, I suppose," replied the other, with great deliberation, while the purser fell on his knees, and begged of heaven that we might not all perish for the sake of one Jonas.[9]———During this dialogue, I cloathed myself in my best apparel, girded on my hanger, stuck my pistols loaded in my belt, disposed of all my valuable moveables about my person, and came upon deck with a resolution of taking the first opportunity to get on shore, which when the day broke, appeared at the distance of three miles a-head.—Crampley finding his efforts to get the ship off, ineffectual, determined to consult his own safety, by going into the boat, which he had no sooner done, than the ship's company followed so fast, that she would have sunk along-aside, had not some one wiser than the rest cut the rope and put off.—But before this happened, I had made several attempts to get in, and was always baulked by the captain, who was so eager in excluding me, that he did not mind the endeavours of any other body.—Enraged at this inhuman partiality, and seeing the rope cut, I pulled one of my pistols from my belt, and cocking it, swore I would shoot any man who should presume to obstruct my entrance. So saying, I leaped with my full exertion, and got on board of the boat with the loss of the skin of my shins.—I chanced in my descent to overturn Crampley, who no sooner got up than he struck at me several times with a cutlass, and ordered the men to throw me overboard; but they were too anxious about their own safety to mind what he said.——Though the boat was very deeply loaded, and the sea terribly high, we made shift to get upon dry land in less than an hour after we parted from the sloop.—As soon as I set foot on *terra firma*, my indignation, which had boiled so long within me, broke out against Crampley, whom I immediately challenged to single combat, presenting my pistols, that he might take his choice: He took one without hesitation, and before I could cock the other, fired in my face, throwing the pistol after the shot.—I felt myself stunned, and imagining the bullet had entered my brain, discharged mine as quick as possible, that I might not die unrevenged; then flying upon my antagonist, knocked out several of his fore-teeth with the butt-end of the piece, and would certainly have made an end of him with that instrument, had he not disengaged himself, and seized his cutlass, which he had given to his servant, when he received the pistol. Seeing him armed in this manner, I drew my hanger, and having flung my pistol at his head, closed with him in a transport of fury, and thrust my weapon into his mouth, which it enlarged on one side to his ear.——Whether the smart of this wound disconcerted him, or the unevenness of the ground made him reel, I know not: but he staggered some paces back: I followed close, and with one stroke cut the tendons of the back of his hand, upon which his cutlass dropt, and he remained defenceless.—I know not with what cruelty my rage might have inspired me, if I had not, at that instant, been felled to the ground by a blow on the back part of my head, which deprived me of all sensation.—In this deplorable situation, exposed to the rage of an incensed barbarian, and the rapine of an inhuman crew, I remained for some time; and whether any disputes arose among them during the state of my annihilation, I cannot pretend to de-

termine; but, in one particular they seemed to have been unanimous, and acted with equal dexterity and dispatch; for, when I recovered the use of understanding, I found myself alone in a desolate place, stript of my cloaths, money, watch, buckles, and every thing but my shoes, stockings, breeches and shirt.—What a discovery must this have been to me, who but an hour before was worth sixty guineas in cash! I cursed the hour of my birth, the parents that gave me being, the sea that did not swallow me up, the poignard of the enemy, which could not find the way to my heart, the villainy of those who had left me in that miserable condition; and, in the extasy of despair, resolved to lie still where I was and perish.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I get up, and crawl into a barn, where I am in danger of perishing thro' the fear of the country people——their inhumanity——I am succoured by a reputed witch——her story——her advice——she recommends me as a valet to a young lady, whose character she explains.

But as I lay ruminating, my passion insensibly abated; I considered my situation in quite another light than that in which it appeared to me at first, and the result of my deliberation was to rise if I could, and crawl to the next inhabited place for assistance—With some difficulty I got upon my legs, and having examined my body, found I had received no other injury than two large contused wounds, one on the fore and another on the hinder part of my head; which seemed to be occasioned by the same weapon; namely, the butt-end of a pistol. I looked towards the sea, but could discern no remains of the ship; so that I concluded she was gone to pieces, and that those who remained in her had perished: But, as I afterwards learned, the gunner, who had more sagacity than Crampley, observing that it was flood when he left her, and that she would probably float at high-water, made no noise about getting on shore, but continued on deck, in hopes of bringing her safe into some harbour, after the commander should have deserted her, for which piece of service he expected, no doubt, to be handsomely rewarded.[1]—This scheme he accordingly executed, and was promised great things by the admiralty for saving his Majesty's ship; but I never heard he reaped the fruits of his expectation.—As for my own part, I directed my course towards a small cottage I perceived, and in the road picked up a seaman's old jacket, which, I suppose, the thief who dressed himself in my cloaths had thrown away; this was a very comfortable acquisition to me, who was almost stiff with cold: I therefore put it on, and as my natural heat revived, my wounds, which had left off bleeding, burst out afresh; so that, finding myself excessively exhausted, I was about to lie down in the fields, when I discovered a barn on my left hand, within a few yards of me; thither I made shift to stag-

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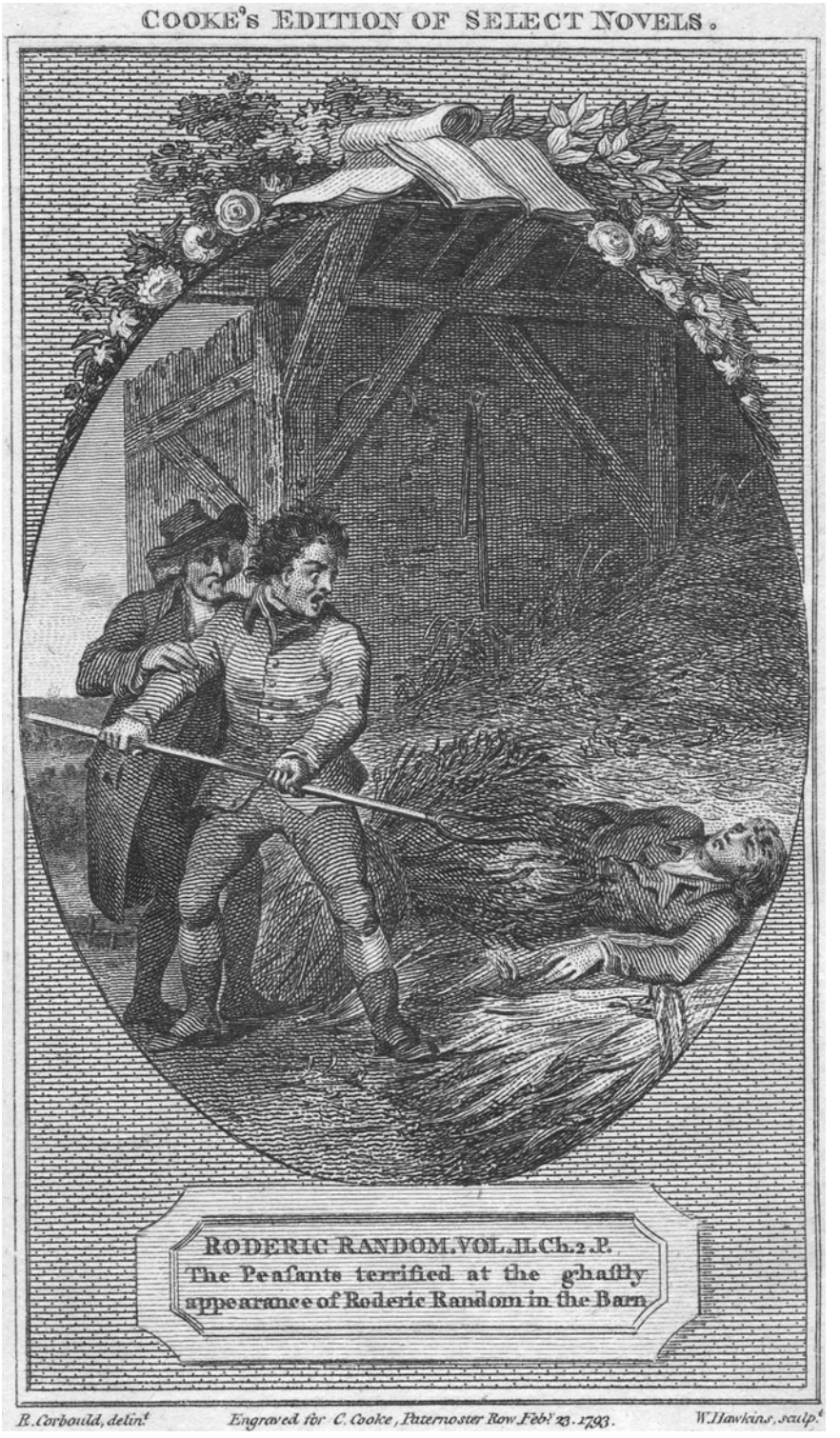
ger, and, finding the door open, went in, but saw no body; however, I threw myself upon a truss of straw, hoping to be soon relieved by some person or other.—I had not lain here many minutes, when I saw a countryman come in with a pitch-fork in his hand, which he was upon the point of thrusting into the straw that concealed me, and in all probability would have done my business, had I not uttered a dreadful groan, after having assayed in vain to speak.—This melancholy note alarmed the clown,[2] who started back, and discovering a body all besmeared with blood, stood trembling, with the pitch-fork extended before him, his hair bristling up, his eyes staring, his nostrils dilated, and his mouth wide open.—At another time I should have been much diverted by this figure, which preserved the same attitude very near ten minutes, during which time I made many unsuccessful efforts to implore his compassion and assistance; but my tongue failed me, and my language was only a repetition of groans: At length an old man arrived, who seeing the other in such a posture, cried, "Mercy upon en! the leaad's bewitch'd!—why Dick, beest thou besayd thyself!"[3]—Dick, without moving his eyes from the object that terrified him, replied, "O vather! vather! here be either the devil or a dead mon: I doant know which o'en, but a groans woundily."—The father, whose eye-sight was none of the best, pulled out his spectacles, and having applied them to his nose, reconnoitred me over his son's shoulder: But no sooner did he behold me, than he was seized with a fit of shaking, even more violent than Dick's, and with a broken accent addressed me thus: "In the name of the Vather, Zun, and Holy Ghost, I charge you an you been Satan to be gon to the Red-Zea; but an you be a moordered man, speak, that you may have a christom[4] burial."—As I was not in a condition to satisfy him in this particular, he repeated his conjuration to no purpose, and they continued a good while in the agonies of fear.—At length the father proposed that the son should draw nearer, and take a more distinct view of the apparition; but Dick was of opinion that his father should advance first, as being an old man past his labour, and if he received any mischief, the loss would be the smaller; whereas he himself might escape, and be useful in his generation.—This prudential reason had no effect upon the senior, who still kept Dick between me and him.—In the mean time I endeavoured to raise one hand as a signal of distress, but had only strength sufficient to produce a rustling among the straw, which discomposed the young peasant so much, that he sprung out at the door, and overthrew his father in his flight.—The old gentleman would not spend time in getting up, but crawled backwards like a crab, with great speed, till he had got over the threshold, mumbling exorcisms all the way.—I was exceedingly mortified to find myself in danger of perishing through the ignorance and cowardice of those clowns; and felt my spirits decay apace, when an old woman entered the barn, followed by the two fugitives, and with great intrepidity advanced to the place where I lay, saying, "If it be the devil I fearen not, and for a dead mon a can do us no harm."—When she saw my condition, she cried, "Here be no devil, but in youren fool's head.—Here be a poor miserable wretch, bleeding to death, and if a dies, we must be at the charge of burying him; therefore, Dick, go vetch the old wheel-barrow and putten in, and carry en to good-man Hodge's[5] back-door, he is more eable than we to lay out money upon poor vagrants."—Her advice was taken, and immediately put in execution: I was rolled to the other farmer's door, where I was tumbled out like a


COOKE's EDITION OF SELECT NOVELS.
RODERIC RANDOM. VOL. II. Ch. 2. P.
The Peasants terrified at the ghastly appearance of Roderic Random in the Barn
R. Corbould, delin.t
Engraved for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row Febr 23. 1793.
W. Hawkins, sculp.t

"The Peasants terrified at the ghastly appearance of Roderic Random in the Barn" by Hawkins after Corbould. (The James Kent Collection, Rare Book & Manuscript Library, Columbia University in the City of New York.)

heap of dung; and would certainly have fallen a prey to the hogs, if my groans had not disturbed the family, and brought some of them out to view my situation.—But Hodge resembled the Jew more than the good Samaritan,[6] and ordered me to be carried to the house of the parson, whose business it was to practise as well as to preach charity: observing that it was sufficient for him to pay his *quota* towards the maintenance of the poor[7] belonging to his own parish.—When I was set down at the vicar's gate, he fell into a mighty passion, and threatened to excommunicate him who sent as well as those who brought me, unless they would move me immediately to another place—About this time I fainted with the fatigue I had undergone, and afterwards understood that I was bandied from door to door through a whole village, no body having humanity enough to administer the least relief to me, until an old woman, who was suspected of witchcraft by the neighbourhood, hearing of my distress, received me into her house, and having dressed my wounds, brought me to myself with cordials of her own preparing.—I was treated with great care and tenderness by this grave matron, who, after I had recovered some strength, desired to know the particulars of my last disaster—This piece of satisfaction I could not refuse to one who had saved my life, therefore related all my adventures without exaggeration or reserve. She seemed surprised at the vicissitudes I had undergone, and drew a happy presage of my future life from my past sufferings, then launched out into the praise of adversity with so much ardour and good sense, that I concluded she was a person who had seen better days, and conceived a longing desire to hear her story.—She perceived my drift by some words I dropped, and smiling, told me, there was nothing either entertaining or extraordinary in the course of her fortune; but, however, she would communicate it to me, in consideration of the confidence I had reposed in her.—"It is of little consequence (said she) to tell the names of my parents, who are dead many years ago: let it suffice to assure you, they were wealthy, and had no other child than me, so that I was looked upon as heiress to a considerable estate, and teized[8] with addresses on that account. Among the number of my admirers, there was a young gentleman of no fortune, whose sole dependence was on his promotion in the army, in which, at that time, he bore a lieutenant's commission.—I conceived an affection for this amiable officer, which in a short time increased to a violent passion, and, without entering into minute circumstances, married him privately.[9]—We had not enjoyed one another long, in stolen interviews, when he was ordered with his regiment to Flanders;[10] but, before he set out, it was agreed between us, that he should declare our marriage to my father by letter, and implore his pardon for the step we had taken without his approbation—This discovery was made while I was abroad visiting, and just as I was about to return home, I received a letter from my father, importing, that since I had acted so undutifully and meanly, as to marry a beggar, without his privity or consent, to the disgrace of his family, as well as the disappointment of his hopes, he renounced me to the miserable fate I had entailed upon myself, and charged me never to set foot within his doors again.—This rigid sentence was confirmed by my mother, who, in a postscript, gave me to understand that her sentiments were exactly conformable to those of my father, and that I might save myself the trouble of making any applications, for her resolution was unalterable—Thunderstruck with my evil fortune, I called a coach, and drove to my hus-

band's lodgings, where I found him waiting the event of his letter.—Though he could easily divine by my looks, the issue of his declaration, he read with great steadiness the epistle I had received; and with a smile full of tenderness, which I shall never forget, embraced me, saying, *I believe the good lady your mother might have spared herself the trouble of the last part of her postscript.—Well, my dear Betty, you must lay aside all thoughts of a coach, till I can procure the command of a regiment.*—This unconcerned behaviour, while it enabled me to support my reverse of fortune, at the same time endeared him to me the more, by convincing me of his disinterested views in espousing me.—I was next day boarded in company with the wife of another officer, who had long been the friend and confident of my husband, at a village not far from London, where they parted with us in the most melting manner, went to Flanders, and were killed in sight of one another at the battle of the Wood.[11]—Why should I tire you with a description of our unutterable sorrow at the fatal news of this event, the remembrance of which now fills my aged eyes with tears! When our grief subsided a little, and reflection came to our aid, we found ourselves deserted by the whole world, and in danger of perishing by want: Whereupon we made application for the pension,[12] and were put upon the list. Then vowing eternal friendship, sold our jewels and superfluous cloaths, retired to this place (which is in the county of Sussex) bought this little house, where we lived many years in a solitary manner, indulging our mutual sorrow, 'till it pleased heaven to call away my companion two years ago; since which time I have lingered out an unhappy being, in hopes of a speedy dissolution, when I promise myself the eternal reward of all my cares.—In the mean time, (continued she) I must inform you of the character I bear among my neighbours.—My conversation being different from that of the inhabitants of the village, my recluse way of life, my skill in curing distempers, which I acquired from books since I settled here, and lastly, my age, have made the common people look upon me as something preternatural, and I am actually at this hour believed to be a witch.[13] The parson of the parish, whose acquaintance I have not been at much pains to cultivate, taking umbrage at my supposed disrespect, has contributed not a little towards the confirmation of this opinion, by dropping certain hints to my prejudice, among the vulgar, who are also very much scandalized at my entertaining this poor tabby cat with the collar about her neck, which was a favourite of my deceased companion."

The whole behaviour of this venerable person was so primitive, innocent, sensible, and humane, that I contracted a filial respect for her, and begged her advice with regard to my future conduct, as soon as I was in a condition to act for myself.—She dissuaded me from a design I had formed of travelling to London in hopes of retrieving my cloaths and pay, by returning to my ship, which by this time, I read in the newspaper,[14] was safely arrived in the river Thames: "Because (said she) you run the hazard of being treated not only as a deserter, in quitting the sloop, but also as a mutineer in assaulting your commanding-officer, to the malice of whose revenge you will moreover be exposed."—She then promised to recommend me as a servant to a single lady of her acquaintance, who lived in the neighbourhood with her nephew, who was a young fox-hunter of great fortune, where I might be very happy, provided I could bear with the disposition and manners of my mistress, which were somewhat whimsi-

cal and particular.—But above all things, she counselled me to conceal my story, the knowledge of which would effectually poison my entertainment;[15] for it was a maxim among most people of condition, that no gentleman in distress ought to be admitted into a family, as a domestic, lest he become proud, lazy, and insolent.—I was fain to embrace this humble proposal, because my affairs were desperate; and in a few days was hired by this lady, to serve in quality of her footman; having been represented by my hostess, as a young man who was bred up to the sea by his relations against his will, and had suffered shipwreck, which had encreased his disgust to that way of life, so much, that he rather chose to go to service on shore than enter himself on board of any other ship.—Before I took possession of my new place, she gave me a sketch of my mistress's character, that I might know better how to regulate my conduct. "Your lady (said she) is a maiden of forty years, not so remarkable for her beauty as her learning and taste, which is famous all over the country.—Indeed, she is a perfect female *virtuoso*,[16] and so eager after the pursuit of knowledge, that she neglects her person even to a degree of sluttishness; this negligence, together with her contempt of the male part of the creation, gives her nephew no great concern, as, by these means, he will probably keep her fortune, which is considerable, in the family. He therefore permits her to live in her own way, which is something extraordinary, and gratifies her in all her whimsical desires.—Her apartment is at some distance from the other inhabited parts of the house; and consists of a dining-room, bed-chamber and study: She keeps a cook-maid, waiting-woman, and footman of her own, and seldom eats or converses with any of the family but her niece, who is a very lovely creature, and humours her aunt often to the prejudice of her own health, by sitting up with her whole nights together; for, your mistress is too much of a philosopher to be swayed by the customs of the world, and never sleeps or eats like other people.—Among other odd notions, she professes the principles of Rosicrucius,[17] and believes the earth, air, and sea, are inhabitated by invisible beings, with whom it is possible for the human species to entertain correspondence and intimacy, on the easy condition of living chaste.—As she hopes one day to be admitted into an acquaintance of this kind, she no sooner heard of me and my cat, than she paid me a visit, with a view, as she has since owned, to be introduced to my familiar;[18] and was greatly mortified to find herself disappointed in her expectation. Being, by this visionary turn of mind, abstracted as it were from the world, she cannot advert to the common occurrences of life; and therefore is frequently so absent as to commit very strange mistakes and extravagancies, which you will do well to rectify and repair, as your prudence shall suggest."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

My reception by that lady——I become enamoured of Narcissa——recount the particulars of my last misfortune——acquire the good opinion of my mistress——an account of the young Squire——I am made acquainted with more particulars of Narcissa's situation——conceive a mortal hatred against Sir Timothy——examine my lady's library and performances——her extravagant behaviour.

Fraught with these useful instructions, I repaired to the place of her habitation, and was introduced by the waiting-woman to the presence of my lady, who had not before seen me.—She sat in her study, with one foot on the ground, and the other upon a high stool at some distance from her seat; her sandy locks hung down in a disorder I cannot call beautiful, from her head, which was deprived of its coif,[1] for the benefit of scratching with one hand, while she held the stump of a pen in the other.—Her forehead was high and wrinkled, her eyes were large, grey and prominent; her nose was long, sharp and aquiline; her mouth of vast capacity; her visage meagre and freckled, and her chin peeked like a shoemaker's paring knife: Her upper-lip contained a large quantity of plain Spanish,[2] which, by continual falling, had embroidered her neck that was not naturally very white, and the breast of her gown, that flowed loose about her with a negligence truly poetic, discovering linen that was very fine, and to all appearance, never *washed but in Castalian streams*.[3]—Around her lay heaps of books, globes, quadrants, telescopes, and other learned apparatus: Her snuff-box stood at her right hand, at her left-hand lay her handkerchief sufficiently used, and a convenience to spit in appeared on one side of her chair.—She being in a reverie when we entered, the maid did not think proper to disturb her; so that we waited some minutes unobserved, during which time, she bit the quill several times, altered her position, made many wry faces, and at length, with an air of triumph, repeated aloud;

"Nor dare th' immortal Gods my rage oppose!"[4]

Having committed her success to paper, she turned towards the door, and perceiving us, cried, "What's the matter?"—"Here's the young man (replied my conductress) whom Mrs. Sagely recommended as a footman to your ladyship." On this information she stared in my face a considerable time, and then asked my name, which I thought proper to conceal under that of John Brown.—After having surveyed me with a curious eye, she broke out into "O! ay, thou was shipwrecked I remember.——Whether didst thou come on shore on the back of a whale or a dolphin?"[5] To this I answered, I had swam on shore without any assistance.—Then she demanded to know if I had ever been at the Hellespont, and swam from Sestos to Abydos.[6] I replied in the negative: Upon which, she bad the maid order a suit of new livery for me, and instruct

me in the articles of my duty; so saying, she spit in her snuff-box, and wiped her nose with her cap, which lay on the table, instead of a handkerchief.—We returned to the kitchen, where I was regaled by the maids, who seemed to vie with each other, in expressing their regard for me.—And from them I understood, that my business consisted in cleaning knives and forks, laying the cloth, waiting at table, carrying messages and attending my lady, when she went abroad.—There was a very good suit of livery in the house, which had belonged to my predecessor deceased, and it fitted me exactly, so that there was no occasion for employing a taylor on my account.—I had not been long equipped in this manner, when my lady's bell rung; upon which, I ran up stairs, and found her stalking about the room in her shift and under petticoat only: I would have immediately retired, as became me, but she bad me come in, and air a clean shift for her; which operation I having performed with some backwardness, she put it on before me without any ceremony, and I verily believe was ignorant of my sex all the time, as being quite absorpt in contemplation.—About four o'clock in the afternoon, I was ordered to lay the cloth, and place two covers, which I understood were for my mistress and her niece, whom I had not as yet seen.—Though I was not very dextrous at this work, I performed it pretty well for a beginner, and when dinner was upon the table, saw my mistress approach, accompanied by the young lady, whose name for the present shall be Narcissa.[7]—So much sweetness appeared in the countenance and carriage of this amiable apparition, that my heart was captivated at first sight, and, while dinner lasted, I gazed upon her without intermission.—Her age seemed to be seventeen, her stature tall, her shape unexceptionable, her hair, that fell down upon her ivory neck in ringlets, black as jet;[8] her arched eyebrows of the same colour; her eyes piercing, yet tender; her lips of the consistence and hue of cherries; her complexion clear, delicate and healthy; her aspect noble, ingenuous and humane; and the whole person so ravishingly delightful, that it was impossible for any creature, endued with sensibility, to see without admiring, and admire without loving her to excess! I began to curse the servile station, that placed me so far beneath the regard of this idol of my adoration! and yet I blessed my fate, that enabled me to enjoy daily the sight of so much perfection! When she spoke, I listened with pleasure; but when she spoke to me, my soul was thrilled with an extasy of tumultuous joy! I was even so happy as to be the subject of their conversation: For, Narcissa having observed me, said to her aunt, "I see your new footman is come." Then addressing herself to me, asked, with ineffable complacency, if I was the person who had been so cruelly used by robbers? When I satisfied her in this, she expressed a desire of knowing the other particulars of my fortune both before and since my being shipwrecked: Hereupon, (as Mrs. Sagely had counselled me) I told her, that I had been bound apprentice to the master of a ship, contrary to my inclination, which ship had foundered at sea;—that I and four more, who chanced to be on deck when she went down, made shift to swim to the shore, where my companions, after having overpowered me, stript me to the shirt, and left me, as they imagin'd, dead of the wounds I received in my own defence. Then I related the circumstances of my being found in a barn, with the inhuman treatment I met with, from the country people and parson; the description of which, I perceived, drew tears from the charming creature's eyes! When I had finished my recital, my mistress said,

Ma foy! le garçon est bien fait![9] To which opinion Narcissa assented, with a compliment to my understanding in the same language, that flattered my vanity extremely.

The conversation, among other subjects, turned upon the young Squire, whom my lady enquired after, under the title of the Savage; and was informed by her niece, that he was still in bed, repairing the fatigue of last night's debauch, and recruiting strength and spirits to undergo a fox-chace to-morrow morning, in company with Sir Timothy Thicket, Squire Bumper,[10] and a great many other gentlemen of the same stamp, whom he had invited on that occasion; so that by day-break, the whole house would be in an uproar.—This was a very disagreeable piece of news to the *Virtuosa*, who protested she would stuff her ears with cotton when she went to bed, and take a dose of opium to make her sleep the more sound, that she might not be disturbed and distracted by the clamour of the brutes.

When their dinner was over, I and my fellow-servants sat down to ours in the kitchen, where I understood that Sir Timothy Thicket was a wealthy knight in the neighbourhood, between whom and Narcissa a match had been projected by her brother, who promised at the same time to espouse Sir Timothy's sister; by which means, as their fortunes were pretty equal, the young ladies would be provided for, and their brothers be never the poorer; but that the ladies did not concur in the scheme, each of them entertaining a hearty contempt for the person allotted to her for a husband, by this agreement.—This information begat in me a mortal aversion to Sir Timothy, whom I looked upon as my rival, and cursed in my heart for his presumption.—Next morning by day-break, being awaked by the noise of the hunters and hounds, I arose to view the cavalcade, and had a sight of my competitor, whose accomplishments (the estate excluded) did not seem brilliant enough to give me much uneasiness with respect to Narcissa, who, I flattered myself, was not to be won by such qualifications as he was master of, either as to person or mind.—My mistress, notwithstanding her precaution, was so much disturbed by her nephew's company, that she did not rise till five o'clock in the afternoon: So that I had an opportunity of examining her study at leasure, to which examination I was strongly prompted by my curiosity.—Here I found a thousand scraps of her own poetry, consisting of three, four, ten, twelve and twenty lines, on an infinity of subjects, which, as whim inspired, she had begun without constancy or capacity to bring to any degree of composition: But what was very extraordinary in a female poet,[11] there was not the least mention made of love in any of her performances.—I counted fragments of five tragedies, the titles of which were, "The Stern Philosopher.—The Double Murder—The Sacrilegious Traitor.—The Fall of Lucifer; and the Last Day." From whence I gathered, that her disposition was gloomy, and her imagination delighted with objects of horror.[12]—Her library was composed of the best English historians, poets and philosophers; of all the French critics and poets, and of a few books in Italian, chiefly poetry, at the head of which were Tasso and Ariosto,[13] pretty much used.—Besides these, translations of the classics into French, but not one book in Greek or Latin;[14] a circumstance that discovered her ignorance in these languages.—After having taken a full view of this collection, I retired, and at the usual time was preparing to lay the cloth, when I was told by the maid that her mistress was still in bed, and had been so affected with the notes of the hounds in the

morning, that she actually believed herself a hare beset by the hunters; and begged a few greens to munch for breakfast.—When I expressed my surprize at this unaccountable imagination,[15] she gave me to understand that her lady was very much subject to whims of this nature; sometimes fancying herself an animal, sometimes a piece of furniture, during which conceited transformations, it was very dangerous to come near her, especially when she represented a beast; for that lately, in the character of a cat, she had flown at her and scratched her face in a terrible manner;—that some months ago, she prophesied the general conflagration was at hand, and nothing would be able to quench it, but her water, which therefore she kept so long that her life was in danger; and she must needs have died of the retention, had they not found an expedient to make her evacuate, by kindling a bonfire under her chamber-window, and persuading her that the house was in flames; upon which, with great deliberation, she bad them bring all the tubs and vessels they could find, to be filled, for the preservation of the house, into one of which she immediately discharged the cause of her distemper.—I was also informed, that nothing contributed so much to the recovery of her reason as music, which was always administred on those occasions by Narcissa, who played perfectly well on the harpsichord, and to whom she (the maid) was just then going to intimate her aunt's disorder.—She was no sooner gone, than I was summoned by the bell to my lady's chamber, where I found her sitting squat on her hams, on the floor, in the manner of puss[16] when she listens to the outcries of her pursuers.—When I appeared, she started up with an alarmed look, and sprung to the other side of the room to avoid me, whom, without doubt, she mistook for a beagle thirsting after her life.—Perceiving her extreme confusion, I retired, and on the stair-case met the adorable Narcissa coming up, to whom I imparted the situation of my mistress: She said not a word, but smiling with unspeakable grace, went into her aunt's apartment, and in a little time my ears were ravished with the effects of her skill.—She accompanied the instrument with a voice so sweet and melodious, that I did not wonder at the surprizing change it produced on the spirits of my mistress, which were soon composed to peace and sober reflection.

About seven o'clock the hunters arrived, with the skins of two foxes and one badger, carried before them as trophies of their success: and when they were about to sit down to dinner (or supper)[17] Sir Timothy Thicket desired that Narcissa would honour the table with her presence: But this request, notwithstanding her brother's threats and intreaties, she refused, on pretence of attending her aunt, who was indisposed; so I enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing my rival mortified: But this disappointment made no great impression on him, who consoled himself with the bottle, of which the whole company became so enamoured, that after a most horrid uproar of laughing, singing, swearing, dancing, and fighting, they were all carried to bed in a state of utter oblivion.—My duty being altogether detached from the Squire and his family, I led a pretty easy and comfortable life, drinking daily intoxicating draughts of love from the charms of Narcissa, which brightened on my contemplation, every day, more and more.—Inglorious as my station was, I became blind to my own unworthiness, and even conceived hopes of one day enjoying this amiable creature, whose affability greatly encouraged these presumptuous thoughts.

CHAPTER XL.

My mistress is surprized at my learning——communicates her performances to me——I impart some of mine to her——am mortified at her faint praise——Narcissa approves of my conduct——I gain an involuntary conquest over the cook-wench and dairy-maid——their mutual resentment and insinuations——the jealousy of their lovers.

During this season of love and tranquillity, my muse, which had lain dormant so long, awoke, and produced several small performances[1] on the subject of my flame: But as it concerned me nearly to remain undiscovered in my real character and sentiments, I was under a necessity of mortifying my desire of praise, by confining my works to my own perusal and applause.——In the mean time I strove to insinuate myself into the good opinion of both ladies; and succeeded so well, by my diligence and dutiful behaviour, that in a little time, I was at least a favourite servant; and frequently enjoyed the pleasure of hearing myself mentioned in French and Italian, with some degree of warmth and surprize, by the dear object of all my wishes, as a person who had so much of the gentleman in my appearance and discourse, that she could not for her soul treat me like a common lacquey—My prudence and modesty were not long proof against these bewitching compliments. One day, while I waited at dinner, the conversation turned upon a knotty passage of Tasso's Gierusalem, which, it seems, had puzzled them both: After a great many unsatisfactory conjectures, my mistress taking the book out of her pocket, turned up the place in question, and read the sentence over and over, without success; at length, despairing of finding the author's meaning, she turned to me, saying, "Come hither, Bruno,[2] let us see what fortune will do for us; I will interpret to thee what goes before and what follows this obscure paragraph, the particular words of which I will also explain, that thou mayest, by comparing one with another, guess the sense of that which perplexes us."—I was too vain to let slip this opportunity of displaying my talents; therefore, without hesitation, read and explained the whole of that which had disconcerted them, to the utter astonishment of both.—Narcissa's face and lovely neck were overspread with blushes, from which I drew a favourable omen, while her aunt, after having stared at me a good while with a look of amazement, exclaimed, "In the name of heaven! Who art thou?"—I told her I had picked up a smattering of Italian, during a voyage up the Straits.[3]—At this explanation she shook her head, and observed that no smatterer could read as I had done.—She then desired to know if I understood French? To which question I answered in the affirmative: She asked if I was acquainted with the Latin and Greek? I replied, "A little."—"Oho! (continued she) and with philosophy and mathematics, I suppose?"—I owned, I knew something of each.—Then she repeated her stare and interrogation.—

I began to repent of my vanity, and in order to repair the fault I had committed, said, it was not to be wondered at if I had a tolerable education, for learning was so cheap in my country,[4] that every peasant was a scholar; but I hoped her ladyship would think my understanding no exception to my character.—She was pleased to answer, "No, no, God forbid."—But, during the rest of the time they sat at table, they behaved with remarkable reserve.

This alteration gave me great uneasiness; and I passed the night without sleep, in melancholly reflections on the vanity of young men, which prompts them to commit so many foolish actions, contrary to their own sober judgment.—Next day, however, instead of profiting by this self-condemnation, I yielded still more to the dictates of the principle I had endeavoured to chastize, and if fortune had not befriended me more than prudence could expect, I should have been treated with the contempt I deserved.—After breakfast, my lady, who was a true author, bade me follow her into the study, where she expressed herself thus: "Since you are so learned, you cannot be void of taste; therefore I am to desire your opinion of a small performance in poetry, which I lately composed.—You must know I have planned a tragedy, the subject of which shall be the murder of a prince before the altar, where he is busy at his devotions.—After the deed is perpetrated, the regicide[5] will harrangue the people with the bloody dagger in his hand; and I have already composed a speech, which I think will suit the character extremely.—Here it is."—Then taking up a scrap of paper, she read with violent emphasis and gesture, as follows:

"Thus have I sent the simple king to hell,
Without a coffin, shroud, or passing-bell:
To me, what are divine and human laws?
I court no sanction but my own applause!
Rapes, robb'ries, treasons, yield my soul delight;
And human carnage gratifies my sight:
I drag the parent by the hoary hair,
And toss the sprawling infant on my spear,
While the fond mother's cries regale mine ear.
I fight, I vanquish, murder friends and foes;
Nor dare the immortal gods my rage oppose."[6]

Though I did great violence to my understanding in praising this unnatural rhapsody,[7] I nevertheless extolled it as a production that of itself deserved immortal fame; and besought her ladyship to bless the world with the fruits of those uncommon talents heaven had bestowed upon her.—She smiled with a look of self-complacency, and, encouraged by the incense I had offered, communicated all her poetical works, which I applauded one by one, with as little candour as I had shewn at first.—Satiated with my flattery, which I hope, my situation justified, she could not in conscience refuse me an opportunity of shining in my turn; and therefore, after a compliment to my nice discernment and taste, observed, that doubtless, I must have produced something in that way myself, which she desired to see.—This was a temptation I could by no means

resist.—I owned that, while I was at college, I wrote some small detached pieces, at the desire of a friend who was in love; and at her request repeated the following verses, which indeed my love for Narcissa had inspired.

On Celia playing on the harpsichord, and singing.[8]

I.

When Sapho[9] struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire:
And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

II.

But had the nymph, possess'd with these
Thy softer, chaster power to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

III.

The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken, love-sick maid:
Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.[10]

My mistress paid me a cold compliment on the versification, which, she said, was elegant enough, but the subject beneath the pen of a true poet. I was extremely nettled at her indifference, and looked at Narcissa, who by this time had joined us, for her approbation; but she declined giving her opinion, protesting she was no judge of these matters: So that I was forced to retire, very much baulked in my expectation, which was generally a little too sanguine.—In the afternoon, however, the waiting-maid assured me, that Narcissa had expressed her approbation of my performance with great warmth, and desired her to procure a copy of it, as for herself, that she (Narcissa) might have an opportunity to peruse it at leisure.—I was elated to an extravagant pitch at this intelligence, and immediately transcribed a fair copy of my Ode,[11] which was carried to the dear charmer, together with another on the same subject, as follows:

I.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, love!
I feel thy soft, resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame!

II.

For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows,
Hope, fear and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transports 'whelm my soul!

III.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain,
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

IV.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die![12]

Whether or not Narcissa discovered my passion, I could not learn from her behaviour, which, though always benevolent to me, was henceforth more reserved and less chearful.—While my thoughts aspired to a sphere so far above me, I had unwittingly made a conquest of the cook-wench and dairy-maid, who became so jealous of each other, that if their sentiments had been refined by education, it is probable one or other of them would have had recourse to poison or steel, to be avenged of her rival; but, as their minds were happily adapted to their humble station, their mutual enmity was confined to scolding and fisty-cuffs, in which exercises they were both well skilled.—My good fortune did not long remain a secret; for, it was disclosed by the frequent broils of these heroines, who kept no decorum in their encounters. The coachman and gardner, who paid their devoirs to my admirers, each to his respective choice, alarmed at my success, laid their heads together, in order to concert a plan of revenge; and the former having been educated at the academy of Tottenham-court, undertook to challenge me to single combat. He accordingly, with many opprobrious invectives, bad me defiance, and offered to box me for twenty guineas.—I told him, that although I believed myself a match for him, even at that work, I would not descend so far below the dignity of a gentleman as to fight like a porter; but if he had any thing to say to me, I was his man at blunderbuss, musket, pistol, sword, hatchet, spit, cleaver, fork or needle;—nay, I swore, that should he give his tongue any more saucy liberties at my expence, I would crop his ears without any ceremony.—This rhodomontade,[13] delivered with a stern countenance, and resolute tone, had the desired effect upon my antagonist, who, with some confusion, sneaked off, and gave his friend an account of his reception.—The story taking air among the servants, procured for me the title of Gentleman John, with which I was sometimes honoured, even by my mistress and Narcissa, who had been informed of the whole affair by the chamber-maid.—In the mean time, the rival queens[14] expressed their passion by all the ways in their power: The cook entertained me with choice bits, the dairy-maid with stroakings;[15] the first would often encourage me to declare myself, by complimenting me upon my courage and learning, and observing, that if she had a husband like me, to maintain order and keep accompts, she could make a great deal of money by setting up an eating-house at London, for gentlemen's servants on board-wages.—The other courted my affection, by shewing her own importance, and telling me, that many a substantial farmer in the neighbourhood would be glad to marry her; but she was resolved to please her

eye, if she should plague her heart.—Then she would launch out into the praise of my proper person, and say, she was sure I would make a good husband, for I was very good natured.—I began to be uneasy at the importunities of those inamoratas, whom at another time, perhaps, I might have pleased without the disagreeable sauce of matrimony;[16] but, at present, my whole soul was engrossed by Narcissa, and I could not bear the thoughts of doing any thing derogatory of the passion I entertained for her.

CHAPTER XLI.

Narcissa being in danger from the brutality of Sir Timothy, is rescued by me, who revenge myself on my rival——I declare my passion, and retreat to the sea-side——am surrounded by smugglers, and carried to Bulloign——find my uncle lieutenant Bowling, in great distress, and relieve him——our conversation.

At certain intervals, my ambition would revive; I would despise myself for my tame resignation to my sordid fate, and revolve an hundred schemes for assuming the character of a gentleman, to which I thought myself intitled by birth and education.—In these fruitless suggestions time stole away unperceived, and I had already remained eight months in the station of a footman, when an accident happened, that put an end to my servitude, and for the present, banished all hopes of succeeding in my love.

Narcissa went one day to visit Miss Thicket, who lived with her brother within less than a mile of our house, and was persuaded to walk home in the cool of the evening, accompanied by Sir Timothy, who having a good deal of the brute in him, was instigated to use some unbecoming familiarities with her, encouraged by the solitariness of a field through which they passed.—The lovely creature was incensed at his rude behaviour, for which she reproached him in such a manner, that he lost all regard to decency, and actually offered violence to this pattern of innocence and beauty.—But heaven would not suffer so much goodness to be violated; and sent me, who passing by accident near the place, was alarmed with her cries, to her succour.—What were the emotions of my soul when I beheld Narcissa, almost sinking beneath the brutal force of this satyr![1] I flew like lightning to her rescue, and he perceiving me, quitted his prey, and drew his hanger, to chastise my presumption.—My indignation was too high to admit one thought of fear, so that rushing upon him, I struck his weapon out of his hand, and used my cudgel so successfully, that he fell to the ground, and lay, to all appearance, without sense.—Then I turned to Narcissa, who had swooned, and sitting down by her, gently raised her head, and supported it on my bosom, while with my hand around her waist, I kept her in that position. My soul was thrilled with tumultu-

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ous joy, at feeling the object of my dearest wishes within my arms; and while she lay insensible, I could not refrain from applying my cheek to her's, and ravishing a kiss: In a little time, the blood began to revisit her face, she opened her enchanting eyes, and having recollected her late situation, said, with a look full of tender acknowledgment, "Dear John, I am eternally obliged to you!" So saying, she made an effort to rise, in which I assisted her, and she proceeded to the house, leaning upon me all the way. I was a thousand times tempted by this opportunity to declare my passion, but the dread of disobliging her, restrained my tongue. We had not moved an hundred paces from the scene of her distress, when I perceived Sir Timothy rise and walk homeward; a circumstance which, though it gave me some satisfaction, in as much as I thereby knew I had not killed him, filled me with just apprehension of his resentment, which I found myself in no condition to withstand; especially when I considered his intimacy with our Squire, to whom I knew he could justify himself for what he had done, by imputing it to his love, and desiring his brother Bruin[2] to take the same liberty with his sister, without any fear of offence.————When we arrived at the house, Narcissa assured me, she would exert all her influence in protecting me from the revenge of Thicket, and likewise engage her aunt in my favour. At the same time pulling out her purse, offered it as a small consideration for the service I had done her.—But I stood too much upon the punctilios of love to incur the least suspicion of being mercenary, and refused the present, by saying, I had merited nothing by barely doing my duty.—She seemed astonished at my disinterestedness, and blushed; I felt the same suffusion, and with a down-cast eye, and broken accent, told her I had one request to make, which if her generosity would grant, I should think myself fully recompensed for an age of misery.—She changed colour at this preamble, and, with great confusion, replied, she hoped my good sense would hinder me from asking any thing she was bound in honour to refuse, and therefore bad me signify my desire.—Upon which I kneeled, and begged to kiss her hand. She immediately, with an averted look, stretched it out; I imprinted on it an ardent kiss, and bathing it with my tears, cried, "Dear Madam, I am an unfortunate gentleman, and love you to distraction, but would have died a thousand deaths rather than make this declaration under such a servile appearance, were I not determined to yield to the rigour of my fate, to fly from your bewitching presence, and bury my presumptuous passion in eternal silence." With these words I rose and went away, before she could recover her spirits so far as to make any reply.—My first care was to go and consult Mrs. Sagely, with whom I had maintained a friendly correspondence ever since I left her house. When she understood my situation, the good woman, with real concern, condoled me on my unhappy fate, and approved of my resolution to leave the country, as being perfectly well acquainted with the barbarous disposition of my rival, "who by this time (said she) has no doubt meditated a scheme of revenge.—Indeed I cannot see how you will be able to elude his vengeance: being himself in the commission,[3] he will immediately grant warrants for apprehending you; and as almost all the people in this country are dependent on him or his friend, it will be impossible for you to find shelter among them: If you should be apprehended, he will commit you to jail, where you may possibly languish in great misery till the next assizes, and then be transported for assaulting a magistrate."—While she thus warned me of my danger, we

heard a knocking at the door, which threw us both into great consternation, as in all probability it was occasioned by my pursuers; whereupon this generous old lady putting two guineas into my hand, with tears in her eyes, bade me, for God's sake, get out at the back-door, and consult my safety as providence should direct me.—There was no time for deliberation.—I followed her advice, and escaped by the benefit of a dark night, to the sea-side, where, while I ruminated on my next excursion, I was all of a sudden surrounded by armed men, who having bound my hands and feet, bad me make no noise, on pain of being shot, and carried me on board of a vessel, which I soon perceived to be a smuggling cutter.[4]—This discovery gave me some satisfaction at first, because I concluded myself safe from the resentment of Sir Timothy: But when I found myself in the hands of ruffians, who threatned to execute me for a spy, I would have thought myself happily quit for a year's imprisonment, or even transportation.—— It was in vain for me to protest my innocence: I could not persuade them that I had taken a solitary walk to their haunt, at such a hour, merely for my own amusement; and I did not think it my interest to disclose the true cause of my retreat, because I was afraid they would have made their peace with justice by surrendering me to the penalty of the law.—What confirmed their suspicion was, the appearance of a custom-house yacht,[5] which gave them chace, and had well-nigh made a prize of their vessel; when they were delivered from their fears by a thick fog, which effectually screened them, and favoured their arrival at Bulloign.[6]—But before they got out of sight of their pursuer, they held a council of war about me, and some of the most ferocious amongst them, would have thrown me overboard as a traitor who had betrayed them to their enemies; but others more considerate, alledged, that if they put me to death, and should afterwards be taken, they could expect no mercy from the legislature, which would never pardon outlawry aggravated by murder.—It was therefore determined, by a plurality of votes, that I should be set on shore in France, and left to find my passage back to England, as I should think proper, this being punishment sufficient for the bare suspicion of a crime in itself not capital.—Although this favourable determination gave me great pleasure, the apprehension of being robbed would not suffer me to be perfectly at ease: To prevent this calamity, as soon as I was untied, in consequence of the foresaid decision, I tore a small hole in one of my stockings, into which I dropped six guineas, reserving half a piece and some silver in my pocket, that finding something, they might not be tempted to make any further inquiry.—This was a very necessary precaution, for when we came within sight of the French shore, one of the smugglers told me, I must pay for my passage.—To this declaration I replied, that my passage was none of my own seeking; therefore they could not expect a reward from me for transporting me into a strange country by force.—"Damme! (said the outlaw) none of your palaver;[7] but let me see what money you have got."—So saying, he thrust his hand into my pocket without any ceremony, and emptied it of the contents: Then casting an eye at my hat and wig, which captivated his fancy, he took them off, and clapping his own on my head, declared, that a fair exchange was no robbery.—I was fain to put up with the bargain, which was by no means favourable to me; and a little while after we went all on shore together.

I resolved to take my leave of these desperadoes, without much ceremony, when one

of them cautioned me against appearing to their prejudice, if ever I returned into England, unless I had a mind to be murdered; for which service, he assured me, the gang never wanted agents.—I promised to observe his advice, and departed for the Upper Town,[8] where I enquired for a cabaret or publick-house, into which I went, with an intention of taking some refreshment—In the kitchin, five Dutch sailors sat at breakfast, with a large loaf, a firkin[9] of butter, and a cag[10] of brandy, the bung of which they often applied to their mouths with great perseverance and satisfaction.—At some distance from them I perceived another person in the same garb, sitting in a pensive solitary manner, entertaining himself with a whiff of tobacco, from the stump of a pipe, as black as jet.—The appearance of distress never failed to attract my regard and compassion; I approached this forlorn tar with a view to offer him my assistance, and notwithstanding the alteration of dress, and disguise of a long beard,[11] I discovered in him my long lost and lamented uncle and benefactor lieutenant Bowling! Good heaven! what were the agitations of my soul, between the joy of finding again such a valuable friend, and the sorrow of seeing him in such a low condition! The tears gushed down my cheeks, I stood motionless and silent for some time; at length, recovering the use of speech, exclaimed, "Gracious God! Mr. Bowling!"—My uncle no sooner heard his name mentioned, than he started up, crying with some surprize, "Holloa!" and after having looked at me stedfastly, without being able to recollect me, said, "Did you call me, brother!" I told him, I had something extraordinary to communicate, and desired him to give me the hearing for a few minutes in another room; but he would by no means consent to this proposal, saying, "Avast there, friend; none of your tricks upon travellers;—if you have any thing to say to me, do it above board;—you need not be afraid of being overheard;—here are none who understand our lingo."—Though I was loth to discover myself before company, I could no longer refrain from telling him, I was his own nephew Roderick Random. On this information, he considered me with great earnestness and astonishment, and recalling my features, which though enlarged, were not entirely altered since he had seen me, came up and shook me by the hand very cordially, protesting he was glad to see me well. After some pause, he went on thus: "And yet, my lad, I am sorry to see you under such colours; the more so, as it is not in my power, at present, to change them for the better, times being very hard with me." With these words I could perceive a tear trickle down his furrowed cheeks, which affected me so much, that I wept bitterly.—Imagining my sorrow was the effect of my own misfortunes, he comforted me, with observing, that life was a voyage in which we must expect to meet with all weathers; sometimes it was calm, sometimes rough; that a fair gale often succeeded a storm; that the wind did not always sit one way, and that despair signified nothing; but resolution and skill were better than a stout vessel: for why? because they require no carpenter, and grow stronger the more labour they undergo. I dried up my tears, which I assured him were not shed for my own distress, but for his, and begged leave to accompany him into another room, where we could converse more at our ease.—There I recounted to him the ungenerous usage I had met with from Potion; at which relation he started up, stalked across the room three or four times, in a great hurry, and grasping his cudgel, cried, "I would I were along side of him—that's all—I would I were along side of him!"—I then gave him a detail of all

COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT NOVELS.
RODERIC RANDOM. VOL. II. Ch. 2. P.
Roderic Random's unexpected interview with his Uncle Bowling who had been Shipwrecked.
R. Corbould, delin.t
Engraved for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row. March 1793.
C. Grignion, sculp.t

"Roderic Random's unexpected interview with his Uncle Bowling who had been Shipwrecked" by Grignion after Corbould. (The James Kent Collection, Rare Book & Manuscript Library, Columbia University in the City of New York.)

my adventures and sufferings, which affected him more than I could have imagined; and concluded with telling him that captain Oakhum was still alive, and that he might return to England when he would, to sollicit his affairs, without danger or molestation.—He was wonderfully pleased with this piece of information, of which however he said, he could not at present avail himself, for want of money to pay for his passage to London. This objection I soon removed, by putting five guineas into his hand, and telling him, I thought myself extremely happy in having an opportunity of manifesting my gratitude to him in his necessity.——But it was with the utmost difficulty I could prevail upon him to accept of two, which he affirmed were more than sufficient to defray the necessary expence.—After this friendly contest was over, he proposed we should have a mess of something: "For (said he) it has been banyan day with me a great while.—You must know I was shipwrecked five days ago, near a place called Lisieux,[12] in company with those Dutchmen who are now drinking below; and having but little money when I came ashore, it was soon spent, because I let them have share and share while it lasted—Howsomever, I should have remembred the old saying, *Every hog his own apple*:[13] For when they found my hold unstowed, they went all hands to shooling[14] and begging; and because I would not take a spell at the same duty, refused to give me the least assistance; so that I have not broke bread these two days."—I was shocked at the extremity of his distress, and ordered some bread, cheese and wine to be brought immediately, to allay his hunger, until a fricassee of chickens could be prepared.—When he had recruited his spirits with this homely fare, I desired to know the particulars of his peregrination, since the accident at Cape Tiberoon; which were briefly these: The money he had about him being all spent at Port Louis, the civility and hospitality of the French cooled to such a degree, that he was obliged to list on board of one of their king's ships as a common fore-mast man, to prevent himself from starving on shore.—In this situation he continued two years, during which time he had acquired some knowledge of their language, and the reputation of a good seaman: The ship he belonged to was ordered home to France, where she was laid up as unfit for service, and he was received on board of one of Monsieur D'Antin's squadron,[15] in quality of quartermaster; which office he performed in a voyage to the West-Indies, where they engaged with our ship, as before related; but his conscience upbraiding him for serving the enemies of his country, he quitted the ship at the same place where he first listed, and got to Curasoa[16] in a Dutch vessel; there he bargained with a skipper bound to Europe, to work for his passage to Holland, from whence he was in hopes of hearing from his friends in England; but was cast away as he mentioned before, on the French coast, and must have been reduced to the necessity of travelling on foot to Holland, and begging for his subsistence on the road, or of entering on board of another French man of war, at the hazard of being treated as a deserter, if providence had not sent me to his succour.——"And now, my lad, (continued he) I think I shall steer my course directly to London, where I do not doubt of being replaced, and of having the R taken off me[17] by the Lords of the Admiralty, to whom I intend to write a petition, setting forth my case: If I succeed, I shall have wherewithal to give you some assistance, because when I left the ship, I had two years pay due to me; therefore I desire to know whither you are bound; and besides, perhaps, I may have interest enough to procure a warrant appointing you surgeon's mate of the ship to which I shall belong.—For, the beadle of

the admiralty is my good friend; and he and one of the under-clerks are sworn brothers, and that under-clerk has a good deal to say with one of the upper-clerks, who is very well known to the under-secretary, who, upon his recommendation, I hope will recommend my affair to the first secretary; and he again, will speak to one of the lords in my behalf: So that you see, I do not want friends to assist me on occasion.—As for the fellowr Crampley, tho'f I know him not, I am sure he is neither seaman nor officer, by what you have told me, or else he could never be so much mistaken in his reckoning, as to run the ship on shore on the coast of Sussex, before he believed himself in soundings; neither, when that accident happened, would he have left the ship until she had been stove to pieces, especially when the tide was making; wherefore, by this time, I do suppose he has been tried by a court-martial and executed for his cowardice and misconduct."—I could not help smiling at the description of my uncle's ladder, by which he proposed to climb to the attention of the board of admiralty; and tho' I knew the world too well, to confide in such dependance myself, I would not discourage him with doubts; but asked if he had no friend in London, who would advance a small sum of money to enable him to appear as he ought, and make a small present to the under-secretary, who might possibly dispatch his business the sooner on that account.—He scratched his head, and after some recollection, replied, "Why, yes, I believe Daniel Whipcord the ship-chandler in Wapping would not refuse me such a small matter—I know I can have what credit I want, for lodging, liquor and cloaths; but as to money, I won't be positive:—Had honest Block been living, I should not have been at a loss"—I was heartily sorry to find a worthy man so destitute of friends, when he had such need of them; and looked upon my own situation as less miserable than his, because I was better acquainted with the selfishness and roguery of mankind; consequently less liable to disappointment and imposition.

CHAPTER XLII.

He takes his passage in a Cutter for Deal——we are accosted by a priest, who proves to be a Scottishman——his profession of friendship——he is affronted by the lieutenant, who afterwards appeases him by submission——my uncle embarks——I am introduced by a priest to a capuchin, in whose company I set out for Paris——the character of my fellow-traveller——an adventure on the road——I am shocked at his behaviour.

When our repast was ended, we walked down to the harbour, where we found a cutter that was to sail for Deal in the evening, and Mr. Bowling agreed for his passage: In the mean time, we sauntred about the town to satisfy our curiosity, our conversation turning on the subject of my designs, which were not as yet fixed: Nei-

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ther can it be supposed, that my mind was at ease, when I found myself reduced almost to extreme poverty, in the midst of foreigners, among whom I had not one acquaintance to advise or befriend me.—My uncle was sensible of my forlorn condition, and pressed me to accompany him to England, where he did not doubt of finding some sort of provision for me: But besides the other reasons I had for avoiding that kingdom, I looked upon it, at this time, as the worst country in the universe for a poor honest man to live in; and therefore determined to remain in France, at all events.—I was confirmed in this resolution, by a reverend priest, who passing by at this time, and overhearing us speak English, accosted us in the same language, telling us he was our countryman, and wishing it might be in his power to do us any service: We thanked this grave person for his courteous offer, and invited him to drink a glass with us, which he did not think proper to refuse, and we went all together into a tavern of his recommending. After having drank to our healths in a bumper of good Burgundy, he began to enquire into our situation, particularly the place of our nativity, which we no sooner named, than he started up, and wringing our hands with great fervour, shed a flood of tears, crying, "I come from the same part of the country! perhaps you are my own relations."—I was on my guard against his caresses, which I suspected very much, when I remembered the adventure of the money-dropper; but, without any appearance of diffidence, observed, that as he was born in that part of the country, he must certainly know our families, which (howsoever mean our present appearance might be) were none of the most obscure or inconsiderable.—Then I discovered our names, to which I found he was no stranger; he had known my grandfather personally; and, notwithstanding an absence of fifty years from Scotland, recounted so many particulars of the families in the neighbourhood, that my scruples were entirely removed, and I thought myself happy in his acquaintance.—In the course of our conversation, I disclosed my condition without reserve, and displayed my talents to such advantage, that the old father looked upon me with admiration, and assured me, that if I stayed in France, and listened to reason, I could not fail of making my fortune, to which he would contribute all in his power.

My uncle began to be jealous of the priest's insinuation, and very abruptly declared, that if ever I should renounce my religion, he would break off all connexion and correspondence with me; for it was his opinion, that no honest man would swerve from the principles in which he was bred, whether Turkish, Protestant or Roman.—The father, affronted at this declaration, with great vehemence, began a long discourse, setting forth the danger of obstinacy, and shutting one's eyes against the light: He said, that ignorance would be no plea towards justification,[1] when we had opportunities of being better informed; and that if the minds of people had not been open to conviction, the Christian religion could not have been propagated in the world; and we should now be in a state of Pagan darkness and barbarity: He endeavoured to prove, by some texts of scripture, and many quotations from the fathers,[2] that the Pope was the successor of St. Peter, and vicar of Jesus Christ; that the church of Rome was the true, holy, catholic church; and that the protestant faith was an impious heresy, and damnable schism, by which many millions of souls would suffer everlasting perdition.—When he had finished his sermon, which I thought he pronounced with more zeal than discretion, he addressed himself to my uncle, and desired to know his objections to what had

been said. The lieutenant, whose attention had been wholly engrossed by his own affairs, took the pipe out of his mouth, and replied, "As for me, friend, d'ye see, I have no objection to what you say, it may be either true or false, for what I know; I meddle with no body's affairs but my own; the gunner to his linstock,[3] and the steersman to the helm, as the saying is.—I trust to no creed but the compass, and do unto every man as I would be done by; so that I defy the pope, the devil, and the pretender;[4] and hope to be saved as well as another."—This association of persons gave great offence to the friar, who protested, in a mighty passion, that if Mr. Bowling, had not been his countryman, he would have caused him to be imprisoned for his insolence.—I ventured to disapprove of my uncle's rashness, and appeased the old gentleman, by assuring him, there was no offence intended by my kinsman, who by this time, sensible of his error, shook the injured party by the hand, and asked pardon for the freedom he had taken.—Matters being amicably compromised, he invited us to come and see him in the afternoon at the convent to which he belonged, and took his leave for the present; when my uncle recommended it strongly to me to persevere in the religion of my forefathers, whatever advantages I might propose to myself by a change, which could not fail of disgracing myself, and dishonouring my family.—I assured him no consideration should induce me to forfeit his friendship and good opinion, on that score; at which assurance he discovered great satisfaction, and put me in mind of dinner, which we immediately bespoke, and when it was ready ate together.

I imagined my acquaintance with the Scottish priest, if properly managed, might turn out to my advantage, and therefore resolved to cultivate it as much as I could. With this view we visited him at his convent, according to his invitation, where he treated us with wine and sweet-meats, and shewed us every thing that was remarkable in the monastery.—Having been thus entertained, we took our leave, though not before I had promised to see him next day; and the time fixed for my uncle's embarking being come, I accompanied him to the harbour, and saw him on board.—We parted not without tears, after we had embraced and wished one another all manner of prosperity: and he entreated me to write to him often, directing to Lieutenant Bowling, at the sign of the Union Flag, near the Hermitage, London.[5]

I returned to the house in which we had met, where I passed the night in a very solitary manner, reflecting on the severity of my fate, and endeavouring to project some likely scheme of life for the future; but my invention failed me, I saw nothing but insurmountable difficulties in my way, and was ready to despair at the miserable prospect; that I might not, however, neglect any probable means, I got up in the morning, and went directly to the father, whose advice and assistance I implored.—He received me very kindly, and gave me to understand, that there was one way of life in which a person of my talents could not fail of making a great figure.—I guessed his meaning, and told him once for all, I was fully determined against any alteration in point of religion, therefore, if his proposal regarded the church, he might save himself the trouble of explaining it. He shook his head, and sighed, saying, "Ah! son, son, what a glorious prospect is here spoiled, by your stubborn prejudice! Suffer yourself to be persuaded by reason, and consult your temporal welfare, as well as the concerns of your eternal soul.—I can, by my interest, procure your admission as a noviciate[6] into this convent,

where I will superintend and direct you with a truly paternal affection."—Then he launched out into the praises of a monastic life, which no noise disturbs, no cares molest, and no danger invades—where the heart is weaned from carnal attachments, the grosser appetites subdued and chastised, and the soul wafted to divine regions of philosophy and truth, on the wings of studious contemplation.—But his eloquence was lost upon me, whom two considerations enabled to withstand his temptations; namely, my promise to my uncle, and my aversion to an ecclesiastical life; for as to the difference of religion, I looked upon it as a thing of too small moment to come in competition with a man's fortune.—Finding me immoveable on this head, he told me, he was more sorry than offended at my non-compliance, and still ready to employ his good offices in my behalf.—"The same erroneous maxims," said he, "that obstruct your promotion in the church, will infallibly prevent your advancement in the army; but if you can brook the condition of a servant, I am acquainted with some people of rank at Versailles,[7] to whom I can give you letters of recommendation, that you may be entertained by some one of them, in quality of *maitre d'hotel*;[8] and I do not doubt that your qualifications will soon intitle you to a better provision."—I embraced his offer with great eagerness; and he appointed me to come back in the afternoon, when he would not only give me letters, but likewise introduce me to a capuchin[9] of his acquaintance, who intended to set out for Paris next morning, in whose company I might travel, without being at the expence of one livre during the whole journey. This piece of good news gave me infinite pleasure; I acknowledged my obligation to the benevolent father, in the most grateful expressions; and he performed his promise to a tittle, in delivering the letters, and making me acquainted with the capuchin, with whom I departed next morning by break of day.

It was not long before I discovered my fellow-traveller to be a merry facetious fellow, who, notwithstanding his profession and appearance of mortification, loved good eating and drinking better than his rosary, and paid more adoration to a pretty girl than to the Virgin Mary, or St. Genevieve.[10]——He was a thick brawny young man, with red eyebrows, a hook-nose, a face cover'd with freckles; and his name was Frere Balthazar.[11] His order did not permit him to wear linen, so that having little occasion to undress himself, he was none of the cleanliest animals in the world; and his constitution was naturally so strongly scented, that I always thought it convenient to keep to the windward of him in our march.—As he was perfectly well known on the road, we fared sumptuously without any cost, and the fatigue of our journey was much alleviated by the good humour of my companion, who sung an infinite number of catches[12] on the subjects of love and wine.—We took up our lodging the first night at a peasant's house, not far from Abbe Ville,[13] where we were entertained with an excellent ragout, cooked by our landlord's daughters, one of whom was very handsome: After having eaten heartily, and drank a sufficient quantity of small wine,[14] we were conducted to a barn, where we found a couple of carpets spread upon clean straw for our reception.—We had not lain in this situation above half an hour, when we heard somebody knock softly at the door, upon which Balthazar got up, and let in our host's two daughters, who wanted to have some private conversation[15] with him in the dark; when they had whisper'd together some time, the capuchin came to me, and asked if I was insensible

to love, and so hard-hearted as to refuse a share of my bed to a pretty maid, who had a *tendre*[16] for me?——I must own, to my shame, that I suffered myself to be overcome by my passion, and with great eagerness seized the occasion, when I understood that the amiable Nanette was to be my bed-fellow.—In vain did my reason suggest the respect that I owed to my dear mistress Narcissa;[17] the idea of that lovely charmer rather increased than allayed the ferment of my spirits; and the young paisanne[18] had no reason to complain of my remembrance.—Early in the morning, the kind creatures left us to our repose, which lasted till eight o' clock, when we got up, and were treated at breakfast with chocolate[19] and *l'eau de vie*,[20] by our paramours, of whom we took a tender leave, after my companion had confessed and given them absolution.—While we proceeded on our journey, the conversation turned upon the night's adventure, being introduced by the capuchin, who asked me how I liked my lodging? I declared my satisfaction, and talked in rapture of the agreeable Nanette; at which he shook his head, and smiling said, she was a *morceau pour le bonne bouche*.[21] "I never valued myself (continued he) upon any thing so much as the conquest of Nanette; and vanity apart, I have been pretty fortunate in my amours."—This information shocked me not a little, as I was well convinced of his intimacy with her sister; and though I did not care to tax him with downright incest,[22] I professed my astonishment at his last night's choice, when, I supposed, the other was at his devotion—To this hint he answered, that besides his natural complaisance to the sex, he had another reason to distribute his favours equally between them, namely, to preserve peace in the family, which could not otherwise be maintained; that moreover, Nanette had conceived an affection for me, and he loved her too well to baulk her inclination; more especially, when he had an opportunity of obliging his friend at the same time.—I thanked him for this instance of his friendship, though I was extremely disgusted at his want of delicacy, and cursed the occasion that threw me in his way.—Libertine as I was, I could not bear to see a man behave so wide of the character he assumed: I looked upon him as a person of very little worth or honesty, and should have even kept a wary eye upon my pocket, if I had thought he could have any temptation to steal.—But I could not conceive the use of money to a capuchin, who is obliged, by the rules of his order, to appear like a beggar, and enjoys all other necessaries of life *gratis*; besides, my fellow-traveller seemed to be of a complexion too careless and sanguine, to give me any apprehension on that score; so that I proceeded with great confidence, in expectation of being soon at my journey's end.

CHAPTER XLIII.

We lodge at a house near Amiens, where I am robbed by the capuchin, who escapes while I am asleep——I go to Noyons in search of him, but without success——make my condition known to several people, but find no relief——grow desperate——join a company of soldiers——inlist in the regiment of Picardy——we are ordered into Germany——I find the fatigues of the march almost intolerable——quarrel with my comrade in a dispute about politics——he challenges me to the field, wounds and disarms me.

The third night of our pilgrimage we passed at a house near Amiens,[1] where Balthazar being unknown, we supped upon indifferent fare, and sour wine, and were fain to lie in a garret upon an old mattrass, which, I believe had been in the possession of ten thousand myriads[2] of fleas, time out of mind.—We did not invade their territory with impunity; in less than a minute we were attacked by stings innumerable, in spite of which, however, I fell fast asleep, being excessively fatigued with our day's march, and did not wake till nine next morning, when seeing myself alone, I started up in a terrible fright, and examining my pockets, found my presaging fear too true! My companion had made free with my cash, and left me to seek my way to Paris by myself! I ran down stairs immediately; and with a look full of grief and amazement, enquired for the mendicant, who, they gave me to understand, had set out four hours before, after having told them, I was a little indisposed, and desired I might not be disturbed, but be informed when I should wake, that he had taken the road to Noyons,[3] where he would wait for my coming, at the Coq D'Or.[4]—I spoke not a word, but with a heavy heart directed my course to that place, at which I arrived in the afternoon, fainting with weariness and hunger; but learned, to my utter confusion, that no such person had been there!——It was happy for me that I had a good deal of resentment in my constitution, which animated me on such occasions, against the villainy of mankind, and enabled me to bear misfortunes otherwise intolerable.—Boiling with indignation, I discovered to the host my deplorable condition, and inveighed with great bitterness against the treachery of Balthazar; at which he shrugged up his shoulders, and with a peculiar grimace on his countenance, said, he was sorry for my misfortune; but there was no remedy like patience.—At that instant some guests arrived, to whom he hastened to offer his service, leaving me mortified at his indifference, and fully persuaded that an inn-keeper is the same sordid animal all the world over.—While I stood in the porch forlorn and undetermined, venting ejaculations of curses against the thief who had robbed me, and the old priest who recommended him to my friendship; a young gentleman richly dressed, attended by a *valet de chambre* and two servants in livery, arrived at the inn. I thought I perceived a great deal of sweetness and good nature in his countenance; therefore, he had no sooner alighted than I accosted him, and in a few

words explained my situation: He listened with great politeness, and when I had made an end of my story, said, "Well, monsieur, what would you have me to do?" I was effectually abashed at this interrogation, which I believed no man of common sense or generosity could make, and made no other reply than a low bow: He returned the compliment still lower, and tript into an apartment, while the landlord let me know, that my standing there to interrupt company, gave offence, and might do him infinite prejudice.—He had no occasion to repeat his insinuation; I moved from the place immediately; and was so much transported with grief, anger, and disdain, that a torrent of blood gushed from my nostrils.—In this extasy,[5] I quitted Noyons, and betook myself to the fields, where I wandered about like one distracted, till my spirits were quite exhausted, and I was obliged to throw myself down at the root of a tree, to rest my wearied limbs.—Here my rage forsook me, I began to feel the importunate cravings of nature, and relapsed into silent sorrow, and melancholy reflection. I revolved all the crimes I had been guilty of, and found them so few and venial, that I could not comprehend the justice of that providence, which after having exposed me to so much wretchedness and danger, left me a prey to famine at last in a foreign country, where I had not one friend or acquaintance to close my eyes, and do the last offices of humanity to my miserable carcase.—A thousand times I wished myself a bear, that I might retreat to woods and deserts, far from the inhospitable haunts of man, where I could live by my own talents, independent of treacherous friends, and supercilious scorn.

As I lay in this manner groaning over my hapless fate, I heard the sound of a violin, and raising my head, perceived a company of men and women dancing on the grass at some distance from me.—I looked upon this to be a favourable season for distress to attract compassion, when every selfish thought is banished, and the heart dilated with mirth and social joy; wherefore I got up and approached those happy people, whom I soon discovered to be a party of soldiers, with their wives and children, unbending and diverting themselves at this rate, after the fatigue of a march.—I had never before seen such a parcel of scare-crows together, neither could I reconcile their meagre gaunt looks, their squalid and ragged attire, and every other external symptom of extreme woe, with this appearance of festivity.—I saluted them however, and was received with great politeness; after which they formed a ring, and danced around me.—This jollity had a wonderful effect upon my spirits! I was infected with their gaiety, and, in spite of my dismal situation, forgot my cares, and joined in their extravagance.—When we had recreated ourselves a good while at this diversion, the ladies spread their manteaus[6] on the ground, upon which they emptied their knapsacks of some onions, coarse bread, and a few flasks of poor wine: Being invited to a share of the banquet, I sat down with the rest, and in the whole course of my life never made a more comfortable meal.—When our repast was ended, we got up again to dance; and now that I found myself refreshed, I behaved to the admiration of every body: I was loaded with a thousand compliments, and professions of friendship; the men commended my person and agility, and the women were loud in praise of my *bonne grace*;[7] the serjeant in particular, expressed so much regard for me, and described the pleasures of a soldier's life, with so much art, that I began to listen to his proposal of enlisting me in the service; and the more I considered my own condition, the more I was convinced of the necessity I

"Rod. Random joins a party of French Soldiers" by Rowlandson. (Courtesy of The Lewis Walpole Library, Yale University.)

was under to come to a speedy determination.—Having therefore maturely weighed the circumstances *pro* and *con*, I signified my consent, and was admitted into the regiment of Picardy, said to be the oldest corps in Europe.[8]—The company to which this command belonged, was quartered at a village not far off, whither we marched next day, and I was presented to my captain, who seemed very well pleased with my appearance, gave me a crown to drink, and ordered me to be accommodated with cloaths, arms, and accoutrements.—Then I sold my livery suit, purchased linnen, and as I was at great pains to learn the exercise, in a very short time became a complete soldier.

It was not long before we received orders to join several more regiments, and march with all expedition into Germany, in order to reinforce Marechal Duc de Noailles,[9] who was then encamped with his army on the side of the river Mayne,[10] to watch the motions of the English, Hanoverians,[11] Austrians, and Hessians,[12] under the command of the earl of Stair.[13] We began our march accordingly, and then I became acquainted with that part of a soldier's life to which I had been hitherto a stranger.—It is impossible to describe the hunger and thirst I sustained, and the fatigue I underwent in a march of so many hundred miles; during which, I was so much chafed with the heat and motion of my limbs, that in a very short time the inside of my thighs and legs were deprived of skin, and I proceeded in the utmost torture. This misfortune I owed to the plumpness of my constitution, which I cursed, and envied the withered condition of my comrades, whose bodies could not spare juice enough to supply a common issue,[14] and were indeed proof against all manner of friction. The continual pain I felt made me fretful, and my peevishness was increased by the mortification of my pride in seeing those miserable wretches, whom a hard gale of wind would have scattered through the air like chaff, bear those toils with alacrity, under which I was ready to sink.

One day, while we enjoyed a halt, and the soldiers with their wives had gone out to dance, according to custom, my comrade staid at home with me on pretence of friendship, and insulted me with his pity and consolation! He told me, though I was young and tender at present, I would soon be seasoned to the service; and he did not doubt but I should have the honour to contribute in some measure to the glory of the king.—"Have courage, therefore, my child, (said he) and pray to the good God, that you may be as happy as I am, who have had the honour of serving Lewis the Great,[15] and of receiving many wounds in helping to establish his glory."——When I looked upon the contemptible object that pronounced these words, I was amazed at the infatuation that possessed him; and could not help expressing my astonishment at the absurdity of a rational being, who thinks himself highly honoured in being permitted to encounter abject poverty, oppression, famine, disease, mutilation, and evident death, merely to gratify the vicious ambition of a prince, by whom his sufferings were disregarded, and his name utterly unknown.—I observed, that if his situation was the consequence of compulsion, I would praise his patience and fortitude in bearing his lot;—if he had taken up arms in defence of his injured country, he was to be applauded for his patriotism;—or if he had fled to this way of life as a refuge from a greater evil, he was justifiable in his own conscience (tho' I could have no notion of misery more extreme than that he suffered;) but to put his condition on the footing of conducing to the glory of his prince, was no more than professing himself a desperate slave,[16] who

voluntarily underwent the utmost wretchedness and peril, and committed the most flagrant crimes, to sooth the barbarous pride of a fellow-creature, his superior in nothing but the power he derived from the submission of such wretches as him. The soldier was very much affronted at the liberty I took with his king, which he said nothing but my ignorance could excuse: He affirmed, that the characters of princes were sacred, and ought not to be profaned by the censure of their subjects, who were bound by their allegiance to obey their commands, of what nature soever, without scruple or repining.—And advised me to correct the rebellious principles I had imbibed among the English, who, for their insolence to their kings, were notorious all over the world, even to a proverb.[17]

In vindication of my countrymen, I repeated all the arguments commonly used to prove that every man has a natural right to liberty; that allegiance and protection are reciprocal; that when the mutual tie is broken by the tyranny of the king, he is accountable to the people for his breach of contract, and subject to the penalty of the law; and that those insurrections of the English, which are branded with the name of rebellion, by the slaves of arbitrary power, were no other than glorious efforts to rescue that independence which was their birthright,[18] from the ravenous claws of usurping ambition.—The Frenchman, provoked at the little deference I paid to the kingly name, lost all patience, and reproached me in such a manner, that my temper forsook me, and I clenched my fist, with an intention to give him a hearty box on the ear.—Perceiving my design, he started back, and demanded a parley; upon which I checked my indignation, and he gave me to understand that a Frenchman never forgave a blow; therefore, if I was not weary of my life, I would do well to spare him that mortification, and do him the honour of measuring his sword with mine, like a gentleman.—I took his advice, and followed him to a field hard by, where indeed I was ashamed at the pitiful figure of my antagonist, who was a poor, little, shivering creature decrepit with age, and blind of one eye.—But I soon found the folly of judging from appearances; being at the second pass wounded in the sword hand, and immediately disarmed with such a jerk, that I thought the joint was dislocated.—I was no less confounded than enraged at this event, especially as my adversary did not bear his success with all the moderation that might have been expected; for he insisted upon my asking pardon for affronting his king and him.—This proposal I would by no means comply with, but told him, it was a mean condescension, which no gentleman in his circumstances ought to propose, nor any in my situation ought to perform;—and that if he persisted in his ungenerous demand, I would in my turn claim satisfaction with my musket, when we should be more upon a par, than with the sword, of which he seemed so much master.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In order to be revenged I learn the science of defence.——We join Marechal Duc de Noailles——are engaged with the allies at Dettingen, and put to flight——the behaviour of the French soldiers on that occasion——I industriously seek another combat with the old Gascon, and vanquish him in my turn——our regiment is put into winter-quarters at Rheims,[1] *where I find my friend Strap——our recognition, he supplies me with money, and procures my discharge——we take a trip to Paris; from whence by the way of Flanders we set out for London, where we safely arrive.*

He was disconcerted at this declaration, to which he made no reply, but repaired to the dancers, among whom he recounted his victory with many exaggerations and gasconades;[2] while I, taking up my sword, went to my quarters, and examined my wound, which I found was of no consequence.—The same day, an Irish drummer, having heard of my misfortune, visited me, and after having condoled me on the chance of war, gave me to understand, that he was master of his sword, and would in a very short time instruct me so thoroughly in that noble science, that I should be able to chastise the old Gascon for his insolent boasting at my expence.—This friendly office he proffered on pretence of the regard he had for his countrymen; but I afterwards learned the true motive was no other than a jealousy he entertained of a correspondence between the Frenchman and his wife, which he did not think proper to resent in person.—Be this as it will, I accepted his offer, and practised his lessons with such application, that I soon believed myself a match for my conqueror.—In the mean time we continued our march, and arrived at the camp of Marechal Noailles, the night before the battle of Dettingen.[3] Notwithstanding the fatigue we had undergone, our regiment was one of those that were ordered next day to cross the river, under the command of the Duc de Gramont,[4] to take possession of a narrow defile,[5] through which the allies must of necessity have passed at a great disadvantage, or remain where they were, and perish for want of provision, if they would not condescend to surrender at discretion.—How they suffered themselves to be pent up in this manner, it is not my province to relate; I shall only observe, that when we had taken possession of our ground, I heard an old officer in conversation with another, express surprize at the conduct of Lord Stair,[6] who had the reputation of a good general.—But it seems, at this time, that nobleman was overruled, and only acted in an inferior character; so that no part of the blame could be imputed to him, who declared his disapprobation of the step, in consequence of which the whole army was in the utmost danger; but providence or destiny acted miracles in their behalf, by disposing the Duc de Gramont to quit his advantageous post, pass the defile, and attack the English, who were drawn up in order of battle on the plain, and

who handled us so roughly, that after having lost a great number of men, we turned our backs without ceremony, and fled with such precipitation, that many hundreds perished in the river, through pure fear and confusion; for the enemy was so generous, that they did not pursue us one inch of ground; and if our consternation would have permitted, we might have retreated with great order and deliberation.—But notwithstanding the royal clemency of the king of Great Britain, who headed the allies in person, and, no doubt, put a stop to the carnage, our loss amounted to 5000 men, among whom were many officers of distinction.—Our miscarriage opened a passage for the foe to Hanau,[7] whither they immediately marched, leaving their sick and wounded to the care of the French, who next day took possession of the field of battle, buried the dead, and treated the living with humanity.—This circumstance was a great consolation to us, who thence took occasion to claim the victory; and the genius of the French nation never appeared more conspicuous than now, in the rhodomontades they uttered on the subject of their generosity and courage: Every man, (by his own account) performed feats that eclipsed all the heroes of antiquity.—One compared himself to a lion retiring at leisure from his cowardly pursuers, who keep at a wary distance, and gall him with their darts.—Another likened himself to a bear that retreats with his face to the enemy, who dare not assail him; and the third assumed the character of a desperate stag, that turns upon the hounds and keeps them at bay.——There was not a private soldier engaged, who had not by the prowess of his single arm demolished a whole platoon, or put a squadron of horse to flight; and among others, the meagre Gascon extolled his exploits above those of Hercules or Charlemagne.[8]—As I still retained my resentment for the disgrace I suffered in my last rencontre with him, and now that I thought myself qualified, longed for an opportunity to retrieve my honour, I magnified the valour of the English with all the hyperboles I could imagine, and decried the pusillanimity of the French in the same stile, comparing them to hares flying before grey-hounds, or mice pursued by cats; and passed an ironical compliment on the speed he exerted in his flight, which, considering his age and infirmities, I said was surprising.—He was stung to the quick by this sarcasm, and, with an air of threatning disdain, bad me know myself better, and remember the correction I had already received from him for my insolence; for he might not always be in the humour of sparing a wretch who abused his goodness.—To this inuendo I made no reply but by a kick on the breech, which overturned him in an instant.——He started up with wonderful agility, and drawing his sword, attacked me with great fury: Several people interposed, but when he informed them of its being an affair of honour, they retired, and left us to decide the battle by ourselves. I sustained this onset with little damage, having only received a small scratch on my right shoulder, and seeing his breath and vigour almost exhausted, assaulted him in my turn, closed with him, and wrested his sword out of his hand in the struggle.—Having thus acquired the victory, I desired him to beg his life; to which demand he made no answer, but shrugged up his shoulders to his ears, expanded his hands, elevated the skin on his forehead and eye-brows, and depressed the corners of his mouth in such a manner, that I could scarce refrain from laughing aloud at his grotesque appearance.—That I might, however, mortify his vanity, which triumphed without bounds over my misfortune, I thrust his sword up to the hilt in

something (it was not a tansy)[9] that lay smoaking on the plain, and joined the rest of the soldiers with an air of tranquillity and indifference.

There was nothing more of moment attempted by either of the armies during the remaining part of the campaign, which being ended, the English marched back to the Netherlands; part of our army was detached to French Flanders,[10] and our regiment ordered into winter-quarters in Champagne.[11]—It was the fate of the grenadier company, to which I now belonged, to lie at Rheims, where I found myself in the utmost want of every thing: My pay, which amounted to five sols a day,[12] far from supplying me with necessaries, being scarce sufficient to procure a wretched subsistence, to keep soul and body together; so that I was, by hunger and hard duty, brought down to the meagre condition of my fellow-soldiers, and my linen reduced, from three tolerable shirts, to two pair of sleeves and necks, the bodies having been long ago converted into spatterdashes;[13] and after all, I was better provided than any private man in the regiment.—In this urgency of my affairs, I wrote to my uncle in England, though my hopes from that quarter were not at all sanguine, for the reasons I have already explained, and in the mean time had recourse to my old remedy patience, consoling myself with the flattering suggestions of a lively imagination, that never abandoned me in my distress.

One day, while I stood centinel at the gate of a general officer, a certain nobleman came to the door, followed by a gentleman in mourning, to whom, at parting, I heard him say, "You may depend upon my good offices."—This assurance was answered by a low bow of the person in black, who turning to go away, discovered to me the individual countenance of my old friend and adherent Strap.—I was so much astonished at the sight, that I lost the power of utterance, and before I could recollect myself, he was gone without taking any notice of me.—Indeed had he staid, I scarcely should have ventured to accost him; because, though I was perfectly well acquainted with the features of his face, I could not be positively certain as to the rest of his person, which was very much altered for the better, since he left me at London; neither could I conceive by what means he was enabled to appear in the sphere of a gentleman, to which, while I knew him, he had not even the ambition to aspire.—But I was too much concerned in the affair to neglect further information, and therefore took the first opportunity of asking the porter if he knew the gentleman to whom the marquis spoke. The Swiss told me, his name was Monsieur d'Estrapes, that he had been *valet de chambre* to an English gentleman lately deceased, and that he was very much regarded by the marquis for his fidelity to his master, between whom and that nobleman a very intimate friendship had subsisted.—Nothing could be more agreeable to me than this piece of intelligence, which banished all doubt of its being my friend, who had found means to frenchify[14] his name as well as his behaviour, since we parted.—As soon therefore, as I was relieved, I went to his lodging, according to a direction given me by the Swiss, and had the good fortune to find him at home. That I might surprize him the more, I concealed my name and business, and only desired the servant of the house to tell Monsieur d'Estrapes, that I begged the honour of half an hour's conversation with him—He was confounded and dismayed at this message, when he understood it was sent by a soldier: though he was conscious to himself of no crime, all that he had

heard of the bastile[15] appeared to his imagination with aggravated horror, and it was not before I had waited a considerable time, that he had resolution enough to bid the servant shew me up stairs.—When I entered his chamber, he returned my bow with great civility, and endeavoured, with forced complaisance, to disguise his fear, which appeared in the paleness of his face, the wildness of his looks, and the shaking of his limbs.—I was diverted at his consternation, which redoubled, when I told him, in French, I had business for his private ear, and demanded a particular audience.—The valet being withdrawn, I asked in the same language, if his name was d'Estrapes, to which he answered, with a faultering tongue, "The same, at your service."—"Are you a Frenchman?" (said I.)—"I have not the honour of being a Frenchman born (replied he) but I have an infinite veneration for the country."—I then desired he would do me the honour to look at me, which he no sooner did, than struck with my appearance, he started back, and cried in English, "O Jesus!—sure it can't! No, 'tis impossible!"—I smiled at his interjections, saying, "I suppose you are too much of a gentleman to own your friend in adversity."—When he heard me pronounce these words in our own language, he leaped upon me in a transport of joy, hung about my neck, kissed me from ear to ear, and blubbered like a great school-boy who had been whipt.—Then observing my dress, he set up his throat, crying, "O Lord! O Lord! that ever I should live to see my dearest friend reduced to the condition of a foot soldier in the French service! Why did you consent to my leaving you?—But I know the reason—you thought you had got more creditable friends, and grew ashamed of my acquaintance.—Ah! Lord help us! though I was a little short-sighted, I was not altogether blind;—And though I did not complain, I was not the less sensible of your unkindness, which was indeed the only thing that induced me to ramble abroad, the Lord knows whither; but I must own it has been a lucky ramble for me, and so I forgive you, and may God forgive you:—O Lord! O Lord! is it come to this?"—I was nettled at the charge, which, though just, I could not help thinking unseasonable, and told him with some tartness, that whether his suspicions were well or ill-grounded, he might have chosen a more convenient opportunity of introducing them: And that the question now was, whether or no he found himself disposed to lend me any assistance.——"Disposed! (replied he with great emotion) I thought you had known me so well as to assure yourself, without asking, that I, and all that belongs to me, are at your command.—In the mean time, you shall dine with me, and I will tell you something that, perhaps, will not be displeasing unto you."———Then wringing my hand, he said, "It makes my heart bleed to see you in that garb!"—I thanked him for his invitation, which I observed could not be unwelcome to a person who had not eaten a comfortable meal these seven months; but I had another request to make, which I begged he would grant before dinner, and that was the loan of a shirt: For although my back had been many weeks a stranger to any comfort of that kind, my skin was not yet familiarised to the want of it.—He stared in my face, with a woful countenance, at this declaration, which he could scarce believe, until I explained it, by unbuttoning my coat, and disclosing my naked body; a circumstance that shocked the tender-hearted Strap, who, with tears in his eyes, ran to a chest of drawers, and taking out some linen, presented to me a very fine ruffled holland[16] shirt, and cambrick neck-cloth, assuring me, he had three dozen of the same kind at

my service.—I was ravished at this piece of good news, and having accommodated myself in a moment, hugged my benefactor for his generous offer, saying, I was overjoyed to find him undebauched by prosperity, which seldom fails to corrupt the heart. He bespoke for dinner, some soup and bouille,[17] a couple of pullets roasted, and a dish of asparagus, and in the interim entertained me with biscuit and burgundy; after which repast he entreated me to gratify his longing desire of knowing every circumstance of my fortune since his departure from London.—This request I complied with, beginning at the adventure of Gawky, and relating every particular event in which I had been concerned from that day to the present hour. During the recital, my friend was strongly affected, according to the various situations described: He started with surprise, glowed with indignation, gaped with curiosity, smiled with pleasure, trembled with fear, and wept with sorrow, as the vicissitudes of my life inspired these different passions; and when my story was ended, signified his amazement on the whole, by lifting up his eyes and hands, and protesting, that though I was a young man, I had suffered more than all the blessed martyrs.

After dinner, I desired in my turn to know the particulars of his peregrination, and he satisfied me in a few words, by giving me to understand that he had lived a year at Paris with his master, who in that time having acquired the language, as well as the fashionable exercises,[18] to perfection, made a tour of France and Holland, during which excursion he was so unfortunate as to meet with three of his own countrymen on their travels, in whose company he committed such excesses, that his constitution failed, and he fell into a consumption; that, by the advice of physicians he went to Montpelier for the benefit of good air,[19] and recovered so well in six weeks, that he returned to Rheims, seemingly in good health, where he had not continued above a month, when he was seized with a looseness,[20] that carried him off in ten days, to the unspeakable sorrow of all who knew him, and especially of Strap, who had been very happy in his service, and given such satisfaction, that his master, on his death-bed, recommended him to several persons of distinction, for his diligence, sobriety, and affection, and left him by will, his wearing apparel, gold watch, sword, rings, ready money, and all the moveables[21] he had in France, to the value of three hundred pounds, "which I now (said he) in the sight of God and man, surrender to your absolute disposal: Here are my keys, take them, I beseech you, and God give you joy of the possession."—My brain was almost turned with this sudden change of fortune, which I could scarce believe real; however, I positively refused this extravagant proffer of my friend, and put him in mind of my being a soldier; at which hint he started, crying, "Odso![22] that's true—we must procure your discharge.—I have some interest with a nobleman who is able to do me that favour."—We consulted about this affair, and it was determined, that Monsieur d'Estrapes should wait upon the marquis in the morning, and tell him he had by accident found his brother, whom he had not seen for many years before, a private soldier in the regiment of Picardy, and implore that nobleman's interest for his discharge.—In the mean time we enjoyed ourselves over a bottle of good burgundy, and spent the evening in concerting schemes for our future conduct, in case I should be so lucky as to get rid of the army.—The business was to make ourselves easy for life, by means of his legacy, a task very difficult, and in the usual methods of laying out

money, altogether impracticable; so that, after much canvassing, we could come to no resolution that night, but when we parted, recommended the matter to the serious attention of each other. As for my own part, I puzzled my imagination to no purpose; when I thought of turning merchant, the smallness of our stock, and the risk of seas, enemies and markets, deterred me from that scheme.—If I should settle as a surgeon in my own country, I would find the business already overstocked; or if I pretended to set up in England, must labour under want of friends, and powerful opposition, obstacles insurmountable by the most shining merit; neither should I succeed in my endeavours to rise in the state, inasmuch as I could neither flatter nor pimp for courtiers, nor prostitute my pen in defence of a wicked and contemptible administration.[23]—Before I could form any feasible project, I fell asleep, and my fancy was blessed with the image of the dear Narcissa, who seemed to smile upon my passion, and offer her hand as a reward for all my toils.

Early in the morning, I went to the lodgings of my friend, whom, I found exulting over his happy invention; for, I no sooner entered his apartment, than he addressed himself to me in these words, with a smile of self-applause: "Well, Mr. Random, a lucky thought may come into a fool's head sometimes.—I have hit it—I'll hold you a button my plan is better than yours for all your learning.—But you shall have the preference in this as in all other things; therefore proceed, and let us know the effects of your meditation—and then I will impart my own simple excogitations."—I told him, that not one thought had occurred to me which deserved the least notice, and signified my impatience to be acquainted with the fruits of his reflexion.—"As we have not," said he, "money sufficient to maintain us during a tedious expectation, it is my opinion, that a bold push must be made; and I see none so likely to succeed as your appearing in the character of a gentleman (which is your due) and making your addresses to some lady of fortune who can render you independent at once.—Nay, don't stare—I affirm that this scheme is both prudent and honourable; for I would not have you throw yourself away upon an old toothless, wheezing dame, whose breath would stink you into a consumption in less than three months; neither would I advise you to assume the character of a wealthy squire, as your common fortune-hunters do, by which means many a poor lady is cheated into matrimony, and instead of enjoying the pomp and grandeur that was promised, sees her dowry seized by her husband's rapacious creditors, and herself reduced to misery and despair.—No, I know you have a soul that disdains such imposition; and are master of qualifications both of mind and body, which alone entitle you to a match, that will set you above the world.—I have cloaths in my possession that a duke need not be ashamed to wear.—I believe they will fit you as they are; if not, there are plenty of taylors in France.—Let us take a short trip to Paris, and provide ourselves with all other necessaries, then set out for England, where I intend to do myself the honour of attending you in quality of a valet.—This expedient will save you the expence of a servant, shaving and dressing; and I doubt not but, by the blessing of God, we shall bring matters to a speedy and fortunate issue."—Extravagant as this proposal was, I listened to it with pleasure, because it flattered my vanity, and indulged a ridiculous hope I began to entertain of inspiring Narcissa with a mutual flame.

After breakfast, Monsieur d'Estrapes went to pay his devoirs to the marquis, and

was so successful in his application, that I obtained a discharge in a few days; upon which we set out for Paris.—Here I had time to reflect and congratulate myself upon this sudden transition of fate, which to bear with moderation, required some degree of philosophy and self-denial.—This truth will be more obvious, if I give a detail of the particulars, to the quiet possession of which I was raised in an instant, from the most abject misery and contempt.—My wardrobe consisted of five fashionable coats full-mounted,[24] two of which were plain, one of cut velvet,[25] one trimmed with gold, and another with silver-lace; two frocks, one of white drab[26] with large plate buttons,[27] the other of blue, with gold binding; one waistcoat of gold brocard;[28] one of blue sattin, embroidered with silver; one of green silk, trimmed with broad figured gold-lace; one of black silk, with fringes; one of white sattin; one of black cloth, and one of scarlet; six pair of cloth breeches; one pair of crimson, and another of black velvet; twelve pair of white silk stockings, as many of black silk, and the same number of fine cotton; one hat, laced with gold *point d'Espagne*,[29] another with silver-lace scolloped,[30] a third with gold binding, and a fourth plain; three dozen of fine ruffled shirts, as many neckcloths; one dozen of cambrick handkerchiefs, and the like number of silk. The other moveables which I possessed, by the generosity and friendship of Strap, were, a gold watch with a chased case,[31] two valuable diamond rings, two mourning swords,[32] one with a silver handle, and a fourth cut steel inlaid with gold, a diamond stock-buckle,[33] and a set of stone buckles[34] for the knees and shoes; a pair of silver mounted pistols with rich housings;[35] a gold-headed cane, and a snuff-box of tortoise-shell mounted with gold, having the picture of a lady in the top.—The gentleman left many other things of value, which my friend had converted into cash before I met with him; so that, over and above these particulars, our stock in ready money amounted to something more than two hundred pounds.

Thus equipped, I put on the gentleman of figure, and attended by my honest friend, who was contented with the station of my valet, visited the Louvre,[36] examined the gallery of Luxemburgh,[37] and appeared at Versailles, where I had the honour of seeing his Most Christian Majesty eat a considerable quantity of olives.[38]—During the month I spent at Paris, I went several times to court, the Italian comedy, opera and play-house, danced at a masquerade, and in short, saw every thing remarkable in and about that capital.—Then we set out for England by the way of Flanders, passed through Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges, and took shipping at Ostend,[39] from whence in fourteen hours we arrived at Deal, hired a post-chaise,[40] and in twelve hours more got safe to London; having disposed of our heavy baggage in the waggon.

CHAPTER XLV.

I enquire for my uncle, and understand he is gone to sea——take lodgings at Charing-cross——go to the play, where I meet with an adventure——dine at an ordinary; the guests described——become acquainted with Medlar and doctor Wagtail.

As soon as we alighted at the inn, I dispatched Strap to enquire for my uncle, at the Union Flag[1] in Wapping; and he returned in a little time, with an account of Mr. Bowling's having gone to sea, mate of a merchant-ship, after a long and unsuccessful application and attendance at the admiralty; where, it seems, the interest he depended upon was not sufficient to reinstate him, or recover the pay that was due to him when he quitted the Thunder.

Next day I hired very handsome lodgings not far from Charing-cross; and in the evening, dressed myself in a plain suit of the true Paris cut,[2] and appeared in a front box at the play, where I saw a good deal of company, and was vain enough to believe, that I was observed with an uncommon degree of attention and applause. This silly conceit intoxicated me so much, that I was guilty of a thousand ridiculous coquetries;[3] and I dare say, how favourable soever the thoughts of the company might be at my first appearance, they were soon changed by my absurd behaviour, into pity or contempt——I rose and sat down, covered and uncovered my head twenty times between the acts; pulled out my watch, clapped it to my ear, wound it up, set it, gave it the hearing again;—displayed my snuff-box, affected to take snuff, that I might have an opportunity of shewing my brilliant,[4] and wiped my nose with a perfumed handkerchief;—then dangled my cane, and adjusted my sword-knot, and acted many more fooleries of the same kind, in hopes of obtaining the character of a pretty fellow, in the acquiring of which, I found two considerable obstructions in my disposition; namely, a natural reserve and jealous sensibility. Fain would I have entered into conversation with the people around me; but was restrained by the fear of being censured for my assurance, as well as by reflecting that I was more entitled to a compliment of this kind from them, than they to such condescension from a stranger like me.—How often did I redden at the frequent whispers and loud laughter of my fellow beaus, which I imagined were excited by me! and how often did I envy the happy indifference of those choice spirits who beheld the distress of the scene, without discovering the least symptom of approbation or concern! My attention was engaged in spite of myself, and I could not help weeping with the heroine of the stage; though I practised a great many shifts to conceal this piece of unpolite weakness.—When the play was ended, I sat waiting for an opportunity of handing some lady to her coach; but every one was attended by such a number of officious gallants, that for a long time I was baulked in my expectation.—At length, however, I perceived a very handsome creature, genteelly dressed, sitting by herself in a box, at some distance from me; upon which I went up to her, and of-

fered my service.—She seemed to be in some confusion, thanked me for my complaisance, and with a tender look, declined giving me the trouble; looking at her watch, and testifying her surprise at the negligence of her footman, whom she had ordered to have a chair ready for her at that hour.—I repeated my intreaty with all the eloquence and compliment I was master of; and in the event, she was prevailed upon to accept of a proposal I made, to send my servant for a chair or a coach: Accordingly, Strap was detached for that purpose, and returned without success: by this time the play-house was quite empty, and we were obliged to retire: As I led her through the passage, I observed five or six young fellows of fashion, standing in a corner, one of whom, as I thought, tipt my charmer the wink, and when we were past I heard them set up a loud laugh.—This note aroused my attention, and I was resolved to be fully satisfied of this lady's character, before I should have any nearer connexion with her.—As no convenience appeared, I proposed to conduct her to a tavern, where we might stay a few minutes, until my servant could fetch a coach from the Strand.[5]—She seemed particularly shy of trusting herself in a tavern, with a stranger; but at last yielded to my pathetic remonstrances, rather than endanger her health, by remaining in a cold damp thoroughfare.—Having thus far succeeded, I begged to know what wine she would be pleased to drink a glass of; but she professed the greatest aversion to all sorts of strong liquors; and it was with much difficulty that I could persuade her to eat a jelly.[6]—In the mean time, I endeavoured to alleviate the uneasiness she discovered, by saying all the agreeable things I could think of; at which she would often sigh, and regard me with a languishing look, that seemed however too near a-kin to the lewd leer of a courtezan.—This discovery added to my former suspicion, while it put me upon my guard against her arts, divested me of reserve, and enabled me to entertain her with gaiety and freedom.—In the course of our conversation, I pressed her to allow me the honour of waiting upon her next day, at her lodgings, a request which she, with many apologies, refused, lest it should give umbrage to Sir John, who was of a disposition apt to be fretted with trifles.—This information, by which I was to understand that her husband was a knight, did not check my addresses, which became more and more importunate, and I was even hardy enough to ravish a kiss.—But, O heavens! instead of banqueting on the ambrosial flavour that her delicacy of complexion promised, I was almost suffocated with the steams of geneva![7] An exhalation of this kind from a mouth which had just before declared an utter abhorrence of all spiritous liquors, not only changed my doubts into certainty, but my raptures into loathing; and it would have been impossible for me to have preserved common complaisance five minutes longer, when my servant returned with a coach. I took the advantage of this occasion, and presented my hand to the lady, who put in practice against me the whole artillery of her charms, ogling, languishing, sighing, and squeezing, with so little reserve, that Strap perceived her tenderness, and rubbed his hands with joy as he followed us to the door; but I was proof against all her endearments, and handed her into the coach with an intention to take my leave immediately. She guessed my design, and invited me to her house, whispering, that now Sir John was gone to bed, she could have the pleasure of my conversation for half an hour, without interruption.—I told her, there was no mortification I would not undergo, rather than endanger the repose of her lady-

ship; and bidding the coachman drive on, wished her good night.—She lost all temper at my indifference, and stopping the coach at the distance of about twenty yards from me, popped out her head, and bawled with the lungs of a fish-woman,[8] "D——n you, you dog, won't you pay the coach-hire?" As I made no answer, she held forth against me with an eloquence peculiar to herself; calling me pitiful fellow, scoundrel, and an hundred such appellations; concluding with an oath, that for all my appearance, she believed I had got no money in my pocket.

Having thus vented her indignation, she ordered the coachman to proceed, and I returned to the tavern, where I bespoke something for supper, very well pleased at the issue of this adventure.—I dispensed with the attendance of the waiter at table, on pretence that my own servant was present, and when we were alone, said to Strap, "Well, Monsieur d'Estrapes, what d'ye think of this lady?"[9] My friend, who had not opened his mouth since her departure, could make no other reply than the monosyllable "Think!" which he pronounced with a note of fear and astonishment.—Surprised at this emphasis, I surveyed my valet, and perceiving a wildness in his looks, asked if he had seen his grandfather's ghost? "Ghost! (said he) I am sure I have seen a devil incarnate! Who would have thought that so much devilish malice and billingsgate[10] could lurk under such sweetness of countenance and modesty of behaviour? Ah! God help us! *Fronti nulla fides,—nimium ne crede colori*[11]—but we ought to down on our knees, and bless God for delivering us from the jaws of that painted sepulchre."[12]—I was pretty much of Strap's opinion, and though I did not believe myself in any danger from the allurements of that sisterhood, I determined to act with great circumspection for the future, and shun all commerce of that kind, as equally prejudicial to my purse and constitution.

My next care was to introduce myself into a set of good acquaintance; for which purpose, I frequented a certain coffee-house, noted for the resort of good company, English as well as foreigners, where my appearance procured all the civilities and advances I could desire. As there was an ordinary in the same house, I went up stairs to dinner with the other guests, and found myself at table with thirteen people, the greatest part of whom were better dressed than myself.—The conversation, which was mostly carried on in French, turned chiefly on politics; and I soon found the whole company was in the French interest, myself excepted, and a testy old gentleman, who contradicted every thing that was advanced in favour of his Most Christian Majesty,[13] with a surliness truly English.—But this trusty patriot, who had never been out of his own country, and drew all his maxims and notions from prejudice and hearsay, was very unequal to his antagonists, who were superior to him in learning and experience, and often took the liberty of travellers, in asserting things which were not strictly true, because they thought themselves in no danger of being detected by him.—The claim of the queen of Spain to the Austrian dominions in Italy,[14] was fully explained and vindicated, by a person who sat opposite to me, and by the solemnity of his manner and the richness of his apparel, seemed to be a foreign embassador.—This dissertation produced another on the Pragmatic Sanction,[15] handled with great warmth by a young gentleman at my right hand, dressed in a green frock trimmed with gold, who justified the French king for his breach of that contract; and affirmed that he could not have

observed it, without injuring his own glory.—Although I was not at all convinced by this gentleman's arguments, I could not help admiring his vivacity, which I imagined must be the effect of his illustrious birth, and noble education, and accordingly rated him in my conjecture as a young prince on his travels.—The discourse was afterwards shifted by an old gentleman of a very martial appearance, to the last campaign, when the battle of Dettingen was fought over again, with so many circumstances to the honour of the French, and disadvantage of the Allies, that I began to entertain some doubts of my having been there in person: and took the liberty to mention some objections to what he advanced.—This freedom introduced a dispute, which lasted a good while, to the mortification of all present; and was at last referred to the determination of a grave person, whom they stiled doctor, and who, under a shew of great moderation, decided it against me, with so little regard to truth, that I taxed him with partiality in pretty severe terms, to the no small entertainment of the true English politician, who rejoiced at my defence of a cause he had so often espoused without success: My opponent, pleased with the victory he had gained, affected a great deal of candour, and told me, he should not have been so positive, if he had not been at great pains to inform himself of each particular.—"Indeed, (said he) I am convinced that, the previous steps considered, things could not happen otherwise; for we generals who have seen service, though we may not be on the spot ourselves, know by the least sketch of the disposition, what must be the event."—He then censured, with great freedom, every circumstance of the conduct of those who commanded the Allies; from thence made a transition to the ministry, which he honoured with many invectives, for employing people who had neither experience nor capacity, to the prejudice of old officers who had been distinguished for both; dropt many hints of his own importance; and concluded with observing, that the French and Spaniards knew better how to value generals of merit; the good effects of which are seen in the conquests they gain, and the admirable discipline of their troops, which are at the same time better cloathed and paid than any soldiers in the universe. These remarks furnished the green knight[16] with an opportunity of launching out in the praise of the French government in general, civil as well as military; on which occasion he made many odious comparisons to the disadvantage of the English: Every body, almost, assented to the observations he made, and the doctor gave his sanction, by saying, the people in France were undoubtedly the happiest subjects in the world.[17]—I was so much astonished and confounded at their infatuation and effrontery, that I had not power to utter one word in opposition to their assertions; but my morose associate could not put up with the indignity that was offered to old England, and therefore with a satirical grin addressed himself to the general in these words: "Sir, Sir, I have often heard it said, *She's a villainous bird that befouls her own nest*.[18]—As for what those people who are foreigners say, I don't mind it, they know no better; but you who were bred and born, and have got your bread under the English government, should have more regard to gratitude as well as truth, in censuring your native country.—If the ministry have thought fit to lay you aside, I suppose they have their own reasons for so doing; and you ought to remember that you still live on the bounty of this nation.—As for these gentlemen (meaning the prince and ambassador) who make so free with our constitution, laws, and genius of our people, I think they

might shew a little more respect for their benefactors, who, I must own, are to blame in harbouring, protecting and encourageing such ungrateful vagrants as they are."—At these words the chevalier in green started up in a great passion, and laying his hand on the hilt of his hanger, exclaimed, *Ha! foutre!*[19]—The Englishman on the other hand, grasping his cane, cried, "Don't *foutre* me, sirrah, or by G—d, I'll knock you down."—The company interposed, the Frenchman sat down again, and his antagonist proceeded—"Lookee you, monsieur, you know very well that had you dared to speak so freely of the administration of your own country in Paris, as you have done of ours in London, you would have been sent to the bastile, without ceremony, where you might have rotted in a dungeon, and never seen the light of the sun again.—Now, Sir, take my word for it, although our constitution screens us from such oppression, we want not laws to chastise the authors of seditious discourse; and if I hear another syllable out of your mouth, in contempt or prejudice of this kingdom, I will give you a convincing proof of what I advance, and have you laid by the heels[20] for your presumption."—This declaration had an effect on the company as sudden as surprising.—The young prince became supple as a spaniel, the embassador trembled, the general sat silent and abashed, and the doctor, who it seems had felt the rod of power, grew pale as death, and assured us all, that he had no intention to affront any person or people.—"Your principles, doctor, (resumed the old gentleman) are no secret—I have nothing to say upon that head; but am very much surprised, that a man who despises us so much, should notwithstanding live among us, when he has no visible motive for so doing.—Why don't you take up your habitation in your beloved France, where you may rail at England without censure?"—To this remonstrance the doctor thought proper to make no reply; and an unsocial silence ensued; which I perceiving, took notice that it was pity such idle disputes, maintained very often through whim or diversion, should create any misunderstanding among gentlemen of good sense; and proposed to drink down all animosity in another bottle.—This motion was applauded by the whole company: The wine was brought, and the English champion declaring he had no spleen against any man for differing in opinion from him, any more than for difference of complexion,[21] drank to the good health of all present; the compliment was returned, and the conversation once more became unreserved, though more general than before.——Among other topics, the subject of war was introduced, on which the general declaimed with great eloquence, recounting many of his own exploits by way of illustration. In the course of his harrangue he happened to mention the word *epaulement*,[22] upon which the testy gentleman asked the meaning of that term.—"I'll tell you what an epaulement is, (replied he)—I never saw an epaulement but once—and that was at the siege of Namur[23]—in a council of war, monsieur Cohorn,[24] the famous engineer, affirmed that the place could not be taken.—Yes, (said the prince of Vaudemont)[25] it may be taken by an epaulement.—This was immediately put in execution, and in twenty-four hours Mareschal Boufflers[26] was fain to capitulate."—Here he made a full stop, and the old gentleman repeated the question, "But pray what is an epaulement?"—To this interrogation the officer made no immediate reply, but rung the bell and called for a bill, which being brought, he threw down his proportion of the reckoning, and telling the company, he would shew them an epaulement when his majesty should think fit to en-

trust him with the command of our army abroad, strutted away with great dignity—I could not imagine why he was so shy of explaining one of the most simple terms of fortification; which I forthwith described as a side-work composed of earth, gabions,[27] or fascines; but I was very much surprized when I afterwards understood that his reserve proceeded from his ignorance.—Having paid our bill, we adjourned to the coffee-room, where my fellow-labourer insisted on treating me with a dish,[28] giving me to understand at the same time, that I had acquired his good opinion, both with respect to my principles and understanding.—I thanked him for his compliment, and professing myself an utter stranger in this part of the world, begged he would have the goodness to inform me of the quality and characters of the people who dined above.—This request was a real favour to one of his disposition, which was no less communicative than curious; he therefore complied with great satisfaction, and told me, to my extreme astonishment, that the supposed young prince was a dancer at one of the theatres; and the embassador no other than a fidler belonging to the opera. "The doctor," said he, "is a Roman catholic priest, who sometimes appears in the character of an officer, and assumes the name of captain; but more generally takes the garb, title and behaviour of a physician, in which capacity he wheedles himself into the confidence of weak-minded people, and by arguments no less specious than false, converts them from their religion and allegiance.—He has been in the hands of justice more than once for such practices; but he is a sly dog, and manages matters with so much craft, that hitherto he has escaped for a short imprisonment.—As for the general, you may see he has owed his promotion more to his interest than his capacity; and now that the eyes of the ministry are opened, his friends dead, or become inconsiderable, he is struck off the list, and obliged to put up with a yearly pension; in consequence of this reduction he is become malecontent, and inveighs against the government in all companies, with so little discretion, that I am surprized at the lenity of the administration in overlooking his insolence; but the truth of the matter is, he owes his safety to his weakness and want of importance.—He has seen a little, and but a little service, and yet if you will take his word for it, there has not been a great action performed in the field since the revolution,[29] in which he was not principally concerned. When a story is told of any great general, he immediately matches it with one of himself, though he is often unhappy in his invention, and commits such gross blunders in the detail, that every body is in pain for him.—Cæsar, Pompey, and Alexander the great[30] are continually in his mouth; and as he reads a good deal without any judgment to digest it, his ideas are confused, and his harrangues as unintelligible as infinite; for, once he begins, there is no chance of his leaving off speaking, while one person remains to yield attention; therefore the only expedient I know, for putting a stop to his loquacity, is to lay hold of some incongruity he has uttered, and demand an explanation; or ask the meaning of some difficult term that he knows by name only; this method will effectually put him to silence, if not to flight, as it happened when I enquired about an *epaulement*.—Had he been acquainted with the signification of that word, his triumph would have been intolerable, and we must have quitted the field first, or been worried with impertinence."—Having thus gratified my curiosity, the old gentleman began to discover his own, in questions relating to myself, to which I thought proper to return ambiguous answers.—"I presume,

Sir," said he, "you have travelled."—I answered, "Yes." "I dare say, you would find it very expensive," said he.—I replied, "To be sure, one cannot travel without money."—"That I know by experience," said he, "for I myself take a trip to Bath or Tunbridge[31] every season; and one must pay sauce[32] for what he has on the road, as well in other countries as in this.—That's a very pretty stone in your ring,—give me leave, Sir—the French have attained to a wonderful skill in making compositions of this kind.—Why now, this looks almost as well as a diamond."—"Almost as well, Sir," said I, "why not altogether?—I'm sure, if you understand any thing of jewels, you must perceive, at first sight, that this stone is a real diamond, and that of a very fine water.[33] Take it in your hand, and examine it."—He did so with some confusion, and returned it, saying, "I ask your pardon, I see it is a true brilliant of immense value."—I imagined his respect for me increased after this enquiry; therefore to captivate his esteem the more, I told him, I would shew him a seal of composition,[34] engraved after a very valuable antique; upon which I pulled out my watch with a rich gold chain, adorned with three seals set in gold, and an opal ring.—He viewed each of them with great eagerness, handled the chain, admired the chased case, and observed, that the whole must have cost me a vast sum of money. I affected indifference, and replied in a careless manner, "Some trifle of sixty or seventy guineas." He stared in my face for some time, and then asked if I was an Englishman?—I answered in the negative.—"You are from Ireland then, Sir, I presume," said he. I made the same reply. "O! perhaps," said he, "you was born in one of our settlements abroad."—I still answered no.—He seemed very much surprized, and said, he was sure I was not a foreigner. I made no reply, but left him upon the tenter-hooks of impatient uncertainty.—He could not contain his anxiety, but asked pardon for the liberties he had taken, and to encourage me the more to disclose my situation, displayed his own without reserve.—"I am," said he, "a single man; have a considerable annuity, on which I live according to my own inclination; and make the ends of the year meet very comfortably.—As I have no estate to leave behind me, I am not troubled with the importunate officiousness of relations, or legacy-hunters, and I consider the world as made for me, not me for the world: It is my maxim therefore to enjoy it while I can, and let futurity shift for itself."—While he thus indulged his own talkative vein, and at the same time, no doubt, expected a retaliation from me; a young man entered dressed in black velvet[35] and an enormous tye-wig, with an air in which natural levity and affected solemnity were so jumbled together, that on the whole, he appeared a burlesque on all decorum. This ridiculous oddity[36] danced up to the table at which we sat, and after a thousand grimaces, asked my friend, by the name of Mr. Medlar,[37] if we were not engaged upon business.—My companion put on a surly countenance, and replied, "No great business, doctor—but however"—"O! then (cried the physician) I must beg your indulgence a little, pray pardon me, gentlemen.—Sir, (said he, addressing himself to me) your most humble servant, I hope you will forgive me, Sir—I must beg the favour to sit—Sir—Sir—I have something of consequence to impart to my friend Mr. Medlar—Sir, I hope you will excuse my freedom in whispering, Sir."—Before I had time to give this complaisant person my permission, Mr. Medlar cried, "I'll have no whispering—if you have any thing to say to me, speak with an audible voice."—The doctor seemed a little disconcerted at this exclamation,

and turning again to me, made a thousand apologies for pretending to make a mystery of any thing, a piece of caution which, he said, was owing to his ignorance of my connexion with Mr. Medlar; but now he understood I was a friend, he would communicate what he had to say, in my hearing.—He then began, after two or three hems, in this manner:—"You must know, Sir, I am just come from dinner at my Lady Flareit's,[38] (then addressing himself to me) a lady of quality, Sir, at whose table I have the honour of dining sometimes.—There was lady Stately and my Lady Larum,[39] and Mrs. Dainty, and Miss Biddy Gigler, upon my word, a very good natured young lady, with a very pretty fortune, Sir.—There was also my Lord Straddle,[40] Sir John Shrug, and Master Billy Chatter, who is actually a very facetious young gentleman.—So, Sir, her ladyship seeing me excessively fatigued, for she was the last of fifteen patients (people of distinction, Sir) whom I had visited this forenoon,[41]—insisted upon my staying dinner,—though, upon my word, I protest I had no appetite; however, in compliance with her ladyship's request, Sir, I sat down, and the conversation turning on different subjects, among other things, Mr. Chatter asked very earnestly when I saw Mr. Medlar.—I told him I had not had the pleasure of seeing you these nineteen hours and a half; for you may remember, Sir, it was nearly about that time; I won't be positive as to a minute."—"No! (says he) then I desire you will go to his lodgings immediately after dinner, and see what's the matter with him, for he must certainly be very bad from having eat last night such a vast quantity of raw oysters."—The crusty gentleman, who from the solemnity of his delivery, expected something extraordinary, no sooner heard his conclusion, than he started up in a testy humour, crying, "Pshaw, pshaw! d——n your oysters;" and walked away after a short compliment of "Your servant, Sir," to me.—The doctor got up also, saying, "I vow and protest, upon my word, I am actually amazed"—and followed Mr. Medlar to the bar, which was hard by, where he was paying for his coffee; there he whispered so loud that I could over-hear, "Pray, who is this gentleman?"—His friend replied hastily, "I might have known that before now, if it had not been for your impertinent intrusion"—and walked off very much disappointed.—The ceremonious physician returned immediately and sat down by me, asking a thousand pardons for leaving me alone; and giving me to understand that what he had communicated to Mr. Medlar at the bar was an affair of the last importance, that would admit of no delay.—He then called for some coffee, and launched out into the virtues of that berry,[42] which, he said, in cold phlegmatic constitutions, like his, dried up the superfluous moisture, and braced the relaxed nerves.—He told me, it was utterly unknown to the ancients; and derived its name from an Arabian word, which I might easily perceive by the sound and termination. From this topic he transferred his disquisitions to the verb *drink*, which he affirmed, was improperly applied to the taking of coffee, in as much as people did not drink, but sip or sipple that liquor;—that the genuine meaning of drinking is to quench one's thirst, or commit a debauch by swallowing wine;—that the Latin word, which conveyed the same idea, was *bibere* or *potare*, and that of the Greek *pineen* or *poteein*,[43] though he was apt to believe they were differently used on different occasions: for example; to drink a vast quantity, or, as the vulgar express it, to drink an ocean of liquor, was in Latin *potare*, and in Greek *poteein*; and on the other hand, to use it moderately, was *bibere* and *pineein*;—that this was only a conjecture of

his own, which however, seemed to be supported by the word *bibulous*, which is particularly applied to the pores of the skin, that can only drink a very small quantity of the circumambient moisture, by reason of the smallness of their diameters;—whereas from the verb *poteein* is derived the substantive *potamos*, which signifies a river, or vast quantity of liquor.—I could not help smiling at this learned and important investigation; and, to recommend myself the more to my new acquaintance, whose disposition I was by this time well informed of, I observed, that what he alledged did not, to the best of my remembrance, appear in the writings of the ancients; for, Horace uses the words *poto* and *bibo* indifferently for the same purpose, as in the twentieth Ode of his first Book.

Vile potabis modicis sabinum cantharis,—
——Et prælo domitam caleno tu bibes uvam.[44]

That I had never heard of the verb *poteein*, but that *potamos*, *potema*, and *potos*, were derived from *pino*, *poso*, *pepoka*;[45] in consequence of which, the Greek poets never use any other word for festal drinking.—Homer describes Nestor at his cups in these words:

Nestora d' ouk elathen jache pinonta *perempes*.[46]

And Anacreon mentions it on the same occasion almost in every page,

Pinonti *de oinon hedun*
Otan pino *ton oinon*.
Opliz' ego de pino.[47]

And in a thousand other places.—The doctor, who, doubtless, intended by his criticism, to give me an high idea of his erudition, was infinitely surprized to find himself schooled by one of my appearance; and after a considerable pause, cried, "Upon my word! you are in the right, Sir—I find I have not considered this affair with my usual accuracy."—Then accosting me, in Latin, which he spoke very well, the conversation was maintained full two hours, on a variety of subjects, in that language; and, indeed, he spoke so judiciously, that I was convinced, notwithstanding his whimsical appearance, and attention to trifles, that he was a man of extensive knowledge, especially in books; he looked upon me, as I afterwards understood from Mr. Medlar, as a prodigy in learning, and proposed that very night, if I was not engaged, to introduce me to several young gentlemen of fortune and fashion, with whom he had an appointment at the Bedford coffee house.[48]

CHAPTER XLVI.

Wagtail introduces me to a set of fine gentlemen, with whom I spend the evening at a tavern——our conversation——the characters of my new companions——the doctor is roasted——the issue of our debauch.

I accepted his offer with pleasure, and we went thither in a hackney-coach,[1] where I saw a great number of gay figures fluttering about, most of whom spoke to the doctor with great familiarity. Among the rest stood a groupe of them around the fire, whom I immediately knew to be the very persons who had the night before, by their laughing, alarmed my suspicion of the lady who had put herself under my protection.—They no sooner perceived me enter with Dr. Wagtail[2] (for that was my companion's name) than they tittered and whispered one to another; and I was not a little surprized to find that they were the gentlemen to whose acquaintance he designed to recommend me; for when he observed them together, he told me who they were, and desired to know by what name he should introduce me. I satisfied him in that particular, and he advanced with great gravity, saying, "Gentlemen, your most obedient—give me leave to introduce my friend Mr. Random, to your society." Then turning to me, "Mr. Random, this is Mr. Bragwell—Mr. Banter,[3] Sir—Mr. Chatter—my friend Mr. Slyboot, and Mr. Ranter, Sir."—I saluted each of them in order, and when I came to take Mr. Slyboot by the hand, I perceived him thrust his tongue in his cheek, to the no small entertainment of the company; but I did not think proper to take any notice of it, on this occasion.—Mr. Ranter too (who I afterwards learned was a player)[4] displayed his talents, by mimicking my air, features and voice, while he returned my compliment:—This feat I should not have been so sensible of, had I not seen him behave in the same manner to my friend Wagtail, when he made up to them at first.—But for once I let him enjoy the fruits of his dexterity without question or controul, resolved however to chastise his insolence at a more convenient opportunity—Mr. Slyboot guessing I was a stranger, asked if I had been lately in France? and when I answered in the affirmative, enquired if I had seen the Luxemburg gallery? I told him I had considered it more than once, with great attention: Upon this a conversation ensued, in which I discovered him to be a painter.—While we were discoursing upon the particulars of this famous performance,[5] I overheard Banter ask Dr. Wagtail, where he had picked up this Mr. Random.—To which question the physician answered, "Upon my word, a mighty pretty sort of a gentleman——a man of fortune, Sir——he has made the grand tour—and seen the best company in Europe, Sir."—"What, he told you so? I suppose, (said the other) I take him to be neither more nor less than a French *valet de chambre*."—"Oh! barbarous, barbarous! (cried the doctor) this is actually, upon my word, altogether unaccountable.—I know all his family perfectly well, Sir, he's of the Randoms of the north—a very ancient house, Sir, and a distant relation of mine."—I was extremely nettled at the conjecture of Mr. Banter, and began to entertain a very

indifferent opinion of my company in general; but as I might possibly, by their means, acquire a more extensive and agreeable acquaintance, I determined to bear these little mortifications as long as I could, without injuring the dignity of my character.—After having talked for some time on the weather, plays, politics, and other coffee-house subjects, it was proposed that we should spend the evening at a noted tavern in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired in a body.—Having taken possession of a room, called for French wine, and bespoke supper, the glass went about pretty freely, and the characters of my associates opened upon me more and more.—It soon appeared that the doctor was entertained as a butt for the painter and player to exercise their wit upon, for the diversion of the company. Mr. Ranter began the game, by asking him what was good for a hoarseness, lowness of spirits and indigestion, for, he was troubled with all these complaints to a very great degree.—Wagtail immediately undertook to explain the nature of his case, and in a very prolix manner, harrangued upon prognostics, diagnostics, symptomatics, therapeutics, inanition, and repletion;[6] then calculated the force of the stomach and lungs in their respective operations; ascribed the player's malady to a disorder in these organs, proceeding from hard drinking and vociferation, and prescribed a course of stomachics,[7] with abstinence from venery, wine, and loud speaking, laughing, singing, coughing, sneezing or hollowing.———"Pah, pah, (cried Ranter, interrupting him) the remedy is worse than the disease—I wish I knew where to find some tinder-water."[8]——"Tinder-water! (said the doctor) upon my word I don't apprehend you, Mr. Ranter."—"Water extracted from tinder, (replied the other) an universal specific for all distempers incident to man.—It was invented by a learned German monk, who, for a valuable consideration, imparted the secret to Paracelsus."[9]—"Pardon me, (cried the painter) it was first used by Solomon, as appears by a Greek manuscript, in his own hand-writing, lately found at the foot of mount Lebanon,[10] by a peasant who was digging for potatoes."—"Well, (said Wagtail) in all my vast reading, I never met with such a preparation! neither did I know till this minute, that Solomon understood Greek, or that potatoes grew in Palestine."—Here Banter interposed, saying, he was surprized that doctor Wagtail should make the least doubt of Solomon's understanding Greek, when he is represented to us as the wisest and best educated prince in the world; and as for potatoes, they were transplanted thither from Ireland, in the time of the Crusades, by some knights of that country.—"I profess (said the doctor) there is nothing more likely—I would actually give a vast sum for a sight of that manuscript, which must be inestimable—And if I understood the process, would set about it immediately."—The player assured him, the process was very simple——that he must cram a hundred weight of dry tinder into a glass retort,[11] and distilling it by the force of animal heat,[12] it would yield half a scruple[13] of insipid water,[14] one drop of which is a full dose.—"Upon my integrity! (exclaimed the credulous doctor) this is very amazing and extraordinary! that a *caput mortuum*[15] shall yield any water at all—I must own, I have always been an enemy to specifics,[16] which I thought inconsistent with the nature of the animal œconomy; but certainly the authority of Solomon is not to be questioned.—I wonder where I shall find a glass retort large enough to contain such a vast quantity of tinder, the consumption of which must undoubtedly raise the price of paper[17]—or where shall I find animal heat sufficient, even to warm such a

mass."—Slyboot informed him that he might have a retort blown for him as big as a church, and that the easiest method of raising the vapour by animal heat, would be to place it in the middle of an infirmary for feverish patients, who might lie upon matrasses around, and in contact with it—He had no sooner pronounced these words, than Wagtail exclaimed in a rapture, "An admirable expedient as I hope to be saved! I will positively put it in practice."—This simplicity of the physician furnished excellent diversion for the company, who, in their turns, sneered at him in ironical compliments, which his vanity swallowed as the genuine sentiments of their hearts.—Mr. Chatter, impatient of so long a silence, now broke out, and entertained us with a catalogue of all the people who danced at the last Hampstead assembly,[18] with a most circumstantial account of the dress and ornaments of each, from the lappets[19] of the ladies to the shoe-buckles of the men; concluding with telling Bragwell, that his mistress Melinda was there, and seemed to miss him; and solliciting his company at the next occasion of that kind.—"No, no, damme (said Bragwell) I have something else to mind than dangling after a parcel of giddy-headed girls;—besides, you know my temper is so unruly, that I am apt to involve myself in scrapes, when a woman is concerned.—The last time I was there, I had an affair with Tom Trippet."[20]——"O! I remember that: (cried Banter) you lugged out before the ladies; and I commend you for so doing, because you had an opportunity of shewing your manhood without running any risk."—"Risk! (said the other with a fierce countenance) damn my blood! I fear no risks.—I an't afraid of lugging out against any man that wears a head, damme! 'tis well known I have drawn blood more than once, and lost some too; but what does that signify?"—The player begged this champion to employ him as his second the next time he intended to kill, for he wanted to see a man die of a stab, that he might know how to act such a part the more naturally on the stage.——"Die! (replied the hero) No, by God! I know better things than to incur the verdict of a Middlesex jury[21]—I should look upon my fencing-master to be an ignorant son of a bitch, if he had not taught me to prick any part of my antagonist's body, that I please to disable."—"Oho! (cried Slyboot) if that be the case, I have a favour to ask: You must know I am employed to paint a Jesus on the cross; and my purpose is to represent him at that point of time when the spear is thrust into his side.—Now I should be glad you would, in my presence, pink[22] some impertinent fellow into convulsions, without endangering his life, that I may have an opportunity of taking a good clever agony from nature:—The doctor will direct you where to enter, and how far to go; but pray let it be as near the left side as possible."—Wagtail, who took this proposal seriously, observed, that it would be a very difficult matter to penetrate into the left side of the thorax, without hurting the heart, and of consequence killing the patient; but he believed it was possible for a man of a very nice hand, and exact knowledge of anatomy, to wound the diaphragma somewhere about the skirts,[23] which might induce a singultus,[24] without being attended with death; that he was ready to demonstrate the insertion of the muscle to Mr. Bragwell; but desired to have no concern with the experiment, which might essentially prejudice his reputation, in case of a miscarriage.—Bragwell was as much imposed upon by the painter's waggery as the doctor, and declined engaging in the affair, saying, he had a very great regard for Mr. Slyboot, but had laid it down as a maxim, never to fight except when his

honour was engaged.—A thousand jokes of this kind were uttered: the wine circulated, supper was served in, we ate heartily, returned to the bottle, Bragwell became noisy and troublesome, Banter grew more and more severe, Ranter rehearsed, Slyboot made faces at the whole company, I sung French catches, and Chatter kissed me with great affection; while the doctor, with a woful countenance, sat silent like a disciple of Pythagoras.[25]—At length, it was proposed by Bragwell, that we should scour the hundreds, sweat the constable, maul the watch,[26] and then reel soberly to bed.

While we deliberated upon this expedition, the waiter came into the room, and asked for doctor Wagtail; when he understood he was present, he told him there was a lady below to enquire for him; at which message the physician started from his melancholy contemplation, and with a look of extreme confusion, assured the company, he could not possibly be the person wanted, for he had no connexion with any lady whatever; and bad the drawer tell her so.—"For shame! (cried Banter) would you be so impolite as to refuse a lady the hearing? perhaps she comes for a consultation.—It must be some extraordinary affair that brings a lady to a tavern at this time o'night.—Mr. Ranter, pray do the doctor's baise-mains[27] to the lady, and squire her hither."—The player immediately staggered out, and returned, leading in, with much ceremony, a tall strapping wench, whose appearance proclaimed her occupation. We received her with the utmost solemnity, and with a good deal of intreaty she was persuaded to sit, when a profound silence ensued, during which she fixed her eyes, with a disconsolate look upon the doctor, who was utterly confounded at her behaviour, and returned her melancholy four-fold; at length, after a good many piteous sighs, she wiped her eyes, and accosted him thus: "What! not one word of comfort? Will nothing soften that stony heart of thine? Not all my tears! not all my affliction! Not the inevitable ruin thou hast brought upon me! Where are thy vows, thou faithless perjured man?—Hast thou no honour?—no conscience—no remorse for thy perfidious conduct towards me!—answer me, wilt thou at last do me justice, or must I have recourse to heaven or hell for my revenge!"—If poor Wagtail was amazed before she spoke, what must his confusion be on hearing this address! His natural paleness changed into a ghastly clay colour, his eyes rolled, his lip trembled, and he answered in an accent not to be described;——"Upon my word, honour, and salvation! madam, you are actually mistaken in my person.—I have a most particular veneration for your sex, and am actually incapable of injuring any lady in the smallest degree, madam,——besides, madam, to the best of my recollection, I never had the honour of seeing you before, as I hope to be saved, madam!"—"How, traitor! (cried she) dost thou disown me then?—Mistaken; no, too well I know that fair bewitching face! too well I know that false enchanting tongue! alas! gentlemen, since the villain compels me, by his unkindness, to expose myself and him, know that this betrayer, under the specious pretence of honourable addresses, won my heart, and taking advantage of his conquest, robbed me of my virgin-treasure, and afterwards abandoned me to my fate! I am now four months gone with child by him, turned out of doors by my relations, and left a prey to misery and want! Yes, thou barbarian, (said she, turning to Wagtail) thou tiger, thou succubus! too well thou knowest my situation—but I will tear out thy faithless heart, and deliver the world from such a monster."—So saying, she sprung forward at the doctor, who, with in-

credible agility, jumped over the table, and ran behind Bragwell, while the rest of us endeavoured to appease the furious heroine—Although every body in the company affected the utmost surprize, I could easily perceive, it was a scheme concerted among them to produce diversion at the doctor's expence; and being under no concern about the consequence, I entered into the confederacy, and enjoyed the distress of Wagtail, who with tears in his eyes, begged the protection of the company, declaring himself as innocent of the crime laid to his charge as the fœtus in utero;[28] and hinting at the same time, that nature had not put it in his power to be guilty of such a trespass.[29]—"Nature! (cried the lady) there was no nature in the case—he abused me by the help of charms and spells; else how is it possible, that any woman could have listened to the addresses of such a scare-crow?—Were these owlish eyes made for ogling; that carrion complexion to be admired; or that mouth like a horse-shoe to be kissed? No, no, you owe your success to your philtres,[30] to your drugs and incantations; and not to your natural talents, which are in every respect mean and contemptible."—The doctor now thought he had got an opportunity of vindicating himself effectually; and desired the complainant to compose herself but for half an hour, in which he undertook to prove the absurdity of believing in the power of incantations, which were only idle dreams of ignorance and superstition.—He accordingly pronounced a very learned discourse upon the nature of ideas, the powers and independence of the mind, the properties of stimulating medicines, the difference between a proneness to venery, which many simples[31] would create, and a passion limited to one object, which can only be the result of sense and reflection; and concluded with a pathetic remonstrance, setting forth his unhappiness in being persecuted with the resentment of a lady whom he had never injured, nor even seen before that occasion, and whose faculties were, in all likelihood, so much impaired by her misfortunes, that an innocent person was in danger of being ruined by her disorder.—He had no sooner finished his harrangue, than the forlorn princess renewed her lamentations, and cautioned the company against his eloquence, which, she said, was able to biass the most impartial bench in Christendom.—Banter advised him to espouse her immediately, as the only means to salve his reputation, and offered to accompany him to the Fleet for that purpose; but Slyboot proposed that a father should be purchased for the child, and a comfortable alimony[32] settled on the mother. Ranter promised to adopt the infant *gratis*. Wagtail was ready to worship him for his generosity; and, though he persisted in protesting his innocence, condescended to every thing rather than his unblemished character should be called in question.—The lady rejected the proposal, and insisted on matrimony. Bragwell took up the cudgels for the doctor, and undertook to rid him of her importunity, for half a guinea; upon which Wagtail, with great eagerness, pulled out his purse, and put it into the hand of his friend, who taking half a piece out of it, gave it to the plaintiff, and bad her thank God for her good fortune. When she had received this bounty, she affected to weep, and begged, since the physician had renounced her, he would at least vouchsafe her a parting kiss; this he was prevailed upon to grant, with great reluctance, and went up with his usual solemnity, to salute her; when she laid hold of his cheek with her teeth, and held fast, while he roared with anguish, to the unspeakable diversion of all present.

When she thought proper to release him, she dropped a low courtesy to the company, and quitted the room, leaving the doctor in the utmost horror, not so much on account of the pain, as the apprehension of the consequence of the bite; for by this time, he was convinced of her being mad. Banter prescribed the actual cautery,[33] and put the poker in the fire to be heated, in order to sear the place.—The player was of opinion that Bragwell should scoop out the part affected with the point of his sword: but the painter prevented both these dreadful operations, by recommending a balsam he had in his pocket, which never failed to cure the bite of a mad dog: So saying he pulled out a small bladder of black paint; with which he instantly anointed not only the sore, but the greatest part of the patient's face, and left it in a frightful condition.—In short, the poor creature was so harrassed with fear and vexation, that I pitied him extremely, and sent him home in a chair, contrary to the inclination of every body present.

This freedom of mine gave umbrage to Bragwell, who testified his displeasure, by swearing a few threats, without making any application, which being perceived by Slyboot, who sat by me, he, with a view of promoting a quarrel, whispered to me, that he thought Bragwell used me very ill; but every man was the best judge of his own affairs.—I answered aloud, that I would neither suffer Mr. Bragwell nor him to use me ill with impunity; and that I stood in no need of his counsel in regard to the regulation of my conduct.—He thought proper to ask a thousand pardons, and assure me, he meant no offence; while Bragwell feigned himself asleep, that he might not be obliged to take notice of what passed.—But the player, who had more animal spirits, and less discretion, than Slyboot, unwilling to let the affair rest, where he had dropped it, jogged Mr. Bragwell, and told him softly that I called him names, and threatned to cudgel him.—This particular I understood by his starting up and crying, "Blood and wounds! you lie—No man durst treat me so ignominiously.—Mr. Random, did you call me names, and threaten to drub me?" I denied the imputation, and proposed to punish the scoundrel, who endeavoured to foment disturbance in the company: Bragwell signified his approbation, and drew his sword; I did the same and accosted the actor in these words, "Lookee, Mr. Ranter, I know you possess all the mimicry and mischievous qualities of an ape, because I have observed you put them all in practice more than once to-night, on me and others; now I want to see if you resemble one in nimbleness also; therefore I desire you to leap over this sword, without hesitation." So saying, I held it parallel to the horizon, at the distance of about three feet from the floor, and called "Once—twice—thrice, and away;"—but, instead of complying with my command, he snatched his hat and hanger, and assuming the looks, swagger, and phrase of Pistol,[34] burst out in the following exclamation, "Ha! must I then perform inglorious prank of Sylvan ape in mountain forest caught![35] Death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days, and lay my hand in fury's lap.—Have we not Hiren here?"[36]—This buffoonery did not answer his expectation, for by this time the company was bent on seeing him in a new character. Mr. Banter desired me to hold my sword a foot or two higher, that he might have the better opportunity of exerting himself.—The painter told him, if he performed well, he would recommend him as a vaulter to the proprietors of Sadler's wells;[37] and Bragwell crying, "Leap for the king,"

applied the point of his sword to the player's posteriors, with such success, that he sprung over in a trice, and finding the door unguarded, vanished in a twinkling; glad, no doubt, of having paid his share of the reckoning so easily.

It being now near two o'clock in the morning, we discharged the bill, and sallied out into the street.—The painter slunk away without taking his leave; Billy Chatter being unable to speak or stand, was sent to a bagnio; and Banter and I accompanied Bragwell to Moll King's coffee-house,[38] where, after he had kicked half a dozen of hungry whores, we left him asleep on a bench, and directed our course towards Charing-Cross, near which place both he and I lodged.

The natural dryness of my companion being overcome by liquor, he honoured me by the way with many compliments and professions of friendship, for which I made suitable acknowledgments, and told him, I thought myself happy in having, by my behaviour, removed the unfavourable opinion he entertained of me at first sight.—He was surprized at this declaration, and begged me to explain myself: Upon which I mentioned what I had over-heard him say of me to Wagtail in the coffee-house.——He laughed and made an apology for his freedom, assuring me, that my appearance had very much prepossessed him in my favour; and what he said, was only intended as a joke on the doctor's solemnity.—I was highly pleased at being undeceived in this particular, and not a little proud of the good opinion of this wit, who shook me by the hand at parting, and promised to meet me next day at the ordinary.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Strap communicates to me a conquest he had made of a chandler's widow——finds himself miserably mistaken——I go to the opera——admire Melinda——am cautioned by Banter——go to the assembly at Hampstead——dance with that young lady——receive an insolent message from Bragwell, whose mettle is soon cooled——am in favour with my mistress, whom I visit next day; and am bubbled out of eighteen guineas at cards——Strap triumphs at my success, but is astonished at my expence——Banter comes to my lodging, is very sarcastic at my expence, and borrows five guineas from me, as a proof of his friendship.

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applied the point of his sword to the player's posteriors, with such success, that he sprung over in a trice, and finding the door unguarded, vanished in a twinkling; glad, no doubt, of having paid his share of the reckoning so easily.

It being now near two o'clock in the morning, we discharged the bill, and sallied out into the street.—The painter slunk away without taking his leave; Billy Chatter being unable to speak or stand, was sent to a bagnio; and Banter and I accompanied Bragwell to Moll King's coffee-house,[38] where, after he had kicked half a dozen of hungry whores, we left him asleep on a bench, and directed our course towards Charing-Cross, near which place both he and I lodged.

The natural dryness of my companion being overcome by liquor, he honoured me by the way with many compliments and professions of friendship, for which I made suitable acknowledgments, and told him, I thought myself happy in having, by my behaviour, removed the unfavourable opinion he entertained of me at first sight.—He was surprized at this declaration, and begged me to explain myself: Upon which I mentioned what I had over-heard him say of me to Wagtail in the coffee-house.——He laughed and made an apology for his freedom, assuring me, that my appearance had very much prepossessed him in my favour; and what he said, was only intended as a joke on the doctor's solemnity.—I was highly pleased at being undeceived in this particular, and not a little proud of the good opinion of this wit, who shook me by the hand at parting, and promised to meet me next day at the ordinary.

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"Indifferent (replied he, tittering) that is thereafter as it shall be.—You must know, I have some thoughts of altering my condition."—"What! (cried I, astonished) a matrimonial scheme? O rare Strap![1] thou hast got the heels of me[2] at last."—"N'—no less, I'll assure you (said he, bursting into a laugh of self-approbation:) a tallow-chandler's widow, that lives hard by, has taken a liking to me.—A fine jolly dame, as plump as a partridge.—She has a well furnished house, a brisk trade, and a good deal of the ready.[3]—I may have her for the asking. She told a friend of mine, a brother footman, that she would take me out of a stinking clout.[4]—But I refused to give my final answer, till I knew your opinion of the matter."—I congratulated Monsieur d'Estrapes upon his conquest, and approved of the scheme, provided he could be assured of those circumstances of her fortune; but advised him to do nothing rashly, and give me an opportunity of seeing the lady, before matters should be brought to a conclusion.—He assured me he would do nothing without my consent and approbation, and that very morning, while I was at breakfast, introduced his inamorata to my acquaintance.—She was a short thick woman, about the age of thirty-six, and had a particular prominence of belly, which I perceived at first sight, not without some suspicion of foul play.—I desired her, however, to sit, and treated her with a dish of tea; the discourse turning on the good qualities of Strap, whom I represented as a prodigy of sobriety, industry, and virtue.—When she took her leave, he followed her to the door, and returned licking his lips, and asking if I did not think she was a luscious creature—I made no mystery of my apprehension, but declared my sentiments of her without reserve; at which he was not surprised, telling me, he had observed the same symptom, but was informed by his friend that she was only livergrown,[5] and would in a few months be as small in the waist as ever.—"Yes," said I, "a few weeks, I believe, will do the business.—In short, Strap, it is my opinion, that you are egregiously imposed upon; and that this friend is no other than a rascal who wants to palm his trull[6] upon you for a wife, that he may at once deliver himself from the importunities of the mother, and the expence of her bantling;[7] for which reason I would not have you trust implicitly to the report he makes of her wealth, which is inconsistent with his behaviour; nor run your head precipitately into a noose, that you may afterwards wish exchanged for the hangman's." He seemed very much startled at my insinuation, and promised to look twice before he leaped; saying, with some heat, "Odd, if I find his intention is to betray me, we shall see which of us is the better man."—My prediction was verified in less than a fortnight; her great belly producing an infant, to the unspeakable amazement of Strap, who was, before this happened, inclinable to believe I had refined a little too much in my penetration. His false friend disappeared, and in a few days after, an execution was issued against her goods and houshold furniture, which were seized by the creditors.

Mean while I met my friend Banter at the ordinary, and in the evening went to the opera with him and Mr. Chatter, who pointed out Melinda in one of the boxes, and offered to introduce me to her, observing at the same time, that she was a reigning toast worth ten thousand pounds.—This piece of information made my heart bound with joy, and I discovered great eagerness to accept the proposal; upon which he assured me I should dance with her at the next assembly, if he had any influence in that quarter; so saying, he went round, spoke to her some minutes, and as I imagined, pointed at me,

then returning, told me, to my inexpressible pleasure, that I might depend upon what he had promised, for she was now engaged as my partner.—Banter, in a whisper, gave me to understand, that she was an incorrigible coquette, who would grant the same favour to any young fellow in England, of a tolerable appearance, merely to engage him among the herd of her admirers, that she might have the pleasure of seeing them daily increase;——that she was of a cold insensible disposition, dead to every passion but vanity, and so blind to merit, that he would lay any wager, the wealthiest fool should carry her at last. I attributed a good deal of this intelligence to the satirical turn of my friend, or resentment, for having himself suffered a rebuff from the lady in question; and at any rate, trusted so much to my own accomplishments, as to believe no woman could resist the ardour of my addresses.

Full of this confidence, I repaired to Hampstead, in company with Billy Chatter, my Lord Hobble, and doctor Wagtail.—There I saw a very brilliant assembly, before whom I had the honour to walk a minuet with Melinda, who charmed me with her frank manner and easiness of behaviour.—Before the country dances began, I received a message by a person I did not know, from Bragwell, who was present, importing that no body who knew him, presumed to dance with Melinda, while he was there in person; and that I would do well to relinquish her without noise, because he had a mind to lead up a country dance with her. This extraordinary intimation, which was delivered in the lady's hearing, did not at all discompose me, who by this time was pretty well acquainted with the character of my rival. I therefore, without the least symptom of concern, bade the gentleman tell Mr. Bragwell, that since I was so happy as to obtain the lady's consent, I should not be solicitous about his; and desired the bearer himself to bring me no such impertinent messages for the future. Melinda affected a sort of confusion, and pretended to wonder that Mr. Bragwell should give himself such liberties with regard to her, who had no manner of connexion with the fellow. I laid hold of this opportunity to display my valour, and offered to call him to an account for his insolence, a proposal which she absolutely refused, under pretence of consulting my safety; though I could perceive by the sparkling of her eyes, that she would not have thought herself affronted in being the subject of a duel. I was by no means pleased with this discovery of her thoughts, which not only argued the most unjustifiable vanity, but likewise the most barbarous indifference; however, I was allured by her fortune, and resolved to gratify her pride, in making her the occasion of a public quarrel between me and Bragwell, who, I was pretty certain, would never drive matters to a dangerous extremity.

While we danced together, I observed this formidable rival at one end of the room, encircled with a cluster of beaus, to whom he talked with great vehemence, casting many big looks at me, from time to time: I guessed the subject of his discourse, and as soon as I had handed my partner to her seat, strutted up to the place where he stood, and cocking my hat in his face, demanded aloud, if he had any thing to say to me. He answered with a sullen tone, "Nothing, at present, Sir." And turned about upon his heel.—"Well," said I, "you know where I am to be found at any time."—His companions stared at one another, and I returned to the lady, whose features brightened at my approach, and immediately a whisper ran through the whole room; after which

so many eyes were turned upon me, that I was ready to sink with confusion.—When the ball broke up, I led her to her coach, and, like a true French gallant, would have got up behind it, in order to protect her from violence on the road; but she absolutely refused my offer, and expressed her concern that there was not an empty seat for me within the vehicle.

Next day in the afternoon, I waited on her at her lodgings, by permission, in company with Chatter, and was very civilly received by her mother, with whom she lived; there were a good many fashionable people present, chiefly young fellows, and immediately after tea a couple of card tables were set, at one of which I had the honour to play with Melinda, who in less than three hours made shift to plunder me of eight guineas.—I was well enough content to lose a little money with a good grace, that I might have an opportunity in the mean time to say soft things, which are still most welcome, when attended with good luck; but I was by no means satisfied of her fair play, a circumstance that shocked me not a little, and greatly impaired my opinion of her disinterestedness and delicacy.—However, I was resolved to profit by this behaviour, and treat her in my turn with less ceremony; accordingly I laid close siege to her, and finding her not at all disgusted with the gross incense I offered, that very night made a declaration of love in plain terms.—She received my addresses with great gaiety, and pretended to laugh them off, but at the same time treated me with such particular complacency, that I was persuaded I had made a conquest of her heart, and concluded myself the happiest man alive.—Elevated with these flattering ideas, I sat down again to cards, after supper, and with great chearfulness suffered myself to be cheated of ten guineas more.

It was late before I took my leave, after being favoured with a general invitation; and when I got into bed, the adventures of the day hindered me from sleeping.—Sometimes I pleased myself with the hopes of possessing a fine woman with ten thousand pounds; then I would ruminate on the character I had heard of her from Banter, and compare it with the circumstances of her conduct towards me, which seemed to bear too great a resemblance to the picture he had drawn.—This introduced a melancholy reflection on the expence I had undergone, and the smallness of my funds to support it, which, by the bye, were none of my own.—In short, I found myself involved in doubts and perplexities, that kept me awake the greatest part of the night.

In the morning, Strap, with whom I had not conversed for two days, presented himself with the utensils for shaving me; upon which, I asked his opinion of the lady whom he had seen me conduct to her coach at Hampstead.—"Odd! she's a delicious creature," cried he, "and, as I am informed, a great fortune.—I am sorry you did not insist on going home with her. I dare say, she would not have refused your company; for she seems to be a good-humoured soul."———"There's a time for all things," said I. "You must know, Strap, I was in company with her till one o'clock this morning."—I had no sooner pronounced these words, than he began to caper about the room, and snap his fingers, crying in a transport, "The day's our own!—the day's our own!" I gave him to understand that his triumph was a little premature, and that I had more difficulties to surmount than he was aware of; then I recounted to him the intelligence I had received from Banter.—At which he changed colour, shook his head, and observed there was

no faith in woman.—I told him, I was resolved to make a bold push notwithstanding, although I foresaw it would lead me into a great expence; and bade him guess the sum I had lost last night at cards.—He scratched his chin, and professed his abhorrence of cards, the very name of which being mentioned made him sweat with vexation, as it recalled the money-dropper to his remembrance; "But, however," said he, "you have to do with otherguess[8] people now.—Why, I suppose, if you had a bad run last night, you would scarce come off for less than ten or twelve shillings."—I was mortified at this piece of simplicity, which I imagined, at that time, was all affected, by way of reprimand, for my folly; and asked with some heat, if he thought I had spent the evening in a cellar with chairmen and bunters;[9] giving him to know, at the same time, that my expence had amounted to eighteen guineas—It would require the pencil of Hogarth[10] to express the astonishment and concern of Strap, on hearing this piece of news; the bason in which he was preparing the lather for my chin, dropped out of his hands, and he remained some time immoveable, in that ludicrous attitude, with his mouth open and his eyes thrust forward considerably beyond their station; but remembring my disposition, which was touchy and impatient of controul, he smothered his chagrin, and attempted to recollect himself.—With this view he endeavoured to laugh, but in spite of his teeth,[11] broke out into a whimper, took up his wash-ball[12] and pewter-pot, scrubbed my beard with the one, and discharged the other upon my face.—I took no notice of his confusion, but after he had fully recovered himself, put him in mind of his right, and assured him of my readiness to surrender his effects whenever he should think proper to demand them.—He was nettled at my insinuation, which he thought proceeded from my distrust of his friendship; and begged I would never talk to him in that strain again, unless I had a mind to break his heart.

This good creature's unalterable friendship for me affected me with the most grateful sentiments, and acted as a spur to my resolution of acquiring a fortune, that I might have it in my power to manifest my generosity in my turn.—For this purpose, I determined to bring matters to a speedy conclusion with Melinda; well knowing that a few such nights as the last, would effectually incapacitate me from prosecuting that, or any other advantageous amour.

While my meditation was busied in planning out my future conduct, Mr. Banter favoured me with a visit; and, after breakfast, asked how I had passed the preceding evening—I answered, I was very agreeably entertained at a private house.—"Yes, (said he with a sarcastic smile) you deserved something extraordinary for the price you paid."—— I was surprized at his remark, and pretended ignorance of his meaning.—"Come, come, Random (continued he) you need not make a mystery of it to me, the whole town has it.—I wish that foolish affair between you and Bragwell at Hampstead had been less public.—It has set all the busy bodies at work to find out your real character and situation; and you cannot imagine what conjectures have already circulated at your expence: One suspects you to be a jesuit in disguise;[13] another thinks you are an agent from the pretender; a third believes you to be an upstart gamester, because no body knows any thing of your family or fortune; a fourth is of opinion, that you are an Irish fortune-hunter."—This last hypothesis touched me so nearly, that, to conceal my confusion, I was fain to interrupt his detail, and damn the world for an envi-

ous meddling community, that would not suffer a gentleman to live without molestation. He took no notice of this apostrophe, but went on, "For my own part, I neither know nor desire to know, who, or what you are; this I am certain of, that few people make a mystery of their origin or situation, who can boast of any thing advantageous in either;—and my own opinion of the matter is, that you have raised yourself, by your industry, from nothing to the appearance you now maintain, and which you endeavour to support by some matrimonial scheme."—Here he fixed his eyes stedfastly upon me, and perceiving my face covered with blushes, told me, now he was confirmed in his opinion.—"Look ye, Random, (said he) I have divined your plan, and am confident it will never succeed.—You are too honest and too ignorant of the town, to practise the necessary cheats of your profession, and detect the conspiracies that will be formed against you.—Besides, you are downright bashful—what the devil! set up for a fortune-hunter before you have conquered the sense of shame!——Perhaps you are entitled by your merit, and I believe you are, to a richer and better wife than Melinda; but take my word for it, she is not to be won at that rate;—or, if you are so lucky as to carry her, between you and me, you may say, as Teague did, *By my soul I have gained a loss!*[14] She would take care to spend her fortune in a twinkling, and soon make you sick of her extravagance."—I was alarmed by his discourse, while I resented the freedom of it, and expressed my disgust, by telling him, he was mistaken in my intentions, and desiring he would give me leave to regulate my conduct according to the dictates of my own reason.—He made an apology for the liberty he had taken, and ascribed it to the warmth of his friendship for me; as an uncommon instance of which, he borrowed five guineas, assuring me, there were very few people in the world whom he would so far favour with his confidence.——I gave him the money, and professed myself so well convinced of his sincerity, that he had no occasion to put it to such extraordinary proofs for the future.——"I thought (said he) to have asked five pieces more, but hearing you was bubbled[15] of eighteen last night, I presumed you might be out of cash, and resolved to model my demand accordingly." I could not help admiring the cavalier behaviour of this spark, of whom I desired to know his reason for saying, I was bubbled.——He then gave me to understand, that before he came to my lodgings, he had beat up[16] Tom Tossle, who, having been present, informed him of the particulars, rehearsed all the fine things I said to Melinda, with which he proposed to entertain the town; and among other circumstances, assured him, my mistress cheated with so little art, that no body but a meer novice could have been imposed upon.

The thoughts of becoming a subject of raillery for coxcombs,[17] and losing my money to boot, stung me to the quick; but I made a virtue of my indignation, and swore that no man should with impunity, either asperse the character of Melinda, or turn my behaviour into ridicule. He replied, in a dry manner, that I would find it an Herculean task to chastise every body who should laugh at my expence; and as for the character of Melinda, he did not see how it could suffer by what was laid to her charge; for that cheating at cards, far from being reckoned a blemish among people of fashion, was looked upon as an honourable indication of superior genius and address.—"But let us wave[18] this subject," said he, "and go to the coffee-house, in order to make a party for dinner."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

We repair to the coffee-house, where we overhear a curious dispute between Wagtail and Medlar, which is referred to our decision——the doctor gives an account of his experiment——Medlar is roasted by Banter, at the ordinary——the old gentleman's advice to me.

Being as willing to drop the theme as he to propose it, I accompanied him thither, where we found Mr. Medlar and doctor Wagtail, disputing upon the word custard, which the physician affirmed should be spelled with a G, because it was derived from the Latin verb *gustare*, "to taste."——But Medlar pleaded custom in behalf of C, observing, that by the doctor's rule, we ought to change pudding into budding, because it is derived from the French word *Boudin*;[1] and in that case why not retain the original orthography and pronunciation of all the foreign words we have adopted; by which means our language would become a dissonant jargon, without standard or propriety.[2] The controversy was referred to us; and Banter, notwithstanding his real opinion to the contrary, decided it in favour of Wagtail: Upon which the peevish annuitant[3] arose, and uttering the monosyllable, *pish!* with great emphasis, removed to another table.

We then enquired of the doctor, what progress he had made in the experiment of distilling tinder-water; and he told us he had been at all the glass-houses about town, but could find no body who would undertake to blow a retort large enough to hold the third part of the quantity prescribed; but he intended to try the process on as much as would produce five drops, which would be sufficient to prove the specific, and then he would make it a parliamentary affair;[4] that he had already purchased a considerable weight of rags, in reducing which to tinder, he had met with a misfortune, which had obliged him to change his lodgings; for he had gathered them in a heap on the floor, and set fire to them with a candle, on the supposition that the boards would sustain no damage, because it is the nature of flame to ascend; but by some very extraordinary accident, the wood was invaded, and began to blaze with great violence, which disordered him so much, that he had not presence of mind enough to call for assistance, and the whole house must have been consumed, with him in the midst of it, had not the smoke that rolled out of the windows in clouds, alarmed the neighbourhood, and brought people to his succour.—That he had lost a pair of black velvet breeches, and a tye-wig in the hurry, besides the expence of the rags, which were rendered useless by the water used to quench the flame, and the damage of the floor, which he was compelled to repair.—That his landlord believing him distracted, had insisted on his quitting his apartment at a minute's warning, and he was put to incredible inconvenience; but now he was settled in a very comfortable house, and had the use of a large paved yard for preparing his tinder: So that he hoped in a very short time to reap the fruits of his labour.

After having congratulated the doctor on his prospect, and read the papers, we re-

paired to an auction of pictures,[5] where we entertained ourselves an hour or two; from thence we adjourned to the Mall,[6] and after two or three turns, went back to dinner, Banter assuring us, that he intended to roast Medlar at the ordinary; and indeed, we were no sooner set than this Cynic began to execute his purpose by telling the old gentleman, he looked extremely well, considering the little sleep he had enjoyed last night. To this compliment Medlar made no reply, but by a stare accompanied with a significant grin;—and Banter went on thus: "I don't know whether most to admire the charity of your mind, or the vigour of your body—Upon my soul, Mr. Medlar, you do generous things with the best taste of any man I know! You extend your compassion to real objects, and exact only such returns as they are capable of making.—You must know, gentlemen (said he, turning to the company) I had been up most part of the night with a friend who is ill of a fever, and on my return home this morning chanced to pass by a gin-shop still open, whence issued a confused sound of mirth and jollity: Upon which, I popped in my head and perceived Mr. Medlar dancing bare-headed in the midst of ten or twenty ragged bunters, who rejoiced at his expence. But indeed, Mr. Medlar, you ought not to sacrifice your constitution to your benevolence.—Consider you grow old apace; and therefore have a reverend care of your health, which must certainly be very much impaired by these nocturnal expeditions."—The testy senior could no longer contain himself, but cried hastily, "'Tis well known that your tongue is no slander."—"I think (said the other) you might spare that observation, as you are very sensible, that my tongue has done you signal service on many occasions.—You may remember, that when you made your addresses to the fat widow, who kept a public house at Islington, there was a report spread very much to the prejudice of your manhood, which coming to the ears of your mistress, you was discarded immediately; and I brought matters to a reconciliation, by assuring her you had three bastards at nurse in the country: How you ruined your own affair afterwards, it is neither my business nor inclination to relate."—This anecdote, which had no other foundation than in Banter's own invention, afforded a good deal of mirth to every body present, and provoked Mr. Medlar beyond all sufferance; so that he started up in a mighty passion, and forgetting that his mouth was full, bespattered those who sat next to him, while he discharged his indignation in a volley of oaths, and call'd Banter insignificant puppy, impertinent jackanapes, and an hundred such appellations; telling the company, he had invented these false malicious aspersions, because he would not lend him money to squander away upon rooks and whores.——"A very likely story (said Banter) that I should attempt to borrow money of a man who is obliged to practise a thousand shifts to make his weekly allowance hold out to Saturday's night. Sometimes he sleeps four and twenty hours at a stretch, by which means he saves three meals, besides coffee-house expence.—Sometimes he is fain to put up with bread and cheese and small beer for dinner; and sometimes he regales on two penny worth of ox-cheek[7] in a cellar."——"You are a lying miscreant: (cried Medlar, in an exstacy of rage) I can always command money enough to pay your taylor's bill, which I am sure is no trifle; and I have a good mind to give you a convincing proof of my circumstances, by prosecuting you for defamation, sirrah."—By this time the violence of his wrath had deprived him of his appetite, and he sat silent, unable to swallow one mouthful, while his

tormentor enjoyed his mortification, and encreased his chagrin, by advising him to lay in plentifully for his next day's fast.

Dinner being ended, we came down stairs to the coffee-room, and Banter went away to keep an appointment, saying, he supposed he should see Wagtail and me in the evening at the Bedford coffee-house.—He was no sooner gone, than the old gentleman took me aside, and said, he was sorry to see me so intimate with that fellow, who was one of the most graceless rakes about town, and had already wasted a good estate and constitution upon harlots; that he had been the ruin of many a young man, by introducing them into debauched company, and setting a lewd example of all manner of wickedness; and that, unless I was on my guard, he would strip me in a short time, both of my money and reputation. I thanked him for his information, and promised to conduct myself accordingly, wishing, however, his caution had been a few hours more early, by which means I might have saved five guineas. Notwithstanding this intelligence, I was inclinable to impute some part of the charge to Medlar's revenge for the liberties taken with him at dinner; and therefore, as soon as I could disengage myself, applied to Wagtail for his opinion of the character in question; resolved to compare their accounts, allowing for the prejudice of each, and to form my judgment upon both, without adhering strictly to either.—The doctor assured me that he was a very pretty gentleman of family and fortune; a scholar, a wit, a critic, and perfectly well acquainted with the town; that his honour and courage were unquestionable, though some extravagancies he had been guilty of, and his talent for satire, had procured him enemies, and made some people shy of his acquaintance.—From these different sketches, I concluded that Banter was a young fellow of some parts,[8] who had spent his fortune, but retained his appetites, and fallen out with the world, because he could not enjoy it to his wish.

I went to the Bedford coffee-house in the evening, where I met my friends, from thence proceeded to the play, and afterwards carried them home to my lodgings, where we supped in great good humour.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I receive a challenge——the consequences of it——the quarrel being made up, am put in arrest, by the care and affection of Strap——but immediately released upon explaining my affair——the behaviour of Mr. Oregan and his two friends——I visit Melinda, whom I divert with an account of the duel——propose marriage——she refers the matter to her mother, of whom I make a solemn demand of her daughter——the old lady's behaviour—— I am discarded, resent their disdain.

When I was ready to go abroad next day, Strap brought me a letter, *To Mr. Random, Esq; Those*.[1]———Which, upon opening, I found contained a challenge contained in these very extraordinary terms:

> "SIR,
> Whereas, I am informed that you make love to Miss Melinda Goosetrap, this is to let you know, that she is under promise of marriage to me; and that I am at this present writing at the back of Montague-house,[2] with a pair of good pistols in my hand; and if you will keep your appointment, I will make your tongue confess (after the breath is out of your body) that you do not deserve her as well as
>
> *Yours*, &c.
> Rourk Oregan."[3]

I guessed, from the stile and subscription of this billet, that my rival was a true Milesian,[4] and was not a little uneasy at the contents, especially that part in which he asserted his right to my mistress by promise, a circumstance I did not know how to reconcile to her good sense and penetration.——However, this was no time for me to decline the defiance, because the success of my addresses might in a great measure depend upon my behaviour in that affair. I therefore immediately loaded my pistols, and betook myself in a hackney-coach to the place appointed, where I found a tall rawboned man, with a hard-featured countenance, and black bushy beard, walking by himself, wrapped up in a shabby great coat, over which his own hair descended in a leathern queue[5] from his head, that was covered with a greasy hat trimmed with a tarnished *pointe d'espagne*. He no sooner perceived me advancing, than he pulled a pistol from his bosom, and presenting at me, snapt it without the least preamble. Alarmed at this rude salutation, I made a stand, and before he could adjust his other piece, fired one of mine at him, without doing any damage. By this time he was ready with his second, that flashed in the pan without going off: Upon which he called, with a true Tipperary[6] cadence, "Fire away, honey;"—and began to hammer his flint with great deliberation.—But I was resolved to make use of the advantage Fortune had given me; and therefore stept up, without throwing away my fire, desiring him to ask his life, or prepare for an-

other world; but this stout Hibernian refused to condescend, and complained bitterly of my having quitted my ground before he could return my shot; saying I ought to go back to my station, and let him have an equal chance with me.—I endeavoured to persuade him that I had given him a double chance already; and it was my business to prevent him from enjoying a third;—but now, since I had an opportunity, I demanded a parley, and desired to know his condition, and reason for calling me to the field, who, to the best of my remembrance, far from having done him any injury, had never before seen him. He told me that he was a gentleman of fortune, who had spent all he had, and hearing that Melinda had got ten thousand pounds, he intended to make himself master of that sum by espousing her, and was determined, in an honourable way, to cut the throats of all those who stood between him and his hopes.—I then demanded to know the foundation of his hopes; and now that I had seen him, being more and more astonished at the circumstance of the promise, desired that he would explain that mystery:—He gave me to understand, that he trusted entirely to his birth and personal merit; that he had frequently written to Melinda, setting forth his claim and pretensions, but she was never kind enough to send an answer, or even to admit him into her presence; and that the promise he mentioned in his letter, was made by his friend Mr. Gahagan, who assured him, that no woman could resist a man of his appearance.—I could not forbear laughing to excess, at the simplicity of my rival, who did not seem to relish my mirth, but began to be very serious: Upon which I endeavoured to appease him, by giving him my word and honour, that far from prejudicing his addresses to the lady, I would represent him to her in the most favourable light I could choose with any regard to truth; but he must not be surprized if she should remain blind to his deserts, for, nothing was more capricious than a woman's mind, and the affection of that sex was seldom purchased with virtue alone.—That my declaration might have the better effect, I took notice of his dishabille,[7] and professing sorrow at seeing a gentleman reduced, slipt two guineas into his hand, at sight of which he threw away his pistols, and hugging me in his arms, cried, "Arrah,[8] by Jesus now, you are the best friend I have met with these seven long years."—When I had suffered some minutes in his embrace, he quitted me, and picking up his rusty arms, wished the devil might burn him if ever he should give me any further trouble about womankind.

The quarrel being thus amicably composed, I begged leave to look at his pistols, which I found so crazy and so foul, that, I believe it was happy for him neither of them was discharged, for one of them would certainly have split in the going off, and he would, in all probability, have lost his hand in the explosion; but what gave me a lively idea of the man's character was, to find, upon examination, that one of them had been loaded without being primed, and the other primed without a charge.

While we walked home together, I expressed a desire of knowing my new friend's history; and he informed me of his having served in the German army[9] as a volunteer against the Turks; that for his behaviour at the siege of Belgrade,[10] he had been honoured with an ensign's commission, and afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant, in which station, it was his misfortune to affront his captain, who challenged him to the field, and was killed in the duel, upon which he was obliged to retreat;—that he had been in England some years solliciting his friends for provision in the British army;

but being hitherto unsuccessful, was desired by Mr. Gahagan to turn his thoughts to matrimony, and make his fortune by an advantageous match; in consequence of which advice, he had made up to Melinda, and having heard by means of an Irish footman in the family, that I was her chief favourite, had called me out in hopes of removing by my death, the greatest obstruction to his desires; but now he was convinced of my honour and generosity, he swore by the blessed virgin, he would think of her no more, if there was not another woman in the world.—As a further proof of his veracity, which I did not at all doubt, he opened an old iron snuff-box, and pulled out his commission in the imperial army, and his captain's challenge, which he preserved as testimonials of his character.—I was so well convinced of this poor man's honesty and courage, that I determined to speak in his behalf, to some of my acquaintance, who might recommend his case to the consideration of those who could provide for him; and in the mean time to accommodate him with a few cloaths, by which his appearance would be much mended, and himself enabled to renew his sollicitations in person.

As we walked along, conversing socially together, we were met by a file of musqueteers,[11] and Strap at their head, who no sooner approached, than with a frantic look, he cried, "Seize them!—in the name of God! seize them."—We were accordingly surrounded, and I put in arrest by the corporal, who was commanding officer; but captain Oregan disengaged himself, and ran with such speed towards Tottenham-court-road, that he was out of sight in a moment. When my arms were delivered up, and myself secured, Strap became a little more composed, and asked pardon for the liberty he had taken, which he hoped I would excuse, as it proceeded from his affection: He then told me that, suspecting the letter (which by the bye was brought by the author himself) contained something extraordinary, he had peeped through the key-hole, and seen me load my pistols; upon which he ran down to Whitehall,[12] and applied to the officer on guard, for a party to put me in arrest, but, before he returned, I was gone in a coach; that he had enquired which way I went, and having heard, that duels were commonly fought at the back of Montague-house, he conducted the guard to this place, where he thanked God for having found me safe and sound. I gave him to understand that I forgave his officious concern for once, but cautioned him in pretty severe terms, from making me the subject of idle conversation for the future; then turning to the corporal, thanked him for his care, and gave him a crown to drink with his men, assuring him that the rencontre was over long before he came up, and every thing compromised, as he might have observed by our behaviour; as a farther proof of which, he would find, upon examination, that one of my pistols had been discharged;—but this civil person, without giving himself or me any further trouble, received the bounty with a thousand bows and acknowledgments, and returning the pistols, released me immediately.

He was not gone an hundred yards, when my friend Oregan came up, in order to rescue me, with two tatterdemalions[13] whom he had engaged for that purpose, about the purlieus of St. Giles's: One of them was armed with a musket that wanted a lock,[14] and another with a rusty broad sword; but their dress surpassed all description.—When he understood I was already free, he made an apology for his abrupt departure, and introduced me to his two companions: First, to counsellor Fitz-clabber,[15] who, he told me, was then employed in compiling a history of the kings of Munster,[16]

from Irish manuscripts; and then to his friend Mr. Gahagan, who was a profound philosopher and politician, and had projected many excellent schemes for the good of his country—But it seems these literati had been very ill rewarded for their ingenious labours; for between them both, there was but one shirt and half a pair of breeches. I thanked them very kindly for their readiness to assist me, and having offered my service in my turn, bade them good morrow, desiring Oregan to accompany me to my lodgings, where he was fitted with decent cloaths from my wardrobe, so much to his satisfaction, that he swore eternal gratitude and friendship to me, and, at my request, recounted all the adventures of his life.

In the afternoon, I waited on Melinda, who received me with great kindness and familiarity, and laughed excessively at my adventure with the Irishman, to whose wishes she was no stranger, having more than a dozen of letters in her possession, which he had wrote to her on the subject of love, and which, for my entertainment, she submitted to my perusal.—Having made ourselves merry at the expence of this poor admirer, I seized the opportunity of her mother's going out of the room, and introduced my own passion, which I recommended to her with all the ardour and eloquence I was master of.—I flattered, sighed, swore, intreated, and acted a thousand extravagancies, in hopes of making some impression on her heart; but she heard every thing I said without discovering the least emotion; and other company came in, before she would vouchsafe one serious reply.—After tea, the cards were brought in, according to custom, and it was my good fortune to have Melinda for my partner; by which means, instead of losing, I came off with five guineas clear gain.

I soon became acquainted with a good many people of fashion, and spent my time in the modish diversions of the town, such as plays, operas, masquerades, drums,[17] assemblies and puppet-shews; chiefly in company with Melinda, whom I cultivated with all the eagerness and address that my prospect could inspire, and my education afford: I spared neither my person nor my purse, to gratify her vanity and pride; my rivals were intimidated, and indeed outshone; and, after all, I began to fear that the dear creature had not a heart to lose.—At last, finding myself unable to support the expence of this amour much longer, I was determined to bring the matter to a crisis; and one evening, while we were together by ourselves, complained of her indifference, described the tortures of suspence to a love-sick mind, and pressed her to disclose her sentiments of matrimony and me, with such earnestness, that she could not, with all her art, shift the subject, but was obliged to come to an eclaircissement.[18]—She told me, with a careless air, that she had no objection to my person, and if I could satisfy her mother in other particulars, I should not find her averse to the match; but she was resolved to do nothing in such a momentous concern without the advice and consent of her parent.—This was not a very agreeable declaration to me, whose aim had been to win her inclination first, and then secure my conquest by a private marriage, to which I flattered myself she would express no reluctance.—That I might not, however, desert my cause before it was desperate, I waited on her mother, and, with great formality, demanded the daughter in marriage. The good lady, who was a very notable woman, behaved with great state and civility; thanked me for the honour I intended her family; and said, she did not doubt that I was in all respects qualified to make a woman happy;

but it concerned her, as a parent anxious about the welfare of her child, to enquire into the particulars of my fortune, and know what settlement I proposed to make. To this intimation, which would have utterly disconcerted me, if I had not expected it, I replied without hesitation, that though my fortune was very small, I was a gentleman by birth and education, would maintain her daughter in the sphere of a gentlewoman, and settle her own dowry on her and her heirs for ever.[19]—This careful matron did not seem to relish my proposal, but observed with a demure countenance, that there was no necessity for settling that upon her child which was her own already: However, if I pleased, her lawyer should confer with mine upon the matter; and in the mean time, she desired I would favour her with the perusal of my rent-roll.[20]—Notwithstanding the vexation I was under, I could scarce forbear laughing in her face, at the mention of my rent-roll, which was, indeed, a severe piece of satire upon my pretensions. I frankly owned I had no landed estate: And told her, that I could not exactly specify the sum I was master of, until I had regulated my affairs, which were at present in some disorder; but that I would take an opportunity of satisfying her on that head very soon.

It was not long before I took my leave, and returned to my lodgings in a very melancholy mood, persuaded that I had nothing more to expect from that quarter. I was confirmed in this opinion next day, when I went back with a view of explaining myself more fully to the old gentlewoman; and was told by the footman, that his ladies were not at home, although I had seen Melinda through the blinds at a parlour-window, as I went up to the door. Incensed at this affront I quitted the door, without saying one word, and as I repassed the parlour, bowed to Miss, who still remained in the same situation, securely screened, as she thought, from my view.

This disappointment gave me more uneasiness on Strap's account, than my own; for I was in no danger of dying for love of Melinda; on the contrary, the remembrance of my charming Narcissa was a continual check upon my conscience, during the whole course of my addresses; and perhaps contributed to the bad success of my scheme, by controuling my raptures, and condemning my design.

There was a necessity for informing my companion of every thing that happened to me, and I performed this piece of duty in an affected passion, swearing I would be his pack-horse no longer, and desiring him to take the management of his affairs into his own hand. This finesse had the desired effect, for instead of grumbling over my miscarriage, Strap was frightened at the passion I feigned, and begged me for the love of God to be appeased; observing, that although we had suffered a great loss, it was not irreparable; and if fortune frowned to-day, she might perhaps smile to-morrow.—I pretended to acquiesce in his remarks, praise his equanimity, and promise to improve by misfortune.—He, on the other hand, pretended to be perfectly well satisfied with my conduct, and conjured me to follow the dictates of my own reflexion; but in spite of all his affectation, I could perceive his inward affliction, and his visage sensibly increased in longitude from that day.

CHAPTER L.

I long to be revenged on Melinda——apply to Banter for his assistance——he contrives a scheme for that purpose, which is put in execution with great success——I make an attempt on the heart of Miss Gripewell, but am disappointed——grow melancholy at my disappointment, and have recourse to the bottle——receive a billet-doux——am ravished with the contents——find myself involved in an intrigue, which I imagined would make my fortune——am confounded at my mistake, which banishes all thoughts of matrimony.

In the mean time, my attention was wholly engrossed in search of another mistress, and the desire of being revenged on Melinda, in both which schemes I was very much assisted by Billy Chatter, who was such a necessary creature among the ladies, that in all private dances he engaged the men.—To him therefore I applied, desiring he would introduce me to a partner of some figure, at the next private assembly, for the sake of a frolic, the intention of which I would afterwards communicate. Billy, who had heard something of a difference between Melinda and me, immediately smoaked[1] part of my design, and thinking I only wanted to alarm her jealousy a little, promised to gratify my desire, by matching me with a partner worth thirty thousand pounds, whom the ladies of this end of the town had lately taken into their management and protection.—Upon further enquiry, I found this person's name was Miss Biddy Gripewell;[2] that her father, who had been a pawn-broker, died intestate, by which means all his substance descended to this daughter, who was so little a favourite, that could the old man have prevailed with his own rapacious disposition, to part with as much money as would have paid the expence of a will, she would not have inherited the sixth part of his fortune;—That during his life, far from being educated in a way suitable to such great expectations,[3] she was obliged to live like a servant wench, and do the most menial offices in the family.—But his funeral was no sooner performed, than she assumed the fine lady, and found so many people of both sexes to flatter, caress and instruct her, that, for want of discretion and experience, she was grown insufferably vain and arrogant, and pretended to no less than a duke or earl at least, for her husband;—that she had the misfortune to be neglected by the English quality, but a certain poor Scottish lord was then making interest to be introduced to her acquaintance.—In the mean time, she was fallen into the hands of a notable lady, who had already disposed of her to a lieutenant of foot, a distant relation of her ladyship's, though Miss, as yet, knew nothing of the affair; and lastly, that if I proposed to dance with her, I must give him leave to represent me as a knight or foreign count[4] at least.—I was ravished at this

piece of information, and consented, for one night, to personate a French marquis, that I might the easier fulfil my revenge.

Having made the appointment with Chatter, I went to Banter's lodgings, as I had by this time conceived a great opinion of his penetration and knowledge; and after I had injoined secrecy, told him every circumstance of my disgrace with Melinda, and imparted the plan I had projected to mortify that proud coquette, desiring his advice in improving, and assistance in executing, the scheme.—Nothing could be more agreeable to his misanthropical temper, than an account of her behaviour and my resentment: He applauded my resolution, and proposed that I should not only provide myself with a proper partner, but also procure such an one for Miss Goosetrap, as should infallibly entail upon her the ridicule of all her acquaintance: For this purpose he mentioned his barber, who, he said, was an exceeding coxcomb lately come from Paris, whose absurd affectation and grimace[5] would easily pass upon her, for the sprightly politesse of a gentleman improved by travel.—I hugged him for this hint; and he assured me, it would be no difficult matter to make him believe, that Melinda having seen him by accident, was captivated by his appearance, and longed for his acquaintance.——He actually engaged him on this pretence, and painted his good fortune in such colours, that the poor shaver was quite beside himself with joy.—He was immediately fitted with a tawdry suit of cloaths belonging to Banter, and by him recommended to Chatter, as a very pretty fellow, just returned from his travels.—Master Billy, who acted as gentleman-usher[6] to a great many of the fair sex in and about town, undertook, at once, to bespeak Melinda in his behalf; and every thing happened according to my wish.

At the time appointed, I appeared dressed to the best advantage; and in the character of marquis, had the honour of opening the ball with the rich heiress, who attracted the eyes of the whole company, by the prodigious number of jewels with which she was adorned.—Among others I perceived Melinda, who could no more conceal her envy than astonishment at my success: Her curiosity was still more flagrant and tormenting, for she had never seen miss Gripewell before; and Chatter, who alone could give her any satisfaction on that head, was engaged in conversation at the other end of the room.——I observed her impatience, and exulted in her chagrin; and after my partner was set, took the opportunity of passing by her to make a slight bow without stopping; which completed my triumph and her indignation. She changed colour, bridled up, assumed an air of disdain, and flirted her fan with such a fury, that it went to pieces in a moment, to the no small entertainment of those who sat near and observed her.

At length the metamorphosed barber took her out, and acted his part with such ridiculous extravagance, that the mirth of the whole company was excited at his expence, and his partner so much ashamed, that before the country dances[7] began, she retired in great confusion, under pretence of being taken suddenly ill, and was followed by her gallant, who, no doubt, imagined her indisposition was nothing but love; and laid hold of the occasion of conducting her home, to comfort her, with an assurance of his entertaining a reciprocal passion.—They were no sooner gone, than an inquisitive whisper of "Who is he?" ran round the room; and Chatter could give them no other intel-

ligence about him, than that he was a man of fortune, just returned from his travels: I, who alone was acquainted with his real quality, affected ignorance, well knowing that female curiosity would not rest satisfied with such a general account, and that the discovery would proceed with a better grace from any body than me.

Mean while, I was tempted by the richness of the prize, to practise upon Miss Gripewell's heart, but soon found it too well fortified with pride and indifference to yield to any efforts in my own character, and I neither would nor could preserve the title I had borrowed longer than that night.

As I expected, every thing came to light next day: The barber, in pure simplicity of heart, detected himself to Melinda, and discovered the foundation of his hopes; she sickened at the affront, and was ashamed to shew her face in public for many weeks after this accident. Poor Chatter found it impossible to justify himself to her satisfaction; was in utter disgrace with Miss Gripewell, for having imposed me upon her as a nobleman; and suffered very much in his character and influence among the ladies in general.

Finding my finances diminished more than one half, and my project as little advanced as on the first day of my arrival in town, I began to despair of my success, and grew melancholy at the prospect of approaching want.—To dispel the horrors of this fiend, I had recourse to the bottle, and kept more company than ever.—I became particularly attached to the play-house, conversed with the actors behind the scenes, grew acquainted with a body of templars,[8] and in a short time commenced a professed wit and critick. Indeed I may say, without vanity, that I was much better qualified than any one of my companions, who were, generally speaking, of all the creatures I ever conversed with, the most ignorant and assuming.—By means of these avocations I got the better of care, and learned to separate my ideas in such a manner, that whenever I was attacked by a gloomy reflexion, I could shove it aside, and call in some agreeable reverie to my assistance.—This was not the case with Strap, who practised a thousand shifts to conceal the sorrow that preyed upon his carcase, and reduced him to the resemblance of a meer skeleton.

While I thus posted, in a thoughtless manner, towards poverty, I one day received, by the penny-post,[9] a letter written in a woman's hand, containing a great many high flown compliments, warm protestations of love, couched in a very poetical stile, an earnest desire of knowing whether or not my heart was engaged, by leaving an answer at a certain place directed to R. B. and the whole subscribed, "Your incognita." I was transported with joy on reading the contents of this billet-doux, which I admired as a master-piece of tenderness and elegance, and was already up to the ears in love with the author, whom my imagination represented as a lady of fortune, in the bloom of youth and beauty.—Elevated with this conjecture, I went to work and exhausted my invention in composing an answer suitable to the sublimity of her stile, and the ardour of her sentiments.—I expressed my admiration of her wit, in terms the most hyperbolical, and while I acknowledged myself unworthy of her regard, declared myself enamoured of her understanding; and, in the most pathetic manner, implored the honour of an interview.—Having finished this performance, and communicated it to Strap, who skipped about for joy, I dispatched him with it to the place appointed, which was the

house of a milliner[10] not far from Bond-street,[11] and desired him to keep watch near the door for some time, that he might discover the person who should call for it.—In less than an hour he returned with a joyful countenance, and told me that soon after he had delivered the letter, a chairman was called, to whom it was given, with directions to carry it to the house of a rich gentleman in the neighbourhood, whither he (Strap) followed him, and saw it put into the hands of a waiting-woman, who paid the messenger, and shut the door;—That upon enquiry at an ale-house hard by, where he called for a pint of beer, he understood, the gentleman to whom the house belonged had an only daughter, very handsome, who would inherit his whole estate; and who certainly was the author of the billet I had received.—I was of the same opinion, and hugging myself in the happy prospect, dressed immediately, and passed in great state by the house that contained my unknown admirer.—Nor was my vanity disappointed; for I perceived a beautiful young creature standing at one of the windows of the dining-room, who, I imagined, observed me with more than common curiosity. That I might indulge her view, and at the same time feast my own, I affected to stop, and gave orders to Strap, in the street, just opposite to her station, by which means I had an opportunity of seeing her more distinctly, and of congratulating myself on having made a conquest of so much perfection.—In a few moments she retired, and I betook myself to the ordinary, in a rapture of hope, which deprived me of my appetite for that meal, and sent me home in the evening to indulge my contemplation.

Early next day, I was favoured with another epistle from my unknown charmer, signifying her unutterable joy at the receipt of mine, which, while it made a tender of my heart, convinced her of the value of it. Above all things, she professed extreme pleasure in finding me so much attached to her understanding, a circumstance that not only flattered her in the most sensible part, but at the same time argued my own sagacity.—As for the interview I desired, she assured me, that I could not be more eager for such an occasion than she; but she must not only sacrifice a little more to decorum, but be satisfied of my honourable intentions, before she would grant that request: Mean while, she gave me to understand, that although she might owe some deference to the opinion of certain persons, she was resolved, in an affair that so nearly concerned her happiness, to consult her own inclination, preferable to the advice of the whole world; especially, as she was urged to such condescension[12] by no consideration of fortune, what she depended upon being her own without restriction or controul.——Struck with admiration at the philosophy and self-denial of my mistress, who seemed insensible of the beauty she possessed; and in particular, ravished with that piece of intelligence, by which I learned her fortune was independent, I resumed the pen, launched out into encomiums on the dignity of her sentiments, affected to undervalue the charms of external beauty, pretended to ground my passion on the qualities of her mind; complained of her rigour in sacrificing my repose to an overscrupulous regard to decorum, and declared the purity of my designs in the most solemn and pathetic vows.——This performance being sealed and directed, was sent to the place appointed, by Strap, who, that we might be still the more confirmed in our belief, renewed his watch, and in a little time brought back the same information as before, with this addition, that Miss Sparkle, (the name of my correspondent) looking out at the window, no sooner saw

the messenger arrive, than she shut the casement in a sort of beautiful confusion, and disappeared; eager, no doubt, to hear from the dear object of her love.

My doubts now vanished, the long expected port appeared, and I looked upon myself as perfectly secure of that happiness I had been in quest of so long.—After dinner, I sauntered in company with doctor Wagtail, to that part of the town in which my inamorata lived; and as he was a meer register,[13] enquired of him into the name, character and fortune of every body who possessed a good house in the streets through which we passed: When it came to his turn, to mention Sir John Sparkle, he represented him as a man of an immense estate and narrow disposition, who mewed up[14] his only child, a fine young lady, from the conversation of mankind, under the strict watch and inspection of an old governante, who was either so honest, envious or insatiable, that no body had been, as yet, able to make her a friend, or get access to her charge, though numbers attempted it every day; not so much on account of her expectations from her father, who being a widower, might marry again, and have sons, as for a fortune of twelve thousand pounds left her by an uncle, of which she could not be deprived.—This piece of news exactly tallying with the last part of the letter I had been honoured with in the morning, had such an effect on me, that any man, except Wagtail, might have observed my emotion; but his attention was too much engrossed by the contemplation of his own importance, to suffer him to be affected with the deportment of any other body, unless it happened to be so particular, that he could not help taking notice of it.

When I had disengaged myself from him, whose conversation grew insipid to me, I went home, and made Strap acquainted with the fruits of my researches.——This faithful squire was almost choaked with transport, and even wept with joy; but whether on account of himself or me, I shall not pretend to determine.———Next day a third billet-doux was brought to me, containing many expressions of tenderness, mingled with some affecting doubts about the artifice of man, the inconstancy of youth, and the jealousy often attending the most sincere passion; withal desiring I would excuse her, if she should try me a little longer, before she declared herself beyond the power of retracting.—These interesting scruples added fuel to my flame, and impatience to my hope; I redoubled my complaints of her indifference, and pressed her to an assignation with such fervid intreaties, that in a few days, she consented to meet me at the house of that milliner who had forwarded all my letters.—During the interval between the date of her promise, and the hour of appointment, my pride soared beyond all reason and description; I lost all remembrance of the gentle Narcissa, and my thoughts were wholly employed in planning triumphs over the malice and contempt of the world.

At length the happy hour arrived, I flew to the place of rendezvous, and was conducted into an apartment, where I had not waited ten minutes, when I heard the rustling of silk and the sound of feet ascending the stairs: My heart took the alarm, and beat quick, my cheeks glowed, my nerves thrilled, and my knees shook with extasy! I perceived the door opening, saw a gold brocade petticoat advance, and sprung forward to embrace my charmer.——Heaven and earth! how shall I paint my situation, when I found Miss Sparkle converted into a wrinkled hag turned of seventy! I was struck dumb with amazement, and petrified with horror! This ancient urganda[15] per-

ceived my disorder, and approaching with a languishing air, seized my hand, asking in a squeaking tone, if I was indisposed.—Her monstrous affectation completed the disgust I had conceived for her at first appearance; and it was a long time before I could command myself so much, as to behave with common civility: At length, however, I recollected myself, and pronounced an apology for my behaviour, which, I said, proceeded from a dizziness that seized me all of a sudden.—My hoary Dulcinea, who, no doubt, had been alarmed at my confusion, no sooner learned the cause, to which I now ascribed it, than she discovered her joy in a thousand amorous coquetries, and assumed the sprightly airs of a girl of sixteen. One while, she ogled me with her dim eyes, quenched in rheum; then, as if she was ashamed of that freedom, she affected to look down, blush, and play with her fan, then toss her head that I might not perceive a palsy that shook it, ask some childish questions with a lisping accent, giggle and grin with her mouth shut, to conceal the ravages of time upon her teeth, leer upon me again, sigh piteously, fling herself about in her chair to shew her agility, and act a great many more absurdities that youth and beauty can alone excuse.—Shocked as I was at my disappointment, my disposition was incapable of affronting any person who loved me; I therefore endeavoured to put a good face on the matter for the present, resolved to drop the whole affair as soon as I should get clear of her company; with this view, I uttered some civil things, and in particular desired to know the name and condition of the lady who had honoured me so much.—She told me her name was Withers, that she lived with Sir John Sparkle, in quality of governess to his only daughter, in which situation she had picked up a comfortable sufficiency to make her easy for life; that she had the pleasure of seeing me at church, where my appearance and deportment made such an impression upon her heart, that she could enjoy no ease until she had inquired into my character, which she found so amiable in all respects, that she yielded to the violence of her inclination, and ventured to declare her passion, with too little regard perhaps to the decorum of her sex; but she hoped I would forgive a trespass of which I myself was in some measure the cause, and impute her intrusion to the irresistible dictates of love.—No decayed rake ever swallowed a bolus with more reluctance than I felt in making a reply suitable to this compliment, when, instead of the jewel, I found the crazy[16] casket only in my power; and yet my hopes began to revive a little, when I considered, that by carrying on the appearance of an intrigue with the duenna, I might possibly obtain access to her charge. Encouraged by this suggestion, my temper grew more serene, my reserve wore off, I talked *en cavalier*,[17] and even made love to this antiquated coquette, who seemed extremely happy in her adorer, and spread all her allurements to make her imagined conquest more secure.——The good woman of the house treated us with tea and sweetmeats, and afterwards withdrew, like a civil experienced matron as she was.—Left thus to our mutual endearments, Miss Withers, (for she was still a maiden) began to talk of matrimony, and expressed so much impatience in all her behaviour, that, had she been fifty years younger, I might possibly have gratified her longing without having recourse to the church; but this step my virtue as well as interest forbad. When the inclinations of an old maid settle upon a young fellow, he is persecuted with her addresses; but, should he once grant her the favour, he will never be able to disentangle himself from her importunities and reproaches. It was my

COOKE's EDITION OF SELECT NOVELS.
RODERIC RANDOM, VOL. II. Ch. 14. P.
Roderic Random's disappointment on his interview with the affected old Maid Miss Withers.
H. Hamilton, delin.t
Engraved for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row. Feb.y 16. 1793.
W. Hawkins, sculp.t

"Roderic Random's disappointment on his interview with the affected old Maid Miss Withers" by Hawkins after Hamilton. (The James Kent Collection, Rare Book & Manuscript Library, Columbia University in the City of New York.)

business to defer the ceremony as long as possible, under the most specious pretences, with a view of becoming acquainted with Miss Sparkle, in the mean time; and I did not despair of success, when I considered, that in the course of our correspondence I should, in all probability, be invited to visit my mistress in her own apartment, and by these means have an opportunity of conversing with her charming ward. Pleased with this prospect, my heart dilated with joy, I talked in raptures to the stale gouvernante, and kissed her shriveled hand with great devotion. She was so much transported with her good fortune, that she could not contain her extasy, but flew upon me like a tygress,[18] and pressed her skinny lips to mine; when (as it was no doubt concerted by her evil genius) a dose of garlic she had swallowed that morning, to dispel wind,[19] I suppose, began to operate with such a sudden explosion, that human nature, circumstanced as I was, could not endure the shock with any degree of temper.—I lost all patience and reflexion, flung away from her in an instant, snatched my hat and cane, and ran down stairs as if the devil had me in pursuit, and could scarce restrain the convulsion of my bowels, which were grievously offended by the perfume that assaulted me.—Strap, who waited my return with impatience, seeing me arrive in the utmost disorder, stood motionless with apprehension, and durst not enquire into the cause.

After I had washed my mouth more than once, and recruited my spirits with a glass of wine, I recounted to him every particular of what had happened; to which he made no other reply for some time, than lifting up his eyes, clasping his hands, and uttering a hollow groan.—At length he observed, in a melancholly tone, that it was a thousand pities my organs were so delicate as to be offended with the smell of garlic: "Ah! God help us," said he, "'tis not the steams of garlic: no, nor something else, that would give me the least uneasiness—see what it is to be a cobler's son."—I replied hastily, "I wish then, you would go and retrieve my miscarriage."—At this suggestion he started, forced a smile, and left the room, shaking his head. Whether the old gentlewoman resented my abrupt departure so much, that her love changed into disdain, or was ashamed to see me on account of her infirmity, I know not, but I was never troubled again with her passion.

CHAPTER LI.

I cultivate an acquaintance with two noblemen——am introduced to Earl Strutwell——his kind promise and invitation——the behaviour of his porter and lacquey——he receives me with an appearance of uncommon affection——undertakes to speak in my behalf to the minister——informs me of his success, and wishes me joy——introduces a conversation about Petronius Arbiter——falls in love with my watch, which I press upon him——I make a present of a diamond ring to lord Straddle——impart my good fortune to Strap and Banter, who dissabuses me, to my utter mortification.

Baffled hitherto in my matrimonial schemes, I began to question my talents for the science of fortune-hunting, and to bend my thoughts towards some employment under the government: With the view of procuring which, I cultivated the acquaintance of Lords Straddle and Swillpot, whose fathers were men of interest at court.—I found these young noblemen as open to my advances as I could desire: I accompanied them in their midnight rambles, and often dined with them at taverns, where I had the honour of paying the reckoning.

I one day took the opportunity, while I was loaded with protestations of friendship, to disclose my desire of being settled in some sine-cure; and to sollicit their influence in my behalf.——Swillpot squeezing my hand, said, I might depend upon his service, by God. The other swore that no man would be more proud than he to run my errands. Encouraged by these declarations I ventured to express an inclination to be introduced to their fathers, who were able to do my business at once. Swillpot frankly owned he had not spoke to his father these three years; and Straddle assured me his father having lately disobliged the minister, by subscribing his name to a protest in the house of peers,[1] was thereby rendered incapable of serving his friends at present; but he undertook to make me acquainted with Earl Strutwell, who was hand and glove with a certain person who ruled the roast.[2] This offer I embraced with many acknowledgments, and plied him so closely, in spite of a thousand evasions, that he found himself under a necessity of keeping his word, and actually carried me to the levee[3] of this great man, where he left me in a crowd of fellow-dependents, and was ushered to a particular closet-audience;[4] from whence, in a few minutes, he returned with his lordship, who took me by the hand, assured me he would do me all the service he could, and desired to see me often.—I was charmed with my reception, and although I had heard that a courtier's promise is not to be depended upon, I thought I discovered so much sweetness of temper and candour in this Earl's countenance, that I did not doubt of finding my account in his protection.—I resolved therefore, to profit by this permission, and

waited on him next audience-day, when I was favoured with a particular smile, squeeze of the hand, and a whisper, signifying that he wanted half an hour's conversation with me in private, when he should be disengaged, and for that purpose desired me to come and drink a dish of chocolate with him to-morrow morning.—This invitation, which did not a little flatter my vanity and expectation, I took care to observe, and went to his lordship's house at the time appointed. Having rapped at the gate, the porter unbolted and kept it half open, placing himself in the gap, like soldiers in a breach, to dispute my passage.—I asked if his lord was stirring?—He answered with a surly aspect, "No."—"At what hour does he commonly rise?" said I. "Sometimes sooner, sometimes later," (said he, closing the door upon me by degrees.)—I then told him, I was come, by his lordship's own appointment. To which intimation this Cerberus[5] replied, "I have received no orders about the matter;" and was upon the point of shutting me out, when I recollected myself all of a sudden, and slipping a crown into his hand, begged, as a favour, that he would enquire and let me know whether or not the Earl was up. The grim janitor[6] relented at the touch of my money, which he took with all the indifference of a tax-gatherer, and shewed me into a parlour, where, he said, I might amuse myself till such time as his lord should be awake.—I had not sat ten minutes in this place, when a footman entered, and without speaking, stared at me; I interpreted this piece of his behaviour into "Pray, Sir, what is your business?" and asked the same question I had put to the porter, when I accosted him first. The lacquey made the same reply, and disappeared before I could get any further intelligence.—In a little time he returned, on pretence of poking the fire, and looked at me again with great earnestness; upon which I began to perceive his meaning, and tipping him with half a crown, desired he would be so good as to fall upon some method of letting the Earl know that I was in the house.—He made a low bow, said, "Yes, Sir," and vanished.—This bounty was not thrown away, for in an instant he came back, and conducted me to a chamber, where I was received with great kindness and familiarity by his lordship, whom I found just risen, in his morning gown and slippers.—After breakfast, he entered into a particular conversation with me about my travels, the remarks I had made abroad, and examined me to the full extent of my understanding.—My answers seemed to please him very much, he frequently squeezed my hand, and looking at me with a singular complacency in his countenance, bade me depend upon his good offices with the ministry in my behalf. "Young men of your qualifications," said he, "ought to be cherished by every administration——For my own part, I see so little merit in the world, that I have laid it down as a maxim, to encourage the least appearance of genius and virtue, to the utmost of my power—you have a great deal of both; and will not fail of making a figure one day, if I am not mistaken; but you must lay your account with mounting by gradual steps to the summit of your fortune.—*Rome was not built in a day*.[7]—As you understand the languages perfectly well, how would you like to cross the sea as secretary to an embassy?"—I assured his lordship, with great eagerness, that nothing could be more agreeable to my inclination: Upon which he bade me make myself easy, my business was done, for he had a place of that kind in his view.—This piece of generosity affected me so much, that I was unable for some time to express my gratitude, which at length broke out in acknowledgments of my own unworthiness, and encomiums on

his benevolence.—I could not even help shedding tears, at the goodness of this noble lord, who no sooner perceived them than he caught me in his arms, and hugged and kissed me with a seemingly paternal affection.—Confounded at this uncommon instance of fondness for a stranger, I remained a few moments silent and ashamed, then rose and took my leave, after he had assured me that he would speak to the minister in my favour, that very day; and desired that I would not for the future give myself the trouble of attending at his levee, but come at the same hour every day, when he should be at leisure, that is, three times a week.

Though my hopes were now very sanguine, I determined to conceal my prospect from every body, even from Strap, until I should be more certain of success; and in the mean time, give my patron no respite from my sollicitations.—When I renewed my visit, I found the street-door opened to me as if by enchantment; but in my passage towards the presence-room, I was met by the *valet de chambre*, who cast some furious looks at me, the meaning of which I could not comprehend. The Earl saluted me at entrance with a tender embrace, and wished me joy of his success with the Premier,[8] who, he said, had preferred his recommendation to that of two other noblemen very urgent in behalf of their respective friends, and absolutely promised that I should go to a certain foreign court in quality of secretary to an embassador and plenipotentiary,[9] who was to set out in a few weeks, on an affair of vast importance to the nation. I was thunder-struck with my good fortune, and could make no other reply, than kneel and attempt to kiss my benefactor's hand, which submission he would not permit, but raising me up, pressed me to his breast with surprizing emotion, and told me he had now taken upon himself the care of making my fortune.—What inhanced the value of the benefit still the more, was his making light of the favour, and shifting the conversation to another subject: Among other topics of discourse, that of the *Belle Lettre* was introduced, upon which his lordship held forth with great taste and erudition, and discovered an intimate knowledge of the authors of antiquity.—"Here's a book, (said he, taking one from his bosom) written with great elegance and spirit, and though the subject may give offence to some narrow-minded people, the author will always be held in esteem by every person of wit and learning." So saying, he put into my hand Petronius Arbiter,[10] and asked my opinion of his wit and manner.—I told him, that in my opinion, he wrote with great ease and vivacity, but was withal so lewd and indecent, that he ought to find no quarter or protection among people of morals and taste.—"I own (replied the Earl) that his taste in love is generally decried, and indeed condemned by our laws; but perhaps that may be more owing to prejudice and misapprehension, than to true reason and deliberation.—The best man among the ancients[11] is said to have entertained that passion;[12] one of the wisest of their legislators[13] has permitted the indulgence of it in his commonwealth; the most celebrated poets[14] have not scrupled to avow it: at this day it prevails not only over all the east, but in most parts of Europe; in our own country it gains ground apace, and in all probability will become in a short time a more fashionable vice than simple fornication.[15]—Indeed there is something to be said in vindication of it, for notwithstanding the severity of the law[16] against offenders in this way, it must be confessed that the practice of this passion is unattended with that curse and burden upon society, which proceeds from a race of miserable and

deserted bastards, who are either murdered by their parents, deserted to the utmost want and wretchedness, or bred up to prey upon the commonwealth: And it likewise prevents the debauchery of many a young maiden, and the prostitution of honest men's wives; not to mention the consideration of health, which is much less liable to be impaired in the gratification of this appetite, than in the exercise of common venery, which by ruining the constitutions of our young men, has produced a puny progeny that degenerates from generation to generation: Nay, I have been told, that there is another motive perhaps more powerful than all these, that induces people to cultivate this inclination; namely, the exquisite pleasure attending its success."

From this discourse, I began to be apprehensive that his lordship finding I had travelled, was afraid I might have been infected with this spurious and sordid desire abroad, and took this method of sounding my sentiments on the subject.—Fired at this supposed suspicion, I argued against it with great warmth, as an appetite unnatural, absurd, and of pernicious consequence; and declared my utter detestation and abhorrence of it in these lines of the satyrist.[17]

> "Eternal infamy the wretch confound
> Who planted first that vice on British ground!
> A vice! that 'spite of sense and nature reigns,
> And poisons genial[18] love, and manhood stains."

The Earl smiled at my indignation, told me he was glad to find my opinion of the matter so conformable to his own, and that what he had advanced was only to provoke me to an answer, with which he professed himself perfectly well pleased.

After I had enjoyed a long audience, I happened to look at my watch, in order to regulate my motions by it; and his lordship observing the chased case, desired to see the device, and examine the execution, which he approved with some expressions of admiration.—Considering the obligations I lay under to his lordship, I thought there could not be a fitter opportunity than the present to manifest, in some shape, my gratitude; I therefore begged he would do me the honour to accept of the watch, as a small testimony of the sense I had of his lordship's generosity; but he refused it in a peremptory manner, and said, he was sorry I should entertain such a mercenary opinion of him, observing, at the same time, that it was the most beautiful piece of workmanship he had ever seen; and desiring to know where he could have such another. I begged a thousand pardons for the freedom I had taken, which I hoped he would impute to nothing else than the highest veneration for his person——told him that as it came to my hand by accident in France, I could give him no information about the maker, for there was no name on the inside; and once more humbly intreated that he would indulge me so far as to use it for my sake.—He was still positive in refusing it; but was pleased to thank me for my generous offer, saying, it was a present that no nobleman need be ashamed of receiving; though he was resolved to shew his disinterestedness with regard to me, for whom he had conceived a particular friendship; and insisted (if I was willing to part with the watch) upon knowing what it had cost, that he might at least indemnify me, by refunding the money. On the other hand, I assured his lordship, that I should look upon it as an uncommon mark of distinction, if he would take

it without further question; and rather than disoblige me, he was at last persuaded to put it in his pocket, to my no small satisfaction, who took my leave immediately, after having received a kind squeeze, and an injunction to depend upon his promise.

Buoyed up with this reception, my heart opened, I gave away a guinea among the lacqueys, who escorted me to the door, flew to the lodgings of Lord Straddle, upon whom I forced my diamond ring, as an acknowledgement for the great service he had done me, and from thence hied me home, with an intent of sharing my happiness with honest Strap.—I determined, however, to heighten his pleasure, by depressing his spirits at first, and then bringing in the good news with double relish.—For this purpose I affected the appearance of disappointment and chagrin, and told him in an abrupt manner, that I had lost the watch and diamond. Poor Hugh, who had been already harrassed into a consumption[19] by intelligence of this sort, no sooner heard these words, than, unable to contain himself, he cried with distraction in his looks, "God in heaven forbid!"—I could carry on the farce no longer, but laughing in his face, told him every thing that had passed, as above recited. His features were immediately unbended, and the transition so affecting, that he wept with joy, calling my Lord Strutwell by the appellations of Jewel, Phœnix, *Rara avis*;[20] and praising God, that there was still some virtue left among our nobility.—Our mutual congratulations being over, we gave way to our imagination, and anticipated our happiness by prosecuting our success through the different steps of promotion, till I arrived at the rank of a prime minister, and he to that of my first secretary.

Intoxicated with these ideas I went to the ordinary, where, meeting with Banter, I communicated the whole affair in confidence to him, concluding with an assurance that I would do him all the service in my power.—He heard me to an end with great patience, then regarding me a good while with a look of disdain, pronounced, "So, your business is done, you think?"—"As good as done, I believe," (said I.)——"I'll tell you (replied he) what will do it still more effectually——A halter—'Sdeath! if I had been such a gull to two such scoundrels as Strutwell and Straddle, I would without any more ado tuck myself up."[21] Shocked at this exclamation, I desired him with some confusion to explain himself: Upon which he gave me to understand, that Straddle was a poor contemptible wretch, who lived by borrowing and pimping for his fellow peers; that, in consequence of this last capacity, he had doubtless, introduced me to Strutwell, who was so notorious for a passion for his own sex, that he was amazed his character had never reached my ears; and that, far from being able to obtain for me the post he had promised, his interest at court was so low, that he could scarce provide for a superannuated footman once a year, in the Customs or Excise;[22]———that it was a common thing for him to amuse strangers whom his jack-calls[23] ran down, with such assurances and caresses as he had bestowed on me, until he had stript them of their cash and every thing valuable about them;—very often of their chastity, and then leave them a prey to want and infamy;—that he allowed his servants no other wages than that part of the spoil which they could glean by their industry; and the whole of his conduct towards me was so glaring, that no body who knew any thing of mankind could have been imposed upon by his insinuations.

I leave the reader to judge how I relished this piece of information, which precipi-

tated me from the most exalted pinnacle of hope to the lowest abyss of despondence, and well nigh determined me to take Banter's advice, and finish my chagrin with a halter—I had no room to suspect the veracity of my friend, because, upon recollection, I found every circumstance of Strutwell's behaviour exactly tallying with the character he had described: His hugs, embraces, squeezes, and eager looks, were now no longer a mystery; no more than his defence of Petronius, and the jealous frown of his *valet de chambre*, who, it seems, had been the favourite pathic[24] of his lord.

CHAPTER LII.

I attempt to recover my watch and jewel, but to no purpose——resolve to revenge myself on Strutwell by my importunity——am reduced to my last guinea——obliged to inform Strap of my necessity, who is almost distracted with the news——but nevertheless obliged to pawn my best sword for present subsistence——that small supply being exhausted, I am almost stupified with my misfortunes——go to the gaming-table, by the advice of Banter, and come off with unexpected success——Strap's extacy——Mrs. Gawky waits upon me, professes remorse for her perfidy, and implores my assistance——I do myself a piece of justice by her means, and afterwards reconcile her to her father.

I was so confounded that I could make no reply to Banter; who reproached me with great indignation for having thrown away upon rascals, that which, had it been converted into ready money, would have supported the rank of a gentleman for some months, and enabled me at the same time, to oblige my friends.——Stupified as I was, I could easily divine the source of his concern, but sneaked away in a solitary manner, without yielding the least answer to his expostulations; and began to deliberate with myself in what manner I should attempt to retrieve the moveables I had so foolishly lost.—I should have thought it no robbery to take them again by force, could I have done it without any danger of being detected; but as I could have no such opportunity, I resolved to work by finesse, and go immediately to the lodgings of Straddle, where I was so fortunate as to find him.—"My Lord, (said I) I have just now recollected, that the diamond I had the honour of presenting to you, is loosened a little in the socket, and there is a young fellow just arrived from Paris, who is reckoned the best jeweller in Europe; I knew him in France, and if your Lordship will give me leave, will carry the ring to him to be set to rights."—His lordship was not to be caught in this snare—he

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thanked me for my offer, and told me, that having himself observed the defect, he had already sent it to his own jeweller to be mended.—And indeed, by this time I believe it was in the jeweller's hands,[1] though not in order to be mended, for, it stood in need of no alteration.

Baulked in this piece of politics, I cursed my simplicity; but resolved to play a surer game with the Earl, which I thus devised.—I did not doubt of being admitted into familiar conversation with him, as before, and hoped by some means to get the watch into my hand, then, on pretence of winding or playing with it, drop it on the floor, when, in all probability, the fall would disorder the work so as to stop its motion: This event would furnish me with an opportunity, of insisting upon carrying it away, in order to be repaired; and then, I should have been in no hurry to bring it back.—What pity it was I could not find an occasion of putting this fine scheme in execution! When I went to renew my visit to his lordship, my access to the parlour was as free as ever; but after I had waited some time, the *valet de chambre* came in with his Lord's compliments, and a desire to see me to-morrow at his levee, he being at present so much indisposed that he could not see company.—I interpreted this message into a bad omen, and came away muttering curses against his lordship's politeness, and ready to go to logger-heads with myself for being so egregiously duped.—But, that I might have some satisfaction for the loss I had sustained, I besieged him closely at his levee, and persecuted him with my sollicitations; not without faint hopes indeed, of reaping something more from my industry, than the bare pleasure of making him uneasy; though I could never obtain another private hearing, during the whole course of my attendance; neither had I resolution enough, to undeceive Strap, whose looks in a little time, were so whetted with impatience, that whenever I came home, his eyes devoured me, as it were, with eagerness of attention.

At length, however, finding myself reduced to my last guinea, I was compelled to disclose my necessity, though I endeavoured to sweeten the discovery by rehearsing to him the daily assurances I received from my patron.—But these promises were not of efficacy sufficient to support the spirits of my friend, who no sooner understood the lowness of my finances, than uttering a dreadful groan, he exclaimed; "In the name of God, what shall we do?"—In order to comfort him, I said, that many of my acquaintance, who were in a worse condition than we, supported notwithstanding, the character of gentlemen; and advising him to thank God that we had as yet incurred no debt, proposed he should pawn my sword of steel inlaid with gold, and trust to my discretion for the rest. This expedient was wormwood and gall[2] to poor Strap, who, in spite of his invincible affection for me, still retained notions of œconomy and expence suitable to the narrowness of his education; nevertheless he complied with my request, and raised seven pieces[3] on the sword in a twinkling.—This supply, inconsiderable as it was, made me as happy for the present, as if I had kept five hundred pounds in bank; for by this time I was so well skilled in procrastinating every troublesome reflection, that the prospect of want seldom affected me very much, let it be ever so near.—And now indeed it was nearer than I imagined; my landlord having occasion for money, put me in mind of my being indebted to him five guineas in lodging; and telling me he had a sum to make up, begged I would excuse his importunity, and discharge the debt.—Though

I could ill spare so much cash, my pride took the resolution of disbursing it. This I did in a cavalier manner, after he had written a discharge, telling him with an air of scorn and resentment, I saw he was resolved that I should not be long in his books; while Strap, who stood by, and knew my circumstances, wrung his hands in secret, gnawed his nether lip, and turned yellow with despair.—Whatever appearance of indifference my vanity enabled me to put on, I was thunderstruck with this demand, which I had no sooner satisfied, than I hastened into company, with a view of beguiling my cares with conversation, or of drowning them in wine.

After dinner, a party was accordingly made in the coffee-house, from whence we adjourned to the tavern, where, instead of sharing the mirth of the company, I was as much chagrined at their good humour as a damned soul in hell would be at a glimpse of heaven.—In vain did I swallow bumper after bumper! the wine had lost its effect upon me, and far from raising my dejected spirits, could not even lay me asleep.—Banter, who was the only intimate I had (Strap excepted) perceived my anxiety, and when we broke up, reproached me with pusillanimity, for being cast down at any disappointment that such a rascal as Strutwell could be the occasion of.—I told him I did not at all see how Strutwell's being a rascal alleviated my misfortune; and gave him to understand that my present grief did not so much proceed from that disappointment, as from the low ebb of my fortune, which was sunk to something less than two guineas. At this declaration, he cried, "Psha! is that all?" and assured me, there were a thousand ways of living in town without fortune, he himself having subsisted many years entirely by his wit. I expressed an eager desire of being acquainted with some of these methods, and he, without further expostulation, bad me follow him.—He conducted me to a house under the piazzas in Covent-Garden,[4] which we entered, and having delivered our swords to a grim fellow who demanded them at the foot of the stair-case, ascended to the second story, where I saw multitudes of people standing round two gaming tables, loaded in a manner, with gold and silver.—My conductor told me this was the house of a worthy Scotch Lord,[5] who using the privilege of his peerage, had set up public gaming tables, from the profits of which he drew a comfortable livelihood.—He then explained the difference between the *sitters* and the *betters*;[6] characterized the first as old rooks,[7] and the last as bubbles;[8] and advised me to try my fortune at the silver table by betting a crown at a time.—Before I would venture any thing, I considered the company more particularly, and there appeared such a groupe of villainous faces, that I was struck with horror and astonishment at the sight! and signified my surprize to Banter, who whispered in my ear, that the bulk of those present were sharpers, highwaymen, and apprentices, who having embezzled their masters cash, made a desperate push in this place, to make up their deficiencies.—This account did not encourage me to hazard any part of my small pittance; but at length being teized by the importunities of my friend, who assured me there was no danger of being ill used, because people were hired by the owner to see justice done to everybody, I began by risquing one shilling, and in less than an hour my winning amounted to thirty. Convinced by this time of the fairness of the game, and animated with success, there was no need of further persuasion to continue the play: I lent Banter (who seldom had any money in his pocket) a guinea, which he carried to the gold table[9] and lost in a

moment.—He would have borrowed another, but finding me deaf to his arguments, went away in a pet.—Mean while my gain advanced to six pieces, and my desire of more increased in proportion; so that I moved to the higher table, where I laid half a guinea on every throw, and fortune still favouring me, I became a sitter, in which capacity I remained until it was broad day; when I found myself, after many vicissitudes, one hundred and fifty guineas in pocket.

Thinking it now high time to retire with my booty, I asked if any body would take my place, and made a motion to rise; upon which an old Gascon, who sat opposite to me, and of whom I had won a little money, started up with fury in his looks, crying, "*Restez foutro*, *restez*, *il faut donner moi mon ravanchio!*"[10] At the same time, a Jew who sat near the other, insinuated that I was more beholden to art than fortune, for what I had got; that he had observed me wipe the table very often, and that some of the divisions seemed to be greazy. This intimation produced a great deal of clamour against me, especially amongst the losers, who threatned, with many oaths and imprecations, to take me up by a warrant as a sharper, unless I would compromise the affair, by refunding the greatest part of my winning.—Though I was far from being easy under this accusation, I relied upon my innocence, threatned in my turn to prosecute the Jew for defamation, and boldly offered to submit my cause to the examination of any justice in Westminster; but they knew themselves too well to put their characters on that issue, and finding I was not to be intimidated into any concession, dropt their plea, and made way for me to withdraw.—I would not however, stir from the table, until the Israelite had retracted what he said to my disadvantage, and asked pardon before the whole assembly.

As I marched out with my prize, I happened to tread upon the toes of a tall rawboned fellow, with a hooked nose, fierce eyes, black thick eye-brows, a pig-tail wig of the same colour, and a formidable hat pulled over his forehead, who stood gnawing his fingers in the crowd, and no sooner felt the application of my shoe-heel, than he roared out in a tremendous voice, "Blood and wounds! you son of a whore, what's that for?"—I asked pardon with a great deal of submission, and protested I had no intention of hurting him; but the more I humbled myself the more he stormed, and insisted upon gentlemanly satisfaction, at the same time provoking me with scandalous names that I could not put up with; so that I gave a loose to my passion, returned his Billingsgate, and challenged him to follow me down to the piazzas.—His indignation cooling as mine warmed, he refused my invitation, saying he would choose his own time, and returned towards the table, muttering threats, which I neither dreaded, nor distinctly heard; but descending with great deliberation, received my sword from the door-keeper, whom I gratified with a guinea, according to the custom of the place, and went home in a rapture of joy.

My faithful valet, who had sat up all night in the utmost uneasiness on my account, let me in with his face beslubber'd with tears, and followed me to my chamber, where he stood silent like a condemned criminal, in expectation of hearing that every shilling was spent.—I guessed the situation of his thoughts, and assuming a sullen look, bad him fetch me some water to wash.—He replied, without lifting his eyes from the ground, "In my simple conjecture, you have more occasion for rest, not having (I sup-

pose) slept these four and twenty hours."—"Bring me some water," (said I in a peremptory tone;) upon which he sneaked away shrugging his shoulders. Before he returned I had spread my whole stock on the table in the most ostentatious manner; so that when it first saluted his view, he stood like one intranced, and having rubbed his eyes more than once, to assure himself of his being awake, broke out into, "Lord have mercy upon us, what a vast treasure is here!" "'Tis all our own, Strap, (said I) take what is necessary, and redeem the sword immediately."—He advanced towards the table, stopt short by the way, looked at the money and me by turns, and with a wildness in his countenance, produced from joy checked by distrust, cried, "I dare say, it is honestly come by." To remove his scruples, I made him acquainted with the whole story of my success, which when he heard, he danced about the room in an extasy, crying "God be praised!—a white stone![11]—God be praised!—a white stone!" So that I was afraid the sudden change of fortune had disordered his intellects, and that he was run mad with joy.—Extremely concerned at this event, I attempted to reason him out of his frenzy, but to no purpose; for, without regarding what I said, he continued to frisk up and down, and repeat his rhapsody of "God be praised! a white stone!" At last I rose, in the utmost consternation, and laying violent hands upon him, put a stop to his extravagance, by fixing him down to a settee that was in the room.—This constraint banished his delirium; he started, as if just awoke, and terrified at my behaviour, cried, "What is the matter?" When he learned the cause of my apprehension, he was ashamed of his transports, and told me, that in mentioning the white stone, he alluded to the *Dies fasti* of the Romans, *albo lapide notati*.[12]

Having no inclination to sleep, I secured my cash, dressed, and was just going abroad, when the servant of the house told me, there was a gentlewoman at the door, who wanted to speak with me.—Surprized at this information, I bade Strap shew her up, and in less than a minute saw a young woman of a shabby decayed appearance enter my room. After half a dozen court'sies, she began to sob, and told me her name was Gawky;[13] upon which information I immediately recollected the features of Miss Lavement, who had been the first occasion of my misfortunes.—Though I had all the reason in the world, to resent her treacherous behaviour to me, I was moved at her distress, and professing my sorrow at seeing her so reduced, desired her to sit, and enquired into the particulars of her situation.—She fell upon her knees, and implored my forgiveness for the injuries she had done me, protesting before God, that she was forced against her inclination, into that hellish conspiracy which had almost deprived me of my life, by the intreaties of her husband, who having been afterwards renounced by his father on account of his marriage with her, and unable to support a family on his pay, left his wife at her father's house, and went with the regiment to Germany, where he was broke[14] for misbehaviour at the battle of Dettingen; since which time she had heard no tidings of him. She then gave me to understand, with many symptoms of penitence, that it was her misfortune to bear a child four months after marriage, by which event her parents were so incensed, that she was turned out of doors with the infant, that died soon after; and had hitherto subsisted in a miserable indigent manner, on the extorted charity of a few friends, who were now quite tired of giving; that not knowing where or how to support herself one day longer, she had fled for succour

even to me, who of all mankind had the least cause to assist her, relying upon the generosity of my disposition, which, she hoped, would be pleased with this opportunity of avenging itself in the noblest manner, on the wretch who had wronged me.—I was very much affected with her discourse, and having no cause to suspect the sincerity of her repentance, raised her up, freely pardoned all she had done against me, and promised to befriend her as much as lay in my power.

Since my last arrival in London, I had made no advances to the apothecary, imagining it would be impossible for me to make my innocence appear, so unhappily was my accusation circumstanced: Strap indeed had laboured to justify me to the school-master; but far from succeeding in his attempt, Mr. Concordance dropt all correspondence with him, because he refused to quit his connexion with me.—Things being in this situation, I thought a fairer opportunity of vindicating my character could not offer, than that which now presented itself;—I therefore stipulated with Mrs. Gawkey, that before I would yield her the least assistance, she should do me the justice to clear my reputation, by explaining upon oath before a magistrate, the whole of the conspiracy, as it had been executed against me.—When she had given me this satisfaction, I presented her with five guineas, a sum so much above her expectation, that she could scarce believe the evidence of her senses, and was ready to worship me for my benevolence.—The declaration signed with her own hand I sent to her father, who, upon recollecting and comparing the circumstances of my charge, was convinced of my integrity, and waited on me next day, in company with his friend the schoolmaster, to whom he had communicated my vindication.—After mutual salutation, Monsieur Lavement began a long apology for the unjust treatment I had received; but I saved him a good deal of breath, by interrupting his harrangue, and assuring him that, far from entertaining a resentment against him, I thought myself obliged to his lenity, which allowed me to escape, after such strong presumptions of guilt appeared against me. Mr. Concordance thinking it now his turn to speak, observed, that Mr. Random had too much candour and sagacity to be disobliged at their conduct, which, all things considered, could not have been otherwise, with any honesty of intention. "Indeed," said he, "if the plot had been unravelled to us by any supernatural intelligence; if it had been whispered by a genie, communicated by a dream, or revealed by an angel from on high, we should have been to blame in crediting ocular demonstration;—but as we were left in the mist of mortality, it cannot be expected we should be incapable of imposition.—I do assure you, Mr. Random, no man on earth is more pleased than I am at this triumph of your character; and as the news of your misfortune panged me to the very intrails, this manifestation of your innocence makes my midrif quiver with joy."—I thanked him for his concern, desired them to undeceive those of their acquaintance who judged harshly of me, and having treated them with a glass of wine, represented to Lavement the deplorable condition of his daughter, and pleaded her cause so effectually, that he consented to settle a small annuity on her for life; but could not be persuaded to take her home, because her mother was so much incensed that she would never see her.

CHAPTER LIII.

I purchase new cloaths——reprimand Strutwell and Straddle——Banter proposes another matrimonial scheme——I accept of his terms——set out for Bath in a stage-coach, with the young lady and her mother——the behaviour of an officer and lawyer, our fellow-travellers described——a smart dialogue between my mistress and the captain.

Having finished this affair to my satisfaction, I found myself perfectly at ease, and looking upon the gaming-table as a certain resource for a gentleman in want, became more gay than ever.—Although my cloaths were almost as good as new, I grew ashamed of wearing them, because I thought every body, by this time, had got an inventory of my wardrobe.—For which reason, I disposed of a good part of my apparel to a salesman in Monmouth-street,[1] for half the value, and bought two new suits with the money. I likewise purchased a plain gold watch, despairing of recovering that which I had so foolishly given to Strutwell, whom, notwithstanding, I still continued to visit at his levée, until the embassador he had mentioned, set out with a secretary of his own choosing.—I thought myself then at liberty to expostulate with his lordship, whom I treated with great freedom in a letter, for amusing me with vain hopes, when he neither had the power nor inclination to provide for me.—Nor was I less reserved with Straddle, whom I in person reproached for misrepresenting to me the character of Strutwell, which I did not scruple to aver was infamous in every respect.—He seemed very much enraged at my freedom, talked a great deal about his quality and honour, and began to make some comparisons which I thought so injurious to mine, that I demanded an explanation with great warmth; and he was mean enough to equivocate, and condescend in such a manner, that I left him with a hearty contempt of his behaviour.

About this time Banter, who had observed a surprizing and sudden alteration in my appearance and disposition, began to enquire very minutely into the cause; and as I did not think fit to let him know the true state of the affair, lest he might make free with my purse, on the strength of having proposed the scheme that filled it, I told him that I had received a small supply from a relation in the country, who at the same time had promised to use all his interest (which was not small) in solliciting some post for me that should make me easy for life.—"If that be the case (said Banter) perhaps you won't care to mortify yourself a little, in making your fortune another way. I have a relation who is to set out for Bath next week, with an only daughter, who being sickly and decrepid, intends to drink the waters[2] for the recovery of her health.—Her father, who was a rich Turkey merchant,[3] died about a year ago, and left her with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, under the sole management of her mother, who is my kinswoman.—I would have put in for the plate myself,[4] but there is a breach at present

between the old woman and me.——You must know, that some time ago I borrowed a small sum of her, and promised, it seems, to pay it before a certain time; but being disappointed in my expectation of money from the country, the day elapsed, without my being able to take up my note; upon which she wrote a peremptory letter, threatning to arrest me, if I did not pay the debt immediately: Nettled at this precise behaviour, I sent a damned severe answer, which enraged her so much, that she actually took out a writ against me.—Whereupon, finding the thing grow serious, I got a friend to advance the money for me, discharged the debt, went to her house, and abused her for her unfriendly dealing.—She was provoked by my reproaches, and scolded in her turn. The little deformed urchin joined her mother with such virulence and volubility of tongue, that I was fain to make my retreat, after having been honoured with a great many scandalous epithets, which gave me plainly to understand that I had nothing to hope from the esteem of the one, or the affection of the other.—As they are both utter strangers to life, it is a thousand to one that the girl will be picked up by some scoundrel or other at Bath, if I don't provide for her otherwise—You are a well-looking fellow, Random, and can behave as demurely as a quaker.[5]—Now if you will give me an obligation for five hundred pounds, to be paid six months after your marriage, I will put you in a method of carrying her in spite of all opposition."

This proposal was too advantageous for me, to be refused: The writing was immediately drawn up and executed; and Banter giving me notice of the time when, and the stage-coach in which they were to set out, I bespoke a place in the same convenience, and having hired a horse for Strap, who was charmed with the project, set forward accordingly.

As we embarked before day, I had not the pleasure for some time of seeing Miss Snapper (that was the name of my mistress) nor even of perceiving the number and sex of my fellow-travellers, although I guessed that the coach was full, by the difficulty I found in seating myself.——The first five minutes passed in a general silence, when all of a sudden, the coach heeling to one side, a boisterous voice pronounced, "To the right and left, cover your flanks, damme! whiz."[6] I easily discovered by the tone and matter of this exclamation, that it was uttered by a son of Mars;[7] neither was it hard to conceive the profession of another person who sat opposite to me, and observed, that we ought to have been well satisfied of the security, before we entered upon the premises.—These two sallies had not the desired effect: We continued a good while as mute as before, till at length, the gentleman of the sword, impatient of longer silence, made a second effort, by swearing, he had got into a meeting of quakers.—"I believe so too, (said a shrill female voice, at my left hand) for the spirit of folly begins to move."—"Out with it, then madam," (replied the soldier.)—"You seem to have no occasion for a midwife," (cried the lady.)—"D——n my blood! (exclaimed the other) a man can't talk to a woman, but she immediately thinks of a midwife."—"True, Sir, (said she) I long to be delivered."—"What! of a mouse, madam?" (said he.)—"No, Sir, (said she) of a fool."—"Are you far gone with fool?"[8] (said he)—"Little more than two miles," (said she.)—"By Gad, you're a wit, madam!" (cried the officer)—"I wish I could with any justice return the compliment," (said the lady.)—"Zounds I have done," (said he.)—"Your bolt is soon shot, according to the old proverb,"[9] (said she.)—The

warrior's powder was quite spent; the lawyer advised him to drop the prosecution, and a grave matron, who sat on the left hand of the victorious wit, told her, she must not let her tongue run so fast among strangers. This reprimand, softened with the appellation of *child*, convinced me that the satyrical lady was no other than Miss Snapper, and I resolved to regulate my conduct accordingly. The champion finding himself so smartly handled, changed his battery, and began to expatiate on his own exploits.—"You talk of shot, madam," said he, "damme! I have both given and received some shot in my time—I was wounded in the shoulder by a pistol ball at Dettingen, where—I say nothing—but by God! if it had not been for me—all's one for that—I despise boasting, d——me! whiz!"—So saying he whistled one part and hummed another of the Black Joke;[10] then addressing himself to the lawyer, went on thus, "Wouldn't you think it damn'd hard, after having, at the risk of your life, recovered the standard of a regiment, that had been lost, to receive no preferment for your pains! I don't choose to name no names, sink me! but howsomever, this I will refer, by G—d, and that is this, a musqueteer of the French guards, having taken a standard from a certain cornet[11] of a certain regiment, damme! was retreating with a prize as fast as his horse's heels could carry him, sink me! Upon which, I snatched up a firelock that belonged to a dead man, damme! whiz! and shot his horse under him, d——n my blood! The fellow got upon his feet, and began to repose[12] me, upon which I charged my bayonet breast high, and ran him through the body by G—d!—One of his comrades coming to his assistance, shot me in the shoulder, as I told you before; and another gave me a confusion[13] on the head with the butt end of his carbine; but damme, that did not signify. I killed one, put the other to flight, and taking up the standard carried it off very deliberately—But the best joke of all was, the son of a b——ch of a cornet who had surrendered it in a cowardly manner, seeing it in my possession, demanded it from me, in the front of the line.—'D——n my blood,' says he, 'where did you find my standard?' says he—'D——n my blood,' said I—'where,' said I, 'did you lose it?' said I—'That's nothing to you,' says he, ''tis my standard,' says he, 'and by God I'll have it,' says he—'D——n—ti—n seize me,' says I, 'if you shall,' says I, 'till I have first delivered it to the general,' says I; and accordingly I went to the head-quarters, after the battle, and delivered it to my Lord Stair, who promised to do for me, but I am no more than a poor lieutenant still, d——n my blood."

Having vented this repetition of expletives, the lawyer owned he had not been requited according to his deserts; observed, that the labourer is always worthy of his hire,[14] and asked if the promise was made before witnesses, because in that case the law would compel the General to perform it;—but understanding that the promise was made over a bottle, without being restricted to time or terms, he pronounced it not valid in law, proceeded to enquire into the particulars of the battle, and affirmed, that although the English had drawn themselves into a premunire[15] at first, the French managed their cause so lamely in the course of the dispute, that they would have been utterly nonsuited,[16] had they not obtained a noli-prosequi.[17]—In spite of these enlivening touches, the conversation was like to suffer another long interruption; when the lieutenant, unwilling to conceal any of his accomplishments that could be displayed in his present situation, offered to regale the company with a song; and interpreting our

silence into a desire of hearing, began to warble a fashionable air, the first stanza of which he pronounced thus:

> "Would you task the moon-ty'd hair,
> To yon flagrant beau repair;
> Where waving with the popling vow,
> The bantling fine will shelter you, &c."[18]

The sense of the rest he perverted as he went on, with such surprizing facility, that I could not help thinking he had been at some pains to burlesque the performance.—Miss Snapper ascribed it to the true cause, namely ignorance; and when he asked her how she relished his music, answered, that, in her opinion, the music and the words were much of a piece.—"O d——n my blood! (said he) I take that as a high compliment; for every body allows the words are damnable fine."—"They may be so, (replied the lady) for ought I know, but they are above my comprehension."—"I an't obliged to find you comprehension, madam, curse me!" (cried he.)—"No, nor to speak sense neither," (said she.)—"D——n my heart (said he) I'll speak what I please."—Here the lawyer interposed, by telling him there were some things he must not speak.—And upon being defied to give an instance, mentioned treason and defamation.—"As for the king (cried the soldier) God bless him—I eat his bread, and have lost blood in his cause, therefore I have nothing to say to him—but by G—d, I dare say any thing to any other man."—"No, (said the lawyer) you dare not call me rogue."—"Damme, for what?" said the other.—"Because (replied the counsellor) I should have a good action against you, and recover."[19]—"Well, well, (cried the officer) if I dare not call you rogue I dare think you one, damme!"—This stroke of wit he accompanied with a loud laugh of self-approbation, which unluckily did not affect the audience, but effectually silenced his antagonist, who did not open his mouth for the space of an hour, except to clear his pipes with three *hems*, which however, produceth nothing.

CHAPTER LIV.

Day breaking, I have the pleasure of viewing the person of Miss Snapper, whom I had not seen before——the soldier is witty upon me——is offended, talks much of his valour——is reprimanded by a grave gentlewoman——we are alarmed with the cry of highwaymen——I get out of the coach, and stand on my own defence——they ride off without having attacked us——I pursue them——one of them is thrown from his horse and taken——I return to the coach——am complimented by Miss Snapper——the captain's behaviour on this occasion——the prude reproaches me in a soliloquy——I upbraid her in the same manner——the behaviour of Mrs. Snapper at breakfast, disobliges me——the lawyer is witty upon the officer, who threatens him.

In the mean time, day breaking in upon us, discovered to one another, the faces of their fellow-travellers; and I had the good fortune to find my mistress not quite so deformed nor disagreeable as she had been represented to me.—Her head, indeed, bore some resemblance to a hatchet, the edge being represented by her face; but she had a certain delicacy in her complexion, and a great deal of vivacity in her eyes, which were very large and black; and though the protuberance of her breast, when considered alone, seemed to drag her forwards, it was easy to perceive an equivalent on her back which ballanced the other, and kept her body in equilibrio.—On the whole, I thought I should have great reason to congratulate myself, if it should be my fate to possess twenty thousand pounds encumbered with such a wife.—I began therefore to deliberate about the most probable means of acquiring the conquest, and was so much engrossed by this idea, that I scarce took any notice of the rest of the people in the coach, but revolved my prospect in silence; while the conversation was maintained as before, by the object of my hopes, the son of Mars, and the barrister, who by this time had recollected himself, and talked in terms as much as ever.—At length a dispute happened, which ended in a wager, to be determined by me, who was so much absorpt in contemplation, that I neither heard the reference nor the question which was put to me by each in his turn; affronted at my supposed contempt, the soldier with great vociferation, swore, I was either dumb or deaf, if not both, and that I looked as if I could not say *Boh to a Goose*.[1]—Arroused at this observation, I fixed my eyes upon him, and pronounced with emphasis, the interjection *Boh!* Upon which he cocked his hat in a fierce manner, and cried, "Damme, Sir, what d'ye mean by that?"—Had I intended to answer him, which by the bye, was not my design, I should have been anticipated by Miss, who told him, my meaning was to shew that I could cry boh! to a goose; and

laughed very heartily at my laconic reproof.—Her explanation and mirth did not help to appease his wrath, which broke out in several martial insinuations, such as—"I do not understand such freedoms, damme!—D——n my blood! I'm a gentleman, and bear the king's commission.—'Sblood! some people deserve to have their noses pulled for their impertinence."——I thought to have checked these ejaculations by a frown; because he had talked so much of his valour, that I had long ago rated him an ass in a lion's skin;[2] but this expedient did not answer my expectation: he took umbrage at the contraction of my brows, swore he did not value my sulky look a fig's end,[3] and protested he feared no man breathing.—Miss Snapper said, she was very glad to find herself in company with a man of so much courage, who she did not doubt, would protect us all from the attempts of highwaymen, during our journey.—"Make yourself perfectly easy on that head, madam, (replied the officer) I have got a pair of pistols (here they are) which I took from a horse officer at the battle of Dettingen—they are double loaded, and if any highwayman in England robs you of the value of a pin while I have the honour of being in your company, d——n my heart."——When he had expressed himself in this manner, a prim gentlewoman, who had sat silent hitherto, opened her mouth, and said, she wondered how any man could be so rude as to pull out such weapons before ladies.—"Damme, madam, (cried the champion) if you are so much afraid at sight of a pistol, how d'ye propose to stand fire if there should be occasion?"—She then told him, that if she thought he could be so unmannerly as to use fire-arms in her presence, whatever might be the occasion, she would get out of the coach immediately, and walk to the next village, where she might procure a convenience[4] to herself.—Before he could make any answer, my Dulcinea interposed, and observed, that far from being offended at a gentleman's using his arms in his own defence, she thought herself very lucky in being along with one by whose valour she stood a good chance of saving herself from being rifled.—The prude cast a disdainful look at Miss, and said, that people who have but little to lose, are sometimes the most solicitous about preserving it.—The old lady was affronted at this innuendo, and took notice, that people ought to be very well informed before they speak slightingly of other people's fortune, lest they discover their own envy, and make themselves ridiculous.—The daughter declared, that she did not pretend to vie with any body in point of riches; and, if the lady who insisted upon non-resistance, would promise to indemnify us all for the loss we should sustain, she would be one of the first to persuade the captain to submission, in case we should be attacked.—To this proposal, reasonable as it was, the reserved lady made no other reply, than a scornful glance and a toss of her head.—I was very well pleased with the spirit of my mistress; and even wished for an opportunity of distinguishing my courage under her eye, which I believed, could not fail of prepossessing her in my favour; when, all of a sudden, Strap rode up to the coach-door, and told us in a great fright, that two men on horse-back were crossing the heath (for by this time we had passed Hounslow)[5] and made directly towards us. This piece of information was no sooner delivered, than Mrs. Snapper began to scream, her daughter grew pale, the other lady pulled out her purse to be in readiness, the lawyer's teeth chattered, while he pronounced, "'Tis no matter—we'll sue the county and recover."—The captain gave evident signs of confusion; and I, after having commanded the coach-

man to stop, opened the door, jumped out, and invited the warrior to follow me.—But finding him backward and astonished, I took his pistols, and giving them to Strap, who had by this time alighted, and trembled very much, I mounted on horse-back; and taking my own, (which I could better depend upon) from the holsters, cocked them both, and faced the robbers, who were now very near us.—Seeing me ready to oppose them on horse-back, and another man armed a-foot, they made a halt at some distance to reconnoitre us, and after having rode round us twice, myself still facing about as they rode, went off the same way they came, at a hand gallop.[6]—A gentleman's servant coming up with a horse at the same time, I offered him a crown to assist me in pursuing them, which he no sooner accepted, than I armed him with the officer's pistols, and we galloped after the thieves, who trusting to the swiftness of their horses, stopped till we came within shot of them, and then firing at us, put their nags to the full speed.—We followed them as fast as our beasts could carry us, but not being so well mounted as they, our efforts would have been to little purpose, had not the horse of one of them stumbled and thrown his rider with such violence over his head, that he lay senseless when we came up, and was taken without the least opposition; while his comrade consulted his own safety in flight, without regarding the distress of his friend. We scarce had time to make ourselves masters of his arms, and tye his hands together, before he recovered his senses, when learning his situation, he affected surprize, demanded to know by what authority we used a gentleman in that manner, and had the impudence to threaten us with a prosecution for robbery.—In the mean time we perceived Strap coming up with a crowd of people, armed with different kinds of weapons; and among the rest a farmer, who no sooner perceived the thief, whom we had secured, than he cried with great emotion, "There's the fellow who robbed me an hour ago, of twenty pounds, in a canvass bag."—He was immediately searched, and the money found exactly as it had been described: Upon which, we committed him to the charge of the countryman, who carried him to the town of Hounslow, which it seems the farmer had alarmed; and I, having satisfied the footman for his trouble, according to promise, returned with Strap to the coach, where I found the captain and lawyer busy in administring smelling-bottles and cordials to the grave lady, who had gone into a fit at the noise of the firing.

When I had taken my seat, Miss Snapper, who from the coach had seen every thing that happened, made me a compliment on my behaviour, and said, she was glad to see me returned, without having received any injury; her mother too owned herself obliged to my resolution; and the lawyer told me, that I was intitled by act of parliament to a reward of forty pounds,[7] for having apprehended a highwayman.—The soldier observed, with a countenance in which impudence and shame struggling, produced some disorder, that if I had not been in such a damned hurry to get out of the coach, he would have secured the rogues effectually, without all this bustle and loss of time, by a scheme which my heat and precipitation ruined.—"For my own part, (continued he) I am always extremely cool on these occasions."—"So it appeared, by your trembling" (said the young lady.)—"Death and damnation (cried he) your sex protects you, madam; if any man on earth durst tell me so much, I'd send him to hell, d——n my heart! in an instant."—So saying, he fixed his eyes upon me, and asked if I

had seen him tremble?—I answered without hesitation, "Yes." "Damme, Sir (said he) d'ye doubt my courage?"—I replied, "Very much."—This declaration quite disconcerted him.—He looked blank, and pronounced with a faultering voice, "O! 'tis very well—d——n my blood! I shall find a time."—I signified my contempt of him, by thrusting my tongue in my cheek, which humbled him so much, that he scarce swore another oath aloud during the whole journey.

The precise lady, having recruited her spirits by the help of some strong waters, began a soliloquy, in which she wondered that any man, who pretended to maintain the character of a gentleman, could, for the sake of a little paultry coin, throw persons of honour into such quandaries as might endanger their lives; and professed her surprize, that women were not ashamed to commend such brutality. At the same time vowing, that for the future she would never set foot in a stage-coach, if a private convenience could be had for love or money.

Nettled at her remarks, I took the same method of conveying my sentiments, and wondered in my turn, that any woman of common sense should be so unreasonable as to expect that people who had neither acquaintance or connexion with her, would tamely allow themselves to be robbed and mal-treated merely to indulge her capricious humour. I likewise confessed my astonishment at her insolence and ingratitude in taxing a person with brutality, who deserved her approbation and acknowledgement; and vowed, that if ever we should be assaulted again, I would leave her to the mercy of the spoiler, that she might know the value of my protection.

This person of honour did not think fit to carry on the altercation any further, but seemed to chew the cud of her resentment, with the crest-fallen captain, while I entered into discourse with my charmer, who was the more pleased with my conversation, as she had conceived a very indifferent opinion of my intellects from my former silence. I should have had cause to be equally satisfied with the sprightliness of her genius, could she have curbed her imagination with judgment; but she laboured under such a profusion of talk, that I dreaded her unruly tongue, and felt by anticipation the horrors of an eternal clack! However, when I considered on the other hand, the joys attending the possession of twenty thousand pounds, I forgot her imperfections, seized occasion by the fore-lock,[8] and endeavoured to insinuate myself into her affection.—The careful mother kept a strict watch over her, and though she could not help behaving civilly to me, took frequent opportunities of discouraging our communication, by reprimanding her for being so free with strangers, and telling her she must learn to speak less, and think more.—Abridged of the use of speech, we conversed with our eyes, and I found the young lady very eloquent in this kind of discourse. In short, I had reason to believe that she was sick of the old gentlewoman's tuition, and that I should find it no difficult matter to supersede her authority.

When we arrived at the place where we were to breakfast, I alighted and helped my mistress out of the coach, as well as her mother, who called for a private room, to which they withdrew, in order to eat by themselves.—As they retired together, I perceived that Miss had got more twists from nature than I had before observed, for, she was bent sideways into the figure of an S; so that her progression very much resembled that of a crab.—The prude also chose the captain for her mess-mate, and or-

dered breakfast for two only to be brought into another separate room; while the lawyer and I, deserted by the rest of the company, were fain to put up with each other. I was a good deal chagrined at the stately reserve of Mrs. Snapper, who I thought did not use me with all the complaisance I deserved; and my companion declared, that he had been a traveller for twenty years, and never knew the stage-coach rules[9] so much infringed before. As for the honourable gentlewoman, I could not conceive the meaning of her attachment to the lieutenant; and asked the lawyer if he knew for which of the soldier's virtues she admired him? The counsellor facetiously replied, "I suppose the lady knows him to be an able conveyancer,[10] and wants him to make a settlement in tail."—I could not help laughing at the archness of the barrister, who entertained me during breakfast, with a great deal of wit of the same kind, at the expence of our fellow travellers; and among other things said, he was sorry to find the young lady saddled with such incumbrances.

When we had made an end of our repast, and paid our reckoning, we went into the coach, took our places, and bribed the driver with six-pence, to revenge us on the rest of his fare, by hurrying them away in the midst of their meal.—This task he performed to our satisfaction, after he had disturbed their enjoyment with his importunate clamour.—The mother and daughter obeyed the summons first, and coming to the coach-door, were obliged to desire the coachman's assistance to get in, because the lawyer and I had agreed to shew our resentment by our neglect.—They were no sooner seated, than the captain appeared as much heated as if he had been pursued a dozen of miles by an enemy; and immediately after him came the lady, not without some marks of disorder.—Having helped her up, he entered himself, growling a few oaths against the coachman for his impertinent interruption; and the lawyer comforted him by saying, that if he had suffered a *nisi prius*[11] through the obstinacy of the defendant, he might have an opportunity to join issue[12] at the next stage. This last expression gave offence to the grave gentlewoman, who told him, if she was a man, she would make him repent of such obscenity, and thanked God she had never been in such company before.—At this insinuation, the captain thought himself under a necessity of espousing the lady's cause; and accordingly threatened to cut off the lawyer's ears, if he should give his tongue any such liberties for the future.—The poor counsellor begged pardon, and universal silence ensued.

CHAPTER LV.

I resolve to ingratiate myself with the mother, and am favoured by accident——the precise lady finds her husband, and quits the coach——the captain is disappointed of his dinner——we arrive at Bath——I accompany Miss Snapper to the long room, where she is attacked by beau N——h, and turns the laugh against him——I make love to her, and receive a check——squire her to an assembly, where I am blest with a sight of my dear Narcissa, which discomposes me so much, that Miss Snapper observing my disorder is at pains to discover the cause——is picqued at the occasion, and in our way home, pays me a sarcastic compliment——I am met by Miss Williams, who is maid and confidante of Narcissa——she acquaints me with her lady's regard for me while under the disguise of a servant, and describes the transports of Narcissa on seeing me at the assembly, in the character of a gentleman——I am surprized with an account of her aunt's marriage, and make an appointment to meet Miss Williams next day.

During this unsocial interval, my pride and interest maintained a severe conflict, on the subject of Miss Snapper, whom the one represented as unworthy of notice, and the other proposed as the object of my whole attention: The advantages and disadvantages attending such a match were opposed to one another by my imagination; and at length, my judgment gave it so much in favour of the first, that I resolved to prosecute my scheme with all the address in my power.—I thought I perceived some concern in her countenance, occasioned by my silence, which she no doubt imputed to my disgust at her mother's behaviour; and as I believed the old woman could not fail of ascribing my muteness to the same motive, I determined to continue that sullen conduct towards her, and fall upon some other method of manifesting my esteem for the daughter: nor was it difficult for me to make her acquainted with my sentiments by the expression of my looks, which I modelled into the characters of humility and love; and which were answered by her with all the sympathy and approbation I could desire. But when I began to consider, that without further opportunities of improving my success, all the progress I had hitherto made would not much avail, and that such opportunities could not be enjoyed without the mother's permission; I concluded it would be requisite to vanquish her coldness and suspicion by my assiduities and respectful behaviour on the road; and she would in all likelihood invite me to visit her at Bath, where I did not fear of being able to cultivate her acquaintance as much as would be necessary to the accomplishment of my purpose. And indeed accident furnished me with an oppor-

tunity of obliging her so much, that she could not with any appearance of good manners, forbear to gratify my inclination.

When we arrived at our dining-place, we found all the eatables in the inn bespoke by a certain nobleman, who had got the start of us; and, in all likelihood, my mistress and her mother must have dined with Duke Humphrey,[1] had I not exerted myself in their behalf, and bribed the landlord with a glass of wine, to curtail his lordship's entertainment of a couple of fowls and some bacon, which I sent with my compliments to the ladies. They accepted my treat with a great many thanks, and desired I would favour them with my company at dinner, where I amused the old gentlewoman so successfully, by maintaining a seemingly disinterested ease, in the midst of my civility, that she signified a desire of being better acquainted, and hoped I would be so kind as to see her sometimes at Bath.—While I enjoyed myself in this manner, the precise lady had the good fortune to meet with her husband, who was no other than gentleman, or in other words, *valet de chambre* to the very nobleman whose coach stood at the door. Proud of the interest she had in the house, she affected to shew her power by introducing the captain to her spouse, as a person who had treated her with great civility; upon which he was invited to a share of their dinner; while the poor lawyer, finding himself utterly abandoned, made application to me, and was, through my intercession, admitted into our company.—Having satisfied our appetites, and made ourselves merry at the expence of the person of honour, the civil captain, and complaisant husband, I did myself the pleasure of discharging the bill by stealth, for which I received a great many apologies and acknowledgments from my guests, and we reimbarked at the first warning. The officer was obliged, at last, to appease his hunger with a luncheon of bread and cheese, and a pint bottle of brandy, which he dispatched in the coach, cursing the inappetence[2] of his lordship, who had ordered dinner to be put back a whole hour.

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which was finished next day, when I waited on the ladies to the house of a relation, in which they intended to lodge, and passing that night at the inn, took lodgings in the morning for myself.

The forenoon was spent in visiting every thing that was worth seeing in the place, in company with a gentleman to whom Banter had given me a letter of introduction; and in the afternoon I waited on the ladies, and found Miss a good deal indisposed with the fatigue of the journey.——As they foresaw they should have occasion for a male acquaintance to squire them at all public places, I was received with great cordiality, and had the mother's permission to conduct them next day to the long room,[3] which we no sooner entered than the eyes of every body present were turned upon us; and when we had suffered the martyrdom of their looks for some time, a whisper circulated at our expence, which was accompanied with many contemptuous smiles, and tittering observations, to my utter shame and confusion—I did not so much conduct as follow my charge to a place where she seated her mother and herself, with astonishing composure, notwithstanding the unmannerly behaviour of the whole company, which seemed to be assumed merely to put her out of countenance.—The celebrated Mr. N——h,[4] who commonly attends in this place, as master of the ceremonies, perceiving the disposition of the assembly, took upon himself the task of gratifying their

ill-nature still further, by exposing my mistress to the edge of his wit.—With this view he approached us, with many bows and grimaces, and after having welcomed Miss Snapper to the place, asked her, in the hearing of all present, if she could inform him of the name of Tobit's dog.[5]—I was so much incensed at his insolence, that I should certainly have kicked him where he stood, without ceremony, had not the young lady prevented the effects of my indignation, by replying with the utmost vivacity, "His name was N—sh, and an impudent dog he was." This repartee, so unexpected and just, raised such an universal laugh at the aggressor, that all his assurance was insufficient to support him under their derision; so that, after he had endeavoured to compose himself, by taking snuff, and forcing a smile, he was obliged to sneak off in a very ludicrous attitude; while my Dulcinea was applauded to the skies for the brilliancy of her wit, and her acquaintance immediately courted by the best people of both sexes in the room.—This event, with which I was infinitely pleased at first, did not fail of alarming me, upon further reflection, when I considered that the more she was caressed by persons of distinction, the more her pride would be inflamed, and consequently, the obstacles to my success multiplied and enlarged.—Nor were my presaging fears untrue—That very night I perceived her a little intoxicated with the incense she had received, and though she still behaved with a particular civility to me, I foresaw that as soon as her fortune should be known, she would be surrounded with a swarm of admirers, some one of whom might possibly, by excelling me in point of wealth, or in the arts of flattery and scandal, supplant me in her esteem, and find means to make the mother of his party.—I resolved therefore to lose no time, and being invited to spend the evening with them, found an opportunity, in spite of the old gentlewoman's vigilance, to explain the meaning of my glances in the coach, by paying homage to her wit, and professing myself enamoured of her person.—She blushed at my declaration, and in a favourable manner disapproved of the liberty I had taken, putting me in mind of our being strangers to each other, and desiring I would not be the means of interrupting our acquaintance, by any such unseasonable strokes of gallantry for the future:—My ardour was effectually checked by this reprimand, which was, however, delivered in such a gentle manner, that I had no cause to be disobliged; and the arrival of her mother relieved me from a dilemma in which I should not have known how to demean myself a minute longer.—Neither could I resume the easiness of carriage with which I came in, my mistress acted on the reserve, and the conversation beginning to flag, the old lady introduced her kinswoman of the house, and proposed a hand at whist.[6]

While we amused ourselves at this diversion, I understood from the gentlewoman, that there was to be an assembly next night, at which I begged to have the honour of dancing with Miss. She thanked me for the favour I intended her, assured me, she never did dance, but signified a desire of seeing the company; then I offered my service, which was accepted; not a little proud of being exempted from appearing with her, in a situation that, notwithstanding my profession to the contrary, was not at all agreeable to my inclination.

Having supped, and continued the game, till such time as the successive yawns of the mother warned me to be gone, I took my leave, and went home, where I made Strap very happy with an account of my progress—Next day I put on my gayest apparel, and

went to drink tea at Mrs. Snapper's, according to appointment, when I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, that she was laid up with the tooth-ach, and that Miss was to be intrusted to my care.—Accordingly, we set out for the ball-room, pretty early in the evening, and took possession of a commodious place, where we had not sat longer than a quarter of an hour, when a gentleman dressed in a green frock came in, leading a young lady, whom I immediately discovered to be the adorable Narcissa! Good heaven! what were the thrillings of my soul at that instant! my reflection was overwhelmed with a torrent of agitation! my heart throbbed with surprizing violence! a sudden mist overspread my eyes! my ears were invaded with a dreadful sound! I panted for want of breath, and in short was for some moments intranced!—This first tumult subsiding, a crowd of flattering ideas rushed upon my imagination: Every thing that was soft, sensible, and engaging, in the character of that dear creature, recurred to my remembrance, and every favourable circumstance of my own qualifications appeared in all the aggravation of self-conceit, to heighten my expectation!—Neither was this transport of long duration: The dread of her being already disposed of, intervened, and overcast my enchanting reverie! My presaging apprehension represented her encircled in the arms of some happy rival, and of consequence for ever lost to me! I was stung with this suggestion, and believing the person who conducted her to be the husband of this amiable young lady, already devoted him to my fury, and stood up to mark him for my vengeance; when I recollected, to my unspeakable joy, her brother the fox-hunter, in the person of her gallant.—Undeceived so much to my satisfaction in this particular, I gazed in a frenzy of delight, on the irresistible charms of his sister, who no sooner distinguished me in the crowd, than her evident confusion afforded a happy omen to my flame.—At sight of me she started, the roses instantly vanished from her polished cheeks, and returned in a moment with a double glow that overspread her lovely neck, while her enchanting bosom heaved with strong emotion.—I hailed these favourable symptoms, and lying in wait for her looks, did homage with my eyes.—She seemed to approve my declaration, by the complacency of her aspect; and I was so transported with the discovery, that more than once, I was on the point of making up to her, to disclose the throbbings of my heart in person, had not that profound veneration which her presence always inspired, restrained the unseasonable impulse.—All my powers being engrossed in this manner, it may be easily imagined how ill I entertained Miss Snapper, on whom I could not now turn my eyes, without making comparisons very little to her advantage.—It was not even in my power to return distinct answers to the questions she asked from time to time, so that she could not help observing my absence of mind; and having a turn for observation, watched my glances, and tracing them to the divine object, discovered the cause of my disorder.—That she might, however, be convinced of the truth of her conjecture, she began to interrogate me with regard to Narcissa, and notwithstanding all my endeavours to disguise my sentiments, perceived my attachment by my confusion.—Upon which, she assumed a stateliness of behaviour, and sat silent during the remaining part of the entertainment.—At any other time, her suspicion would have alarmed me; but now I was elevated by my passion above every other consideration.—The mistress of my soul having retired with her brother, I discovered so much uneasiness at my situation, that Miss Snapper pro-

posed to go home; and while I conducted her to a chair, told me she had too great a regard for me to keep me any longer in torment.—I feigned ignorance of her meaning, and having seen her safely at her lodgings, took my leave, and went home in an extasy; where I disclosed every thing that had happened to my confident and humble servant Strap, who did not relish the accident so well as I expected; and observed, that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush.[7]—"But however (said he) you know best—you know best."—Next day as I went to the Pump-room,[8] in hopes of seeing or hearing some tidings of my fair enslaver, I was met by a gentlewoman, who having looked hard at me, cried, "O Christ! Mr. Random!" Surprized at this exclamation, I examined the countenance of the person who spoke, and immediately recognized my old sweet-heart and fellow-sufferer Miss Williams.

I was mightily pleased to find this unfortunate woman under such a decent appearance, professed my joy at seeing her so well, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of her conversation. She was as heartily rejoiced at the apparent easiness of my fortune, and gave me to know that she, as yet, had no habitation that she could properly call her own; but would wait on me at any place I should please to appoint.—Understanding that she was unengaged for the present, I shewed her the way to my own lodgings, where, after a very affectionate salutation, she informed me of her being very happy in the service of a young lady, to whom she was recommended by a former mistress deceased, into whose family she had recommended herself by the honest deceit she had concerted, while she lived with me in the garret at London—She then expressed a vehement desire to be acquainted with the vicissitudes of my life since we parted, and excused her curiosity on account of the concern she had for my interest—I forthwith gratified her request, and when I described my situation in Sussex, perceived her to attend to my story with particular eagerness. She interrupted me when I had finished that period, with, "Good God! is it possible!"—and then begged I would be so good as to continue my relation; which I did as briefly as I could, burning with impatience to know the cause of her surprize, about which I had already formed a very interesting conjecture—when I had brought my adventures down to the present day, she seemed very much affected with the different circumstances of my fortune; and saying with a smile, she believed my distresses were now at a period, proceeded to inform me, that the lady whom she served was no other than the charming Narcissa, who had honoured her with her confidence for some time; in consequence of which trust she had often repeated the story of John Brown, with great admiration and regard; that she loved to dwell upon the particulars of his character, and did not scruple to own a tender approbation of his flame—I became delirious at this piece of intelligence, strained Miss Williams in my embrace, called her the angel of my happiness, and acted such extravagancies, that she might have been convinced of my sincerity, had she not been satisfied of my honour before—As soon as I was in condition to yield attention, she described the present situation of her mistress, who had no sooner reached her lodgings the night before, than she closetted her, and in a rapture of joy, gave her to know that she had seen me at the ball, where I appeared in the character which she always thought my due, with such advantage of transformation, that unless my image had been engraven on her heart, it would have been impossible to know me for the person

who had worn her aunt's livery;—that by the language of my eyes, she was assured of the continuance of my passion for her, and consequently of my being unengaged to any other; and that, though she did not doubt I would speedily fall upon some method of being introduced, she was so impatient to hear of me, that she (Miss Williams) had been sent abroad this very morning, on purpose to learn the name and character I at present bore.—My bosom had been hitherto a stranger to such a flood of joy as now rushed upon it: My faculties were over-born by the tide: It was some time before I could open my mouth; and much longer 'ere I could utter a coherent sentence—At length, I fervently requested her to lead me immediately to the object of my adoration: but she resisted my importunity, and explained the danger of such premature conduct—"How favourable soever (said she) my lady's inclination towards you may be, you may depend upon it, she will not commit the smallest trespass on decorum, either in disclosing her own, or in receiving a declaration of your passion: and altho' the great veneration I have for you, has prompted me to reveal what she communicated to me in confidence, I know so well the severity of her sentiments with respect to the punctilios of her sex, that, if she should learn the least surmise of it, she would not only dismiss me as a wretch unworthy of her benevolence, but also for ever shun the efforts of your love."—I assented to the justness of her remonstrance, and desired she would assist me with her advice and direction: upon which, it was concerted between us that, for the present, I should be contented with her telling Narcissa, that in the course of her inquiries, she could only learn my name: and that if, in a day or two, I could fall upon no other method of being introduced to her mistress, she would deliver a letter from me, on pretence of consulting her happiness; and say that I met her in the streets, and bribed her to that piece of service.—Matters being thus adjusted, I kept my old acquaintance to breakfast, and learned from her conversation, that my rival Sir Timothy had drank himself into an apoplexy, of which he died five months ago; that the savage was still unmarried; and that his aunt had been seized with a whim which he little expected, and chosen the school-master of the parish for her lord and husband: but matrimony not agreeing with her constitution, she had been hectic[9] and dropsical[10] a good while, and was now at Bath in order to drink the waters for the recovery of her health; that her niece had accompanied her thither, at her request, and attended her with the same affection as before, nothwithstanding the mistake she had committed; and that her nephew, who had been exasperated at the loss of her fortune, did not give his attendance out of good will, but purely to have an eye on his sister, lest she should likewise throw herself away, without his consent or approbation.—Having enjoyed ourselves in this manner, and made an assignation to meet next day at a certain place, Miss Williams took her leave; and Strap's looks being very inquisitive about the nature of the communication subsisting between us, I made him acquainted with the whole affair, to his great astonishment and satisfaction.

CHAPTER LVI.

I become acquainted with Narcissa's brother, who invites me to his house——where I am introduced to that adorable creature——after dinner, the squire retires to take his nap——Freeman, guessing the situation of my thoughts, withdraws likewise on pretence of business——I declare my passion to Narcissa——am well received——charmed with her conversation——the squire detains us to supper——I elude his design by a stratagem, and get home sober.

In the afternoon, I drank tea at the house of Mr. Freeman, to whom I had been recommended by Banter; where I had not sat five minutes, 'till the fox-hunter came in, and by his familiar behaviour appeared to be intimate with my friend—I was, at first, under some concern, lest he should recollect my features; but when I found myself introduced to him as a gentleman from London, without being discovered, I blessed the opportunity that brought me into his company; hoping that, in the course of our acquaintance, he would invite me to his house—nor were my hopes frustrated, for as we spent the evening together, he grew extremely fond of my conversation, asked a great many childish questions about France and foreign parts; and seemed so highly entertained with my answers, that in his cups, he shook me often by the hand, pronounced me an honest fellow, and, in fine, desired our company at dinner next day, in his own house.—My imagination was so much employed in anticipating the happiness I was to enjoy next day, that I slept very little that night; but rising early in the morning, went to the place appointed, where I met my she-friend,[1] and imparted to her my success with the squire——She was very much pleased at the occasion, which, she said, could not fail of being agreeable to Narcissa, who, in spite of her passion for me, had mentioned some scruples relating to my true situation and character, which the delicacy of her sentiments suggested, and which she believed I would find it necessary to remove, though she did not know how.—I was a good deal startled at this insinuation, because I foresaw the difficulty I should find in barely doing myself justice; for although it never was my intention to impose myself upon any woman, much less on Narcissa, as a man of fortune, I laid claim to the character of a gentleman, by birth, education, and behaviour; and yet (so unlucky had the circumstances of my life fallen out) I should find it a very hard matter to make good my pretensions even to these, especially to the last, which was the most essential—Miss Williams was as sensible as I, of this my disadvantage; but comforted me with observing, that when once a woman has bestowed her affections on a man, she cannot help judging of him, in all respects, with a partiality easily influenced in his favour;—she remarked that altho' some situations of my life had been low, yet none of them had been infamous; that my indigence had been the crime not of me, but of fortune; and that the miseries I had undergone, by improving the fac-

ulties both of mind and body, qualified me the more for any dignified station; and would, of consequence, recommend me to the good graces of any sensible woman;—she therefore advised me to be always open and unreserved to the inquiries of my mistress, without unnecessarily betraying the meanest occurrences of my fate; and trust to the strength of her love and reflection, for the rest.—The sentiments of this sensible young woman on this, as well as on almost every other subject, perfectly agreed with mine; I thanked her for the care she took of my interests, and promising to behave myself according to her direction, we parted, after she had assured me, that I might depend upon her best offices with her mistress, and that she would, from time to time, communicate to me such intelligence as she should procure, relating to my flame.—Having dressed myself to the best advantage, I waited for the time of dinner with the most fearful impatience; and as the hour drew nigh, my heart beat with such increased velocity, and my spirits contracted such disorder, that I began to suspect my resolution, and even to wish myself disengaged:—At last Mr. Freeman called at my lodgings, in his way, and I accompanied him to the house where all my happiness was deposited.—We were very kindly received by the squire, who sat smoaking his pipe in a parlour, and asked if we chose to drink any thing before dinner; tho' I never had more occasion for a cordial, I was ashamed to accept his offer, which was also refused by my friend. We sat down (however) and entered into conversation, which lasted half an hour, so that I had time to recollect myself; and (so capricious were my thoughts) even to hope that Narcissa would not appear—when all of a sudden, a servant coming in, gave us notice that dinner was upon the table—and my perturbation returned with such violence, that I could scarce conceal it from the company as I ascended the stair-case.—When I entered the dining-room, the first object that saluted my ravished eyes, was the divine Narcissa, blushing like Aurora,[2] adorned with all the graces that meekness, innocence and beauty can diffuse! I was seized with a giddiness, my knees tottered, and I scarce had strength enough to perform the ceremony of salutation, when her brother slapping me on the shoulder, cried, "Measter Randan,[3] that there is my sister." I approached her with eagerness and fear; but in the moment of our embrace, my soul was agonized with rapture!—It was a lucky circumstance for us both, that my entertainer was not endued with an uncommon stock of penetration; for, our mutual confusion was so manifest, that Mr. Freeman perceived it, and as we went home together, congratulated me on my good fortune.—But so far was Bruin from entertaining the least suspicion, that he encouraged me to begin a conversation with my mistress in a language unknown to him, by telling her, that he had brought a gentleman who could jabber with her in French and other foreign lingos, as fast as she pleased: then turning to me, said, "Odds bods! I wish you would hold discourse with her, in your French or Italiano; and tell me if she understands it as well as she would be thought to do—there's her aunt and she will chatter together whole days in it, and I can't have a mouthful of English for love or money." I consulted the looks of my amiable mistress, and found her averse to his proposal, which indeed she declined with a sweetness of denial peculiar to herself, as a piece of disrespect to that part of the company which did not understand the language in question. As I had the happiness of sitting opposite to her, I feasted my eyes much more than my palate, which she tempted in vain with the most

delicious bits carved by her fair hand, and recommended by her persuasive tongue;—but all my other appetites were swallowed up in the immensity of my love, which I fed by gazing incessantly on the delightful object.—Dinner was scarce ended, when the squire became very drousy, and after several dreadful yawns, got up, stretched himself, took two or three turns across the room, begg'd we would allow him to take a short nap, and having laid a strong injunction on his sister to detain us till his return, went to his repose without any further ceremony.—He had not been gone many minutes, when Freeman guessing the situation of my heart, and thinking he could not do me a greater favour, than to leave me alone with Narcissa, pretended to recollect himself all of a sudden, and starting up, begg'd the lady's pardon for half an hour, for, he had luckily remembred an engagement of some consequence, that he must perform at that instant;—so saying, he took his leave, promising to come back time enough for tea;[4] leaving my mistress and me in great confusion.—Now that I enjoyed an opportunity of disclosing the pantings of my soul, I had not power to use it.—I studied many pathetic declarations, but when I attempted to give them utterance, my tongue denied its office; and she sat silent, with a downcast look full of anxious alarm, her bosom heaving with expectation of some great event—At length, I endeavoured to put an end to this solemn pause, and began with "It is very surprizing, Madam"—Here the sound dying away, I made a full stop—while Narcissa starting, blushed, and with a timid accent, answered, "Sir?"—Confounded at this note of interrogation I pronounced with the most sheepish bashfulness, "Madam!" To which she replied, "I beg pardon—I thought you had spoke to me."—Another pause ensued—I made another effort, and tho' my voice faultered very much at the beginning, made shift to express myself in this manner:—"I say, Madam, 'tis very surprizing that love should act so inconsistent with itself, as to deprive its votaries of the use of their faculties, when they have most need of them. Since the happy occasion of being alone with you presented itself, I have made many unsuccessful attempts to declare a passion for the loveliest of her sex—a passion which took possession of my soul, while my cruel fate compell'd me to wear a servile disguise so unsuitable to my birth, sentiments, and let me add, my deserts; yet favourable in one respect, as it furnished me with opportunities of seeing and adoring your perfections.—Yes, Madam, it was then your dear idea entered my bosom, where it has lived unimpaired in the midst of numberless cares, and animated me against a thousand dangers and calamities!"——While I spoke thus, she concealed her face with her fan, and when I ceased speaking recovering herself from the most beautiful confusion, told me, she thought herself very much obliged by my favourable opinion of her; and that she was very sorry to hear I had been unfortunate—Encouraged by this gentle reply, I proceeded, owned myself sufficiently recompensed by her kind compassion for what I had undergone, and declared that the future happiness of my life depended solely upon her.—"Sir, (said she) I should be very ungrateful if, after the signal protection you once afforded me, I should refuse to contribute towards your happiness, in any reasonable condescension."—Transported at this acknowledgment, I threw myself at her feet, and begged she would regard my passion with a favourable eye: She was alarmed at my behaviour, intreated me to rise lest her brother should discover me in that posture, and to spare her, for the present, upon a subject for which she was alto-

gether unprepared.—In consequence of this remonstrance, I rose, assuring her I would rather die than disobey her; but in the mean time begged her to consider how precious the minutes of this opportunity were, and what restraint I put upon my inclination, in sacrificing them to her desire.—She smiled with unspeakable sweetness, and said, there would be no want of opportunities, provided I could maintain the good opinion her brother had conceived of me; and I, enchanted by her charms, seized her hand, which I well nigh devoured with kisses—But she check'd my boldness with a severity of countenance; and desired I would not so far forget myself to her, as to endanger the esteem she had for me;—she reminded me of our being almost strangers to each other, and of the necessity there was, for her knowing me better, before she could take any resolution in my favour; and, in short, mingled so much good sense and complacency in her reproof, that I became as much enamoured of her understanding as I had been before of her beauty, and asked pardon for my presumption with the utmost reverence of conviction—She forgave my offence with her usual affability; and sealed my pardon with a look so full of bewitching tenderness, that for some minutes, my senses were lost in extasy! I afterwards endeavoured to regulate my behaviour according to her desire, and turn the conversation upon a more indifferent subject; but her presence was an unsurmountable obstacle to my design: while I beheld so much excellence, I found it impossible to call my attention from the contemplation of it! I gazed with unutterable fondness! I grew mad with admiration!—"My condition is insupportable! (cried I) I am distracted with passion! Why are you so exquisitely fair?—Why are you so enchantingly good?—Why has nature dignified you with charms so much above the standard of woman; and, wretch that I am, how dares my unworthiness aspire to the enjoyment of such perfection!"

She was startled at my ravings, reasoned down my transport, and by her irresistible eloquence, soothed my soul into a state of tranquil felicity; but lest I might suffer a relapse, industriously promoted other subjects to entertain my imagination—she chid me for having omitted to inquire about her aunt, who (she assured me) in the midst of all her absence of temper, and detachment from common affairs, often talked of me with uncommon warmth.—I professed my veneration for the good lady, excused my omission, by imputing it to the violence of my love, which engrossed my whole soul, and desired to know the situation of her health.—Upon which, the amiable Narcissa repeated what I had heard before, of her marriage, with all the tenderness for her reputation that the subject would admit of; told me, she liv'd with her husband, hard by, and was so much afflicted with a dropsy, and wasted by a consumption, that she had small hopes of her recovery.—Having expressed my sorrow for her distemper, I questioned her about my good friend Mrs. Sagely, who I learned (to my great satisfaction) was still in good health, and who had, by the encomiums she bestowed upon me after I was gone, confirmed the favourable impression my behaviour at parting had made on Narcissa's heart.—This circumstance introduced an inquiry into the conduct of Sir Timothy Thicket, who (she informed me) had found means to incense her brother so much against me, that she found it impossible to undeceive him; but on the contrary, suffered very much in her own character, by his scandalous insinuations—that the whole parish was alarmed, and actually in pursuit of me; so that she had been in the

utmost consternation upon my account, well knowing how little my own innocence and her testimony would have weighed with the ignorance, prejudice and brutality of those, who must have judged me, had I been apprehended——that Sir Timothy having been seized with a fit of the apoplexy, from which with great difficulty he was recovered, began to be apprehensive of death, and to prepare himself accordingly for that great event; as a step to which, he sent for her brother, owned, with great contrition, the brutal design he had upon her, and of consequence acquitted me of the assault, robbery and correspondence with her, which he had laid to my charge; after which confession he lived about a month in a languishing condition, and was carried off by a second assault.

Every word that this dear creature spoke, rivetted the chains with which she held me enslaved![5] My mischievous fancy began to work, and the tempest of my passion to wake again; when the return of Freeman destroyed the tempting opportunity, and enabled me to quell the rising tumult.——A little while after, the Squire staggered into the room, rubbing his eyes, and called for his tea, which he drank out of a small bowl, qualified with brandy; while we took it in the usual way. Narcissa left us, in order to visit her aunt, and when Freeman and I proposed to take our leave, the fox-hunter insisted on our spending the evening at his house with such obstinacy of affection, that we were obliged to comply.—For my own part, I should have been glad of the invitation, by which, in all likelihood, I should be blest with more of his sister's company, had I not been afraid of risking her esteem, by entring into a debauch of drinking with him, which, from the knowledge of his character, I foresaw would happen; but there was no remedy.—I was forced to rely upon the strength of my constitution, which I hoped would resist intoxication longer than the Squire's; and to trust to the good-nature and discretion of my mistress for the rest.

Our entertainer, resolving to begin by times,[6] ordered the table to be furnished with liquor and glasses immediately after tea, but we absolutely refused to set in for drinking so soon; and prevailed upon him to pass away an hour or two at whist, in which we engaged as soon as Narcissa returned.—The savage and I happened to be partners at first, and as my thoughts were wholly employed in a more interesting game, I play'd so ill that he lost all patience, swore bitterly, and threatned to call for wine if they would not grant him another associate.—This desire was gratified, and Narcissa and I were of a side; he won for the same reason that made him lose before; I was satisfied, my lovely partner did not repine, and the time slipped away very agreeably, until we were told that supper was served in another room.

The Squire was enraged to find the evening so unprofitably spent, and wreaked his vengeance on the cards, which he tore, and committed to the flames, with many execrations; threatning to make us redeem our loss with a large glass and quick circulation; and indeed we had no sooner supped, and my charmer withdrawn, than he began to put his threats in execution. Three bottles of Port (for he drank no other sort of wine) were placed before us, with as many water-glasses, which were immediately filled to the brim, after his example, by each, out of his respective allowance, and emptied in a trice, *to the best in Christendom*.[7]—Though I swallowed this, and the next, as fast as the glass could be replenished, without hesitation or shew of reluctance, I per-

ceived that my brain would not be able to bear many bumpers of this sort; and dreading the perseverance of a champion who began with such vigour, I determined to make up for the deficiency of my strength by a stratagem, which I actually put in practice when the second course of bottles was called for.—The wine being strong and heady, I was already a good deal discomposed by the dispatch we had made, Freeman's eyes began to reel, and Bruin himself was elevated into a song, which he uttered with great vociferation.—When I therefore saw the second round brought in, I assumed a gay air, entertained him with a French catch on the subject of drinking, which, though he did not understand it, delighted him highly, and telling him that your choice spirits at Paris never troubled themselves with glasses, asked if he had not a bowl or cup in the house that would contain a whole quart of wine.—"Odds niggers![8] (cried he) I have a silver caudle cup[9] that holds just the quantity, for all the world—fetch it hither, Numps."[10]—The vessel being produced, I bad him decant[11] his bottle into it, which he having done, I nodded in a very deliberate manner, and said, "Pledge you."—He stared at me for some time, and crying, "What! all at one pull, measter Randan?"—I answered, "At one pull! Sir, you are no milk-sop[12]—we shall do you justice."—"Shall you? (said he, shaking me by the hand) odd then, I'll see it out, an't were a mile to the bottom—Here's to our better acquaintance, measter Randan." So saying, he applied it to his lips, and emptied it in a breath.—I knew the effect of it would be almost instantaneous; therefore taking the cup, began to discharge my bottle into it, telling him he was now qualified to drink with the Cham of Tartary.[13]—I had no sooner pronounced these words than he took umbrage at them, and after several attempts to spit, made shift to stutter out, "A f——t[14] for your Chams of T— Tartary! I am a f— f— free-born Englishman, worth th— three thousand a year, and v— value no man, damme!"—Then dropping his jaw, and fixing his eyes, he hickup'd aloud, and fell upon the floor as mute as a flounder.—Mr. Freeman, heartily glad at his defeat, assisted me in carrying him to bed, where we left him to the care of his servants, and went home to our respective habitations, congratulating one another on our good fortune.

CHAPTER LVII.

Miss Williams informs me of Narcissa's approbation of my flame——I appease the Squire——write to my mistress, am blessed with an answer——beg leave of her brother to dance with her at a ball; obtain his consent and hers——enjoy a private conversation with her——am perplexed with reflexions——have the honour of appearing her partner at a ball——we are complimented by a certain nobleman——he discovers some symptoms of passion for Narcissa——I am stung with jealousy——Narcissa alarmed, retires——I observe Melinda in the company——the Squire is captivated by her beauty.

I was met next morning, at the usual place, by Miss Williams, who gave me joy of the progress I had made in the affection of her mistress, and blessed me with an account of that dear creature's conversation with her, after she had retired the night before, from our company.——I could scarce believe her information, when she recounted her expressions in my favour, so much more warm and passionate were they than my most sanguine hopes had presaged; and was particularly pleased to hear that she approved of my behaviour to her brother, after she withdrew.——Transported at the news of my happiness, I presented my ring to the messenger, as a testimony of my gratitude and satisfaction; but she was above such mercenary considerations, and refused my compliment with some resentment, saying, she was not a little mortified to see my opinion of her so low and contemptible. I did myself a piece of justice by explaining my behaviour on this head, and to convince her of my esteem, promised to be ruled by her directions in the prosecution of the whole affair, which I had so much at heart, that the repose of my life depended upon the consequence.

As I fervently wished for another interview, where I might pour out the effusions of my love, without danger of being interrupted, and perhaps reap some endearing return from the queen of my desires; I implored her advice and assistance in promoting this event:—but she gave me to understand, that Narcissa would make no precipitate compliances of this kind, and that I would do well to cultivate her brother's acquaintance, in the course of which, I should not want opportunities of removing that reserve, which my mistress thought herself obliged to maintain during the infancy of our correspondence.—In the mean time she promised to tell her lady that I had endeavoured by presents and persuasions, to prevail upon her, (Miss Williams) to deliver a letter from me, which she had refused to charge herself with, until she should know Narcissa's sentiments of the matter; and said, by these means she did not doubt of being able to open a literary[1] communication between us; which could not fail of introducing more intimate connexions.

I approved of her counsel, and our appointment being renewed for next day, left her with an intent of falling upon some method of being reconciled to the Squire, who, I supposed, would be offended with the trick we had put upon him.—With this view, I consulted Freeman, who, from his knowledge of the fox-hunter's disposition, assured me there was no other method of pacifying him, than that of sacrificing ourselves for one night, to an equal match with him in drinking: This expedient I found myself necessitated to comply with, for the interest of my passion, and therefore determined to commit the debauch at my own lodgings, that I might run no risk of being discovered by Narcissa, in a state of brutal degeneracy.—Mr. Freeman, who was to be of the party, went, at my desire, to the Squire, in order to engage him, while I took care to furnish myself for his reception.—My invitation was accepted, my guests honoured me with their company in the evening, when Bruin gave me to understand that he had drank many tuns[2] of wine in his life, but was never served such a trick as I had played upon him the night before. I promised to atone for my trespass, and, having ordered to every man his bottle, began the contest with a bumper to the health of Narcissa.—The toasts circulated with great devotion, the liquor began to operate, our mirth grew noisy, and as Freeman and I had the advantage of drinking small French claret,[3] the savage was effectually tamed before our senses were in the least affected, and carried home in an apoplexy of drunkenness.

I was next morning, as usual, favoured with a visit from my kind and punctual confidante, who telling me, she was permitted to receive my letters for her mistress; I took up the pen immediately, and, following the first dictates of my passion, wrote as follows:

"*Dear Madam*,

Were it possible for the powers of utterance to reveal the soft emotions of my soul; the fond anxiety, the glowing hopes, the chilling fears that rule my breast by turns; I should need no other witness than this paper, to evince the purity and ardour of that flame your charms have kindled in my heart. But, alas! expression wrongs my love! I am inspired with conceptions that no language can convey! Your beauty fills me with wonder! your understanding with ravishment, and your goodness with adoration! I am transported with desire, distracted with doubts, and tortured with impatience! Suffer me then, lovely arbitress of my fate, to approach you in person, to breathe in soft murmurs my passion to your ear, to offer the sacrifice of a heart overflowing with the most genuine and disinterested love; to gaze with extasy on the divine object of my wishes, to hear the music of her enchanting tongue! and to rejoice in her smiles of approbation, which will banish the most intolerable suspence from the bosom of

Your enraptured

R—— R——."

Having finished this effusion, I committed it to the care of my faithful friend, with an injunction to second my intreaty with all her eloquence and influence; and in the mean time went to dress, with an intention of visiting Mrs. Snapper and Miss, whom I had utterly neglected, and indeed almost forgot, since my dear Narcissa had resumed the empire of my soul. The old gentlewoman received me very kindly, and Miss affected a frankness and gaiety, which, however, I could easily perceive was forced and dissembled; among other things, she pretended to joke me[4] upon my passion for Nar-

cissa, which she averred was no secret, and asked if I intended to dance with her at the next assembly.—I was a good deal concerned to find myself become the town-talk on this subject, lest the Squire, having notice of my inclinations, should disapprove of them, and, by breaking off all correspondence with me, deprive me of the opportunities I now enjoyed.—But I resolved to use the interest I had with him, while it lasted; and that very night, meeting him occasionally, asked his permission to sollicit her company at the ball, which he very readily granted, to my inexpressible satisfaction.

Having been kept awake the greatest part of the night, by a thousand delightful reveries that took possession of my fancy, I got up betimes, and flying to the place of rendezvous, had in a little time the pleasure of seeing Miss Williams approach with a smile on her countenance, which I interpreted into a good omen. Neither was I mistaken in my presage: She presented me with a letter from the idol of my soul, which, after having kissed it devoutly, I opened with the utmost eagerness, and was blessed with her approbation in these terms.

"SIR,

To say I look upon you with indifference, would be a piece of dissimulation, which I think no decorum requires, and no custom can justify. As my heart never felt an impression that my tongue was ashamed to declare, I will not scruple to own myself pleased with your passion, confident of your integrity, and so well convinced of my own discretion, that I should not hesitate in granting you the interview you desire, were I not over-awed by the prying curiosity of a malicious world, the censure of which might be fatally prejudicial to the reputation of

Your

NARCISSA."

No anchorite[5] in the extasy of devotion ever adored a relique with more fervour than that with which I kissed this inimitable proof of my charmer's candour, generosity and affection! I read it over an hundred times; was ravished with her confession in the beginning; but the subscription of *Your Narcissa*, yielded me such delight as I had never felt before! My happiness was still increased by Miss Williams, who blessed me with a repetition of her lady's tender expressions in my favour, when she received and read my letter.—In short, I had all the reason in the world to believe that this gentle creature's bosom was possessed by a passion for me, as warm, though perhaps not so impetuous, as mine for her.

I informed my friend of the Squire's consent to my dancing with Narcissa at the ball, and desired her to tell her mistress, that I would do myself the honour of visiting her in the afternoon, in consequence of his permission, when I hoped to find her as indulgent as her brother had been complaisant in that particular.—Miss Williams expressed a good deal of joy, at hearing I was so much in favour with the fox-hunter, and ventured to assure me, that my visit would be very agreeable to my mistress, the rather because Bruin was engaged to dine abroad.—This was a circumstance, which I scarce need say, pleased me.—I went immediately to the long room, where I found him, and affecting to know nothing of his engagement, told him, I would do myself the pleasure to wait upon him in the afternoon, and to present his sister with a ticket for the ball.—

He shook me by the hand, according to custom, and giving me to understand that he was to dine abroad, desired me to go and drink tea with Narcissa notwithstanding, and promised to prepare her for my visit in the mean time.

Every thing succeeding thus to my wish, I waited with incredible impatience for the time, which no sooner arrived, than I hastened to the scene, which my fancy had preoccupied long before.—I was introduced accordingly to the dear enchantress, whom I found accompanied by Miss Williams, who, on pretence of ordering tea, retired at my approach.—This favourable accident, which alarmed my whole soul, disordered her also.—I found myself actuated by an irresistible impulse; I advanced to her with eagerness and awe; and, profiting by the confusion that prevailed over her, clasped the fair angel in my arms, and imprinted a glowing kiss upon her lips, more soft and fragrant than the dewy rosebud just bursting from the stem! Her face was in an instant covered with blushes, her eyes sparkled with resentment; I threw myself at her feet, and implored her pardon. Her love became advocate in my cause; her look softened into forgiveness, she raised me up, and chid me with so much sweetness of displeasure, that I should have been tempted to repeat the offence, had not the coming of a servant with the tea-board, prevented my presumption.—While we were subject to be interrupted or over-heard, we conversed about the approaching ball, at which she promised to grace me as a partner; but when the equipage[6] was removed, and we were left alone, I resumed the more interesting theme, and expressed myself with such transport and agitation, that my mistress, fearing I would commit some extravagance, rung the bell for her maid, whom she detained in the room, as a check upon my vivacity.—I was not sorry for this precaution, because I could unbosom myself without reserve, before Miss Williams, who was the confidante of us both.—I therefore gave a loose to the inspirations of my passion, which operated so successfully upon the tender affections of Narcissa, that she laid aside the constraint she had hitherto wore, and blessed me with the most melting declaration of her mutual flame!—It was impossible for me to forbear taking the advantage of this endearing condescension.—She now gently yielded to my embrace, while I, encircling all that I held dear, within my arms, tasted in advance, the joys of that paradise I hoped in a little time wholly to possess!—We spent the afternoon in all the extasy of hope that the most fervent love exchanged by mutual vows could inspire; and Miss Williams was so much affected with our chaste caresses, which recalled the sad remembrance of what she was, that her eyes were filled with tears.

The evening being pretty far advanced, I forced myself from the dear object of my flame, who indulged me in a tender embrace at parting; and repairing to my lodgings, communicated to my friend Strap every circumstance of my happiness, which filled him with so much pleasure, that it ran over at his eyes; and he prayed heartily that no envious devil might, as formerly, dash the cup of blessing from my lip.—When I reflected on what had happened, and especially on the unreserved protestations of Narcissa's love, I could not help being amazed at her omitting to enquire into the particular circumstances of life and fortune of one whom she had favoured with her affection, and I began to be a little anxious about the situation of her finances; well knowing that I should do an irreparable injury to the person my soul held most dear, if I should espouse her, without being able to support her in the rank which was certainly her

due.—I had heard indeed, while I served her aunt, that her father had left her a considerable sum; and that every body believed she would inherit the greatest part of her kinswoman's dowry, but I did not know how far she might be restricted by the old gentleman's will, in the enjoyment of what he left her; and I was too well informed of the virtuoso's late conduct, to think my mistress could have any expectations from that quarter.—I confided, however, in the good sense and delicacy of my charmer, who, I was sure, would not consent to unite her fate with mine, before she had fully considered and provided for the consequence.

The ball-night being arrived, I dressed myself in a suit I had reserved for some grand occasion; and having drank tea with Narcissa and her brother, conducted my angel to the scene, where she in a moment eclipsed all her female competitors for beauty, and attracted the admiration of the whole assembly.—My heart dilated with pride on this occasion, and my triumph rejected all bounds, when, after we had danced together, a certain nobleman, remarkable for his figure and influence in the *beau monde*,[7] came up, and in the hearing of all present, honoured us with a very particular compliment, upon our accomplishments and appearance; but this transport was soon checked, when I perceived his lordship attach himself with great assiduity to my mistress; and say some warm things, which, I thought, savoured too much of passion.—It was then I began to feel the pangs of jealousy—I dreaded the power and address of my rival—I sickened at his discourse; when she opened her lips to answer, my heart died within me—when she smiled, I felt the pains of the damned!—I was enraged at his presumption; I cursed her complaisance! at length he quitted her and went to the other side of the room.—Narcissa suspecting nothing of the rage that inflamed me, put some questions to me, as soon as he was gone, to which I made no reply, but assumed a grim look, which too well denoted the agitation of my breast, and surprized her not a little.—She no sooner observed my emotion, than she changed colour, and asked what ailed me? but before I could make answer, her brother pulling me by the sleeve, bad me take notice of a lady who sat fronting us, whom I immediately, to my vast astonishment, distinguished to be Melinda, accompanied by her mother and an elderly gentleman, whom I did not know.—"Wounds![8] Mr. Randan, (cried the Squire) is she not a delicate piece of stuff?——'Sdeath! I have a good mind—if I thought she was a single person"—Notwithstanding the perplexity I was in, I had reflection enough to foresee that my passion might suffer greatly by the presence of this lady, who in all probability would revenge herself upon me for having formerly disgraced her, by spreading reports to my prejudice.——I was therefore alarmed at these symptoms of the Squire's admiration; and for some time did not know what reply to make, when he asked my opinion of her beauty: At length I came to a determination, and told him that her name was Melinda; that she had a fortune of ten thousand pounds; and was said to be under promise of marriage to a certain lord, who deferred his nuptials a few months until he should be of age: I thought this piece of intelligence, which I had myself invented, would have hindered him effectually from entertaining any further thoughts of her; but I was egregiously mistaken. The fox-hunter had too much self-sufficiency to despair of success against any competitor on earth. He therefore made light of her engagement, saying, with a smile of self-approbation, "Mayhap she will change her mind——what signi-

fies his being a lord?—I think myself as good a man as e'er a lord in christendom; and I'll see if a commoner worth three thousand a year won't serve her turn."——This determination startled me not a little; I knew he would soon discover the contrary of what I advanced, and as I believed he would find her ear open to his addresses, did not doubt of meeting with every obstacle in my amour, that her malice could invent, and her influence execute.—This reflection increased my chagrin—My vexation was evident—Narcissa insisted on going home immediately; and as I led her to the door, her noble admirer, with a look full of languishment, directed to her a profound bow, which stung me to the soul.—Before she went into the chair, she asked, with an appearance of concern, what was the matter with me? and I could pronounce no more than, "By heaven! I'm distracted!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

Tortured with jealousy, I go home and abuse Strap——receive a message from Narcissa, in consequence of which I hasten to her apartment, where her endearing assurances banish all my doubts and apprehensions——in my retreat discover somebody in the dark, whom, suspecting to be a spy, I resolved to kill: but, to my great surprize, am convinced of his being no other than Strap——Melinda slanders me——I become acquainted with Lord Quiverwit, who endeavours to sound me, with regard to Narcissa—— the squire is introduced to his lordship, and grows cold towards me——I learn from my confidante, that this nobleman professes honourable love to my mistress, who continues faithful to me, notwithstanding the scandalous reports she has heard to my prejudice——I am mortified with an assurance that her whole fortune depends upon the pleasure of her brother——Mr. Freeman condoles me on the decline of my character, which I vindicate so much to his satisfaction, that he undertakes to combat fame in my behalf.

Having uttered this exclamation, at which she sighed, I went home in the condition of a frantic Bedlamite; and finding the fire in my apartment almost extinguished, vented my fury upon poor Strap, whose ear I pinched with such violence, that he roared hideously with pain, and when I quitted my hold looked so foolishly aghast, that no unconcerned spectator could have seen him, without being seized with an immoderate fit of laughter.—It is true, I was soon sensible of the injury I had done, and

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asked pardon for the outrage I had committed; upon which my faithful valet, shaking his head, said, "I forgive you, and may God forgive you"—But he could not help shedding some tears at my unkindness. I felt unspeakable remorse for what I had done, cursed my own ingratitude, and considered his tears as a reproach that my soul, in her present disturbance, could not bear.—It set all my passions into a ferment; I swore horrible oaths without meaning or application, I foamed at the mouth, kicked the chairs about the room, and played abundance of mad pranks, that frightned my friend almost out of his senses.—At length my transport subsided, I became melancholy, and wept insensibly.[1]

During this state of dejection, I was surprized with the appearance of Miss Williams, whom Strap, blubbering all the while, had conducted into the chamber, without giving me previous notice of her approach:—She was extremely affected with my condition, which she had learned from him, begged me to moderate my passion, suspend my conjectures, and follow her to Narcissa, who desired to see me forthwith.—That dear name operated upon me like a charm! I started up, and without opening my lips, was conducted into her apartment through the garden, which we entered by a private door.—I found the adorable creature in tears! I was melted at the sight—we continued silent for some time—my heart was too full to speak—her snowy bosom heaved with fond resentment; at last she sobbing cried, "What have I done to disoblige you!"—My heart was pierced with the tender question! I drew near with the utmost reverence of affection! I fell upon my knees before her, and kissing her hand, exclaimed, "O! thou art all goodness and perfection! I am undone by my want of merit! I am unworthy to possess thy charms, which heaven hath destined for the arms of some more favoured being."—She guessed the cause of my disquiet, upbraided me gently for my suspicion, and gave me such flattering assurances of her eternal fidelity, that all my doubts and fears forsook me, and peace and satisfaction reigned within my breast.

At midnight I left the fair nymph to her repose, and being let out by Miss Williams, at the garden gate by which I entered, began to explore my way homeward in the dark, when I heard at my back a noise like that of a baboon when he mows[2] and chatters. I turned instantly, and perceiving something black, concluded I was discovered by some spy, employed to watch for that purpose: Arroused at this conjecture, by which the reputation of the virtuous Narcissa appeared in jeopardy, I drew my sword, and would have sacrificed him to her fame, had not the voice of Strap restrained my arm: It was with great difficulty he could pronounce, "D—d—d—do! mum—um——um——murder me if you please." Such an effect had the cold upon his jaws, that his teeth rattled like a pair of castanets—Pleased to be thus undeceived, I laughed at his consternation, and asked what brought him thither? Upon which he gave me to understand, that his concern for me had induced him to follow me[3] to that place, where the same reason had detained him till now; and he frankly owned that, in spite of the esteem he had for Miss Williams, he began to be very uneasy about me, considering the disposition in which I went abroad; and if I had staid much longer, would have certainly alarmed the neighbourhood in my behalf.—The knowledge of this his intention confounded me! I represented to him the mischievous consequences that would have attended such a rash action, and cautioning him severely against any such design for the

future, concluded my admonition with an assurance, that in case he should ever act so madly, I would, without hesitation, put him to death.—"Have a little patience (cried he, in a lamentable tone:) your displeasure will do the business, without your committing murder."—I was touched with this reproach; and as soon as we got home, made it my business to appease him, by explaining the cause of that transport, during which I had used him so unworthily.

Next day when I went into the long room, I observed several whispers circulate all of a sudden; and did not doubt that Melinda had been busy with my character; but I consoled myself with the love of Narcissa, upon which I rested with the most perfect confidence; and going up to the rowly-powly table,[4] won a few pieces from my suspected rival, who, with an easy politeness, entered into conversation with me, and desiring my company to the coffee-house, treated me with tea and chocolate.—I remembered Strutwell, and guarded against his insinuating behaviour; nor was my suspicion wrong placed; he artfully turned the discourse upon Narcissa, and endeavoured, by hinting at an intrigue he pretended to be engaged in elsewhere, to learn what connexion there was between her and me.—But all his finesse was ineffectual; I was convinced of his dissimulation, and gave such general answers to his inquiries, that he was forced to drop the subject and talk of something else.

While we conversed in this manner, the savage came in, with another gentleman, who introduced him to his lordship; and he was received with such peculiar marks of distinction, that I was persuaded the courtier intended to use him in some shape or another; and from thence I drew an unlucky omen.—But I had more cause to be dismayed the following day, when I saw the squire in company with Melinda and her mother, who honoured me with several disdainful glances; and when I afterwards threw myself in his way, instead of the cordial shake of the hand, he returned my salute with a cold repetition of "Servant, servant";[5] which he pronounced with such indifference, or rather contempt, that if he had not been Narcissa's brother I should have affronted him in public.

These occurrences disturbed me not a little. I foresaw the brooding storm, and armed myself with resolution for the occasion; but Narcissa being at stake, I was far from being resigned.—I could have renounced every other comfort of life with some degree of fortitude; but the prospect of losing her, disabled all my philosophy, and tortured my soul into madness.

Miss Williams found me, next morning, full of anxious tumult, which did not abate, when she told me that my lord Quiverwit, having professed honourable intentions, had been introduced to my lovely mistress by her brother, who had at the same time, from the information of Melinda, spoke of me as an Irish fortune-hunter, without either birth or estate; who supported myself in the appearance of a gentleman by sharping, and other infamous practices; and who was of such an obscure origin, that I did not even know my own extraction.——Though I expected all this malice, I could not hear it with temper, especially as truth was so blended with falshood in the assertion, that it would be almost impossible to separate the one from the other in my vindication.—But I said nothing on this head, being impatient to know how Narcissa had been affected with the discovery.—That generous creature, far from believing these impu-

tations, was no sooner withdrawn with her confidante, than she inveighed with great warmth against the malevolence of the world, to which only she ascribed the whole of what had been said to my disadvantage; and calling every circumstance of my behaviour to her, into review before her, found every thing so polite, honourable and disinterested, that she could not harbour the least doubt of my being the gentleman I assumed.—"I have indeed," said she, "purposely forbore to ask the particulars of his life, lest the recapitulation of some misfortunes, which he has undergone, should give him pain: And as to the article of his fortune, I own myself equally afraid of enquiring into it, and of discovering the situation of my own, lest we should find ourselves both unhappy in the explanation; for, alas! my provision is conditional, and depends entirely on my marrying with my brother's consent."

I was thunderstruck with this intelligence! the light forsook my eyes, the colour vanished from my cheeks, and I remained in a state of universal trepidation! My female friend perceiving my disorder, encouraged me with assurances of Narcissa's constancy, and the hope of some accident favourable to our love; and as a further consolation gave me to understand, that she had acquainted my mistress with the out-lines of my life; and that, although she was no stranger to the present low state of my finances, her love and esteem were rather encreased than diminished by the knowledge of my circumstances.—I was greatly comforted by this assurance, which saved me a world of confusion and anxiety: For I must have imparted my situation one day to Narcissa; and this task I could not have perform'd without shame and disorder.

As I did not doubt that, by this time, the scandalous aspersions of Melinda were diffused all over the town, I resolved to collect my whole strength of assurance, to browbeat the efforts of her malice, and to publish her adventure with the frenchified barber, by way of reprisal.—In the mean time, having promised to be at the garden-gate about midnight, Miss Williams took her leave, bidding me repose myself entirely on the affection of my dear Narcissa, which was as perfect as inviolable.—Before I went abroad I was visited by Freeman, who came on purpose to inform me of the infamous stories that were raised at my expence. I heard them with great temper, and in my turn disclosed every thing that had happened between Melinda and me; and among other circumstances entertained him with the story of the barber, letting him know what share his friend Banter had in that affair: He was convinced of the injury my reputation had suffered, and no longer doubting the fountain from whence this deluge of slander had flowed upon me, undertook to undeceive the town in my behalf, and roll the stream back upon its source: but, in the mean time, cautioned me from appearing in public while the prepossession was strong against me, lest I should meet with some affront that might have bad consequences.

CHAPTER LIX.

I receive an extraordinary message at the door of the long-room, which I however enter, and affront the Squire, who threatens to take the law of me——rebuke Melinda for her malice——she weeps with vexation——Lord Quiverwit is severe upon me——I retort his sarcasm——am received with the utmost tenderness by Narcissa, who desires to hear the story of my life——we vow eternal constancy to one another——I retire——am waked by a messenger, who brings a challenge from Quiverwit, whom I meet, engage, and vanquish.

I thanked him for his advice, which, however, my pride and resentment would not permit me to follow; for he no sooner left me, in order to do justice to my character among his friends and acquaintance, than I sallied out, and went directly to the long-room.—I was met at the door by a servant, who presented to me a billet[1] without a subscription, importing that my presence was disagreeable to the company, and desiring I would take the hint without further disturbance, and bestow myself elsewhere for the future.—This peremptory message filled me with indignation.—I followed the fellow who delivered it, and seizing him by the collar, in presence of all the company, threatened to put him instantly to death, if he did not discover the scoundrel who had charged him with such an impudent commission, that I might punish him as he deserved.—The messenger, affrighted at my menaces and furious looks, fell upon his knees, and told me, that the gentleman who ordered him to deliver the letter was no other than Narcissa's brother, who at that time stood at the other end of the room, talking to Melinda.—I went up to him immediately, and, in the hearing of his inamorata, accosted him in these words: "Lookee, Squire, was it not for one consideration that protects you from my resentment, I would cane you where you stand, for having had the presumption to send me this scurrilous intimation"; which I tore to pieces and threw in his face; at the same time darting an angry regard at his mistress, I told her, I was sorry she had put it out of my power to compliment her upon her invention, but at the expence of her good nature and veracity.—Her admirer, whose courage never rose but in proportion to the wine he had swallowed, instead of resenting my address in what is called an honourable way, threatened to prosecute me for an assault, and took witnesses accordingly; while she, piqued at his pusillanimous behaviour, and enraged at the sarcasm I had uttered against her, endeavoured to make her quarrel a public cause, and wept aloud with spite and vexation.—The tears of a lady could not fail of attracting the notice and concern of the spectators, to whom she complained of my rudeness, with great bitterness, saying, If she was a man I durst not use her so.—The greatest part of the gentlemen, already prejudiced against me, were of-

fended at the liberty I had taken, as appeared from their looks; though none of them signified their disgust any other way, except my Lord Quiverwit, who ventured to say with a sneer, that I was in the right to establish my own character, of which he had now no longer any doubt.——Nettled at this severe *equivoque*,[2] which raised a laugh at my expence, I replied with some warmth, "I am proud of having in that particular got the start of your lordship."—He made no answer to my repartee, but with a contemptuous smile, walked off, leaving me in a very disagreeable situation.—In vain did I make up to several people of my acquaintance, whose conversation, I hoped, would banish my confusion; every body shunned me like a person infected, and I should not have been able to bear my disgrace, had not the idea of the ever-faithful and fond Narcissa come to my relief.—I quitted the scene of my mortification, and sauntering about the town, happened to wake from my contemplation, when I found myself just opposite to a toy-shop,[3] which I entered, and purchased a ring set with a ruby in the form of a heart, surrounded by diamond sparks,[4] for which I paid ten guineas, intending it for a present to the charmer of my soul.

I was introduced, at the hour appointed, to this divine creature, who, notwithstanding what she had heard to my disadvantage, received me with the utmost confidence and tenderness; and having been informed of the general sketches of my life, by Miss Williams, expressed a desire of knowing the particular circumstances, which I related with great candour, omitting, however, some things which I concluded altogether improper for her ear, and which the reader's reflection will easily suggest.—As my story was little else than a recital of misfortunes, the tear of sympathy ceased not to trickle from her enchanting eyes, during the whole of the narration, which when I had finished, she recompensed me for my trouble, with the most endearing protestations of eternal love.——She bewailed her restricted condition, as it was the means of retarding my happiness; told me, that Lord Quiverwit, by her brother's permission, had been to drink tea with her that very afternoon, and actually proposed marriage; and seeing me extremely affected with this piece of information, offered to give me a convincing proof of her affection, by espousing me in private,[5] and leaving the rest to fate.—I was penetrated with this instance of her regard, but that I might not be outdone in generosity, resisted the bewitching temptation, in consideration of her honour and interest; at the same time, I presented my ring as a pledge of my inviolable attachment, and, on my knees, implored heaven to shower its curses on my head, if ever my heart should entertain one thought unworthy of the passion I then avowed.—She received my token, gave me in return her picture in miniature, exquisitely drawn and set in gold; and in the same posture called heaven to witness and to judge her flame.—Our vows being thus reciprocally breathed, a confidence of hope ensued, and our mutual fondness becoming as intimate as innocence would allow, I grew insensible of the progress of time, and it was morning before I could tear myself from this darling of my soul!—My good angel foresaw what would happen, and prompted me to indulge myself on this occasion, in consideration of the fatal absence I was doomed to suffer.

I went to bed immediately on my return to my lodging, and having slept about two hours, was waked by Strap, who, in great confusion, told me, there was a footman below with a letter which he would deliver to no body but myself.—Alarmed at this

piece of news, I desired my friend to shew him up to my chamber, and received the following letter, which, he said, required an immediate answer.

"SIR,

When any man injures my honour, let the difference of rank between us be ever so great, I am contented to wave the privilege of my quality, and seek reparation from him on equal terms.—The insolence of your reply to me yesterday, in the long room, I might have overlooked, had not your presumptive emulation, in a much more interesting affair, and a discovery which I made this morning, concurred in persuading me to chastise your audacity with my sword.——If you therefore, have spirit enough to support the character you assume, you will not fail to follow the bearer immediately to a convenient place, where you shall be met by

Quiverwit."

Whether I was enervated by the love and favour of Narcissa, or awed by the superior station of my antagonist, I know not, but I never had less inclination to fight, than at this time: However, finding there was a necessity for vindicating the reputation of my mistress, as well as for asserting my own honour, I forthwith rose, and dressing in a hurry, put on my sword, bad Strap attend me, and set out with my conductor, cursing my bad fortune all the way, for having been observed in my return from my angel: for, so I interpreted his lordship's discovery.—When I came within sight of my rival, his lacquey told me, he had orders to stop; upon which, I commanded Strap to halt also, while I walked forward; resolving, if possible, to come to an explanation with my challenger, before we should come to battle.—Nor was an opportunity wanting; for I no sooner approached, than he asked with a stern countenance, what business I had in Mr. Topehall's[6] garden, so early in the morning?—"I don't know, my Lord, (said I) how to answer a question put to me with such magisterial haughtiness.—If your lordship will please to expostulate calmly, you will have no cause to repent of your condescension—Otherwise, I am not to be intimidated into any confession."—"There's no room for denial (answered he) I saw you come out, with my own eyes."—"Did any other person see me?" (said I)—"I neither know nor care (said he) I want no other evidence than that of my own senses."—Pleased to hear that the suspicion was confined to him alone, I endeavoured to appease his jealousy, by owning an intrigue with the waiting-maid; but he had too much discernment to be so easily imposed upon, and told me there was only one way to convince him of the truth of what I alledged; which was no other than renouncing all claim to Narcissa, upon oath, and promising, upon honour, never to speak to her for the future.—Exasperated at this proposal, I unsheathed my sword, saying, "Heavens! what title have you, or any man on earth, to impose such terms on me!" He did the same, and making towards me with a contracted brow, said I was a villain, and had dishonoured Narcissa—"He's a scandalous villain (I replied, in a transport of fury) who brands me with that imputation! She is a thousand times more chaste than the mother that bore you; and I will assert her honour with my heart's blood!"—So saying, I rushed upon him with more eagerness than address, and endeavouring to get within his point,[7] received a wound in my neck, which redoubled my rage.—He excelled me in temper as well as in skill, by which means he parried my thrusts with

great calmness, until I had almost exhausted my spirits; and when he perceived me beginning to flag, attacked me fiercely in his turn.—Finding himself however better opposed than he expected, he resolved to follow his longe,[8] and close with me; accordingly, his sword entered my waistcoat, on the side of the breast-bone, and running up between my shirt and skin, appeared over my left shoulder: I imagined that his weapon had perforated my lungs, and of consequence, that the wound was mortal; therefore determined not to die unrevenged, I seized his shell,[9] which was close to my breast, before he could disintangle his point, and keeping it fast with my left hand, shortened my own sword with my right, intending to run him through the heart; but he received the thrust in the left arm, which penetrated up to the shoulder-blade.—Disappointed in this expectation, and afraid still that death would frustrate my revenge, I grappled with him, and being much the stronger, threw him upon the ground, where I wrested his sword out of his hand, and so great was my confusion, instead of turning the point upon him, struck out three of his fore-teeth with the hilt.—In the mean time, our servants seeing us fall, ran up to separate and assist us; but before their approach, I was upon my feet, and had discovered, that my supposed mortal wound was only a slight scratch. The knowledge of my own safety disarmed me of a good deal of my resentment, and I began to enquire with some concern into the situation of my antagonist, who remained on the ground bleeding plentifully at his mouth and arm.—I helped his footman to raise him, and having bound up his wound with my hankerchief, assured him it was not dangerous; I likewise restored his sword, and offered to support him to his house.—He thanked me, with an air of sullen dignity; and whispering, that I should hear from him soon, went away, leaning on his servant's shoulder.

I was surprized at this promise, which I construed into a threat, and resolved, if ever he should call me out again, to use whatever advantage fortune might give me over him, in another manner.—In the mean time, I had leisure to take notice of Strap, who seemed quite stupified with horror: I comforted him with an assurance that I had received no damage, and explained the nature of this affair as we walked homeward.—By that time I had got into my apartment, I found the wound in my neck stiff and uneasy, and a good deal of clotted blood run down upon my shirt: Upon which, I pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and unbuttoned my collar, that I might dress it with more ease.—My friend no sooner perceived my shirt quite dyed with blood, than imagining I had got at least twenty thousand wounds, he cried, "O Jesus!" and fell flat on the floor.—I stopt the bleeding with a little dry lint, and applying a plaister over it, cleaned myself from the gore, shifted and dressed, while he lay senseless at my feet; so that when he recovered, and saw me perfectly well, he could scarce believe his own eyes.—Now that the danger was past, I was very well pleased with what had happened, hoping that it would soon become known, and consequently dignify my character not a little in this place.—I was also proud of having shewn myself, in some shape, worthy of the love of Narcissa, who, I was persuaded, would not think the worse of me for what I had done.

CHAPTER LX.

I am visited by Freeman, with whom I appear in public, and am caressed——am sent for by Lord Quiverwit, whose presence I quit in a passion——Narcissa is carried off by her brother——I intend to pursue him, and am dissuaded by my friend——engage in play, and lose all my money——set out for London——try my fortune at the gaming-table, without success——receive a letter from Narcissa——bilk my taylor.

While I entertained myself with these reflexions, the news of the duel being communicated by some unknown channel, spread all over the town.—I was visited by Freeman, who testified his surprize at finding me; for, he was told, that Lord Quiverwit being dead of his wounds, I had absconded, in order to avoid the cognizance of the law. I asked if people guessed the occasion of the quarrel; and understanding it was attributed to his lordship's resentment of my reply in the long-room, confirmed that conjecture, glad to find Narcissa unsuspected.—My friend, after I had assured him that my antagonist was in no danger, wished me joy of the event, than which, he said, nothing could happen more opportunely to support the idea he had given of my character, to his friends, among whom he had been very assiduous in my behalf.

On the strength of this assurance, I went with him to the coffee-house, where I was saluted by a great many of those very persons who had shunned me the preceding day; and I found every body making merry with the story of Melinda's French gallant.—While I remained in this place, I received a message from Lord Quiverwit, desiring, if I was not engaged, to see me at his house.

Thither I immediately repaired, and was conducted to an apartment where I was received by his lordship in bed.—When we were left by ourselves, he thanked me in very polite terms, for having used the advantage fortune had given me over him, with such moderation; and asked pardon for any offence his resentment might have prompted him to commit. "I would willingly, (said he) make you my friend; but as it is impossible for me to divest myself of my passion for Narcissa, I am too well convinced of your sentiments, to think we shall ever agree on that subject. I took the liberty, therefore, of sending for you, in order to own candidly, that I cannot help opposing your success with that young lady; though, at the same time, I promise to regulate my opposition by the dictates of justice and honour. This, however, I think proper to advertise you of, that she has no independent fortune, and, if you should even succeed in your addresses, you would have the mortification to see her reduced to indigence, unless you have wherewithal to support her—And I am credibly informed of your incapacity that way—Nay, I will confess that, urged by this consideration, I have actually sent notice to her brother, of the progress I suspect you have made in her affection, and desired him to take his precautions accordingly."——Alarmed and provoked at this informa-

tion, I told his lordship, that I did not see how he could reconcile that piece of conduct with his profession of open dealing, and flung away from him in a passion.

As I walked homeward, in hope of hearing from my mistress, as usual, by means of Miss Williams, I was surprized with the waving of a handkerchief, from the window of a coach and six that passed by me at full speed; and upon further observation, I saw a servant on horseback riding after it, who, I knew by his livery, belonged to the Squire.—Thunderstruck with this discovery, the knowledge of my misfortune rushed all at once upon my reflection! I guessed immediately that the signal was made by the dear hand of Narcissa, who being hurried away, in consequence of Lord Quiverwit's message to her brother, had no other method of relating her distress, and imploring my assistance.—Frantic with this conjecture, I ran to my lodging, snatched my pistols, and ordered Strap to get post-horses,[1] with such incoherence of speech and disorder, that the poor valet, terrified with the suspicion of another duel, instead of providing what I desired, went forthwith to Freeman, who being informed of my behaviour, came streight to my apartment, and conjured me so pathetically to make him acquainted with the cause of my uneasiness, that I could not refuse telling him my happiness was fled with Narcissa, and that I must retrieve her or perish. He represented the madness of such an undertaking, and endeavoured to divert me from it with great strength of friendship and reason: But all his arguments would have been ineffectual, had he not put me in mind of the dependance I ought to have on the love of Narcissa, and the attachment of her maid, who could not fail of finding opportunities to advertise me of their situation; and at the same time, demonstrated the injury my charmer's reputation must suffer from my precipitate retreat. I was convinced and composed by these considerations: I appeared in public with an air of tranquillity, was well received by the best company in town, and my misfortune taking air, condoled accordingly; while I had the satisfaction of seeing Melinda so universally discountenanced, that she was fain to return to London, in order to avoid the scoffs and censure of the ladies at Bath.—But though the hope of hearing from the darling of my soul supported my spirits a little while, I began to be very uneasy, when at the end of several weeks, I found that expectation disappointed.—In short, melancholy and despondence took possession of my soul; and repining at that providence, which by acting the stepmother towards me, kept me from the fruition of my wishes, I determined, in a fit of despair, to risk all I had at the gaming-table, with a view of acquiring a fortune sufficient to render me independent for life; or of plunging myself into such a state of misery, as would effectually crush every ambitious hope that now tortured my imagination.

Actuated by this fatal resolution, I engaged in play, and, after some turns of fortune, found myself, at the end of three days, worth a thousand pounds; but it was not my intention to stop there, for which cause I kept Strap ignorant of my success, and continued my career, until I was reduced to five guineas, which I would have hazarded also, had I not been ashamed to fall from a bet of two hundred pounds to such a petty sum.

Having thus executed my scheme, I went home, amazed to find myself so much at ease, and informed my friend Strap of my mischance, with such calmness, that he imagining I joked, affected to receive the tidings with great equanimity.—But both he

and I found ourselves mistaken very soon.—I had misinterpreted my own stupidity into deliberate resignation, and he had reason to believe me in earnest, when he saw me next morning agitated with the most violent despair, which he endeavoured to alleviate with all the consolation in his power.

In one of my lucid intervals, however, I charged him to take a place in the stage-coach for London; and in the mean time, paid my debts in Bath, which amounted to thirty shillings only.—Without taking leave of my friends I embarked, Strap having the good fortune to find a return-horse, and arrived in town, without having met with any thing remarkable on the road. While we crossed Bagshot heath, I was seized with a sort of inclination to retrieve my fortune, by laying passengers under contribution,[2] in some such place.—My thoughts were so circumstanced at this time, that I should have digested the crime of robbery, so righteously had I concerted my plan, and ventured my life in the execution, had I not been deterred by reflecting upon the infamy that attends detection.

The apartment I formerly lived in being unengaged, I took possession of it, and next day went in quest of Banter, who received me with open arms, in expectation of having his bond discharged to his liking: But when he understood what had happened, his countenance changed of a sudden, and he told me, with a dryness of displeasure peculiar to himself, that if he was in my place, he would put it out of fortune's power to play him such another trick, and be avenged of his own indiscretion at once.—When I desired him to explain his meaning, he pointed to his neck, raised himself on his tiptoes, and was going away without any further ceremony, when I put him in mind of my indigence, and demanded the five guineas I had formerly lent him. "Five guineas! (cried he) Zounds! had you acted with common prudence, you might have had twenty thousand in your pocket by this time.—I depended upon five hundred from you, as much as if I had had notes for it in the bank; and by all the rules of equity, you are indebted to me for that sum."—I was neither pleased nor convinced by this computation, and insisted on my right with such determined obstinacy, that he was fain to alter his tone, and appease my clamour, by assuring me, that he was not master of five shillings.—Society in distress generally promotes good understanding among people; from being a dun I descended to be a client, and asked his advice about repairing my losses.—He counselled me to have recourse again to the gaming-table, where I succeeded so well before, and put myself in a condition, by selling my watch.—I followed his directions, and having accommodated him with a few pieces, went to the place, where I lost every shilling.

Then I returned to my lodgings full of desperate resolution, and having made Strap acquainted with my fate, ordered him to pawn my sword immediately, that I might be enabled to make another effort. This affectionate creature no sooner understood my purpose, than seized with insuppressible sorrow at the prospect of my misery, he burst into tears, and asked what I proposed to do after the small sum he could raise on the sword should be spent? "On my own account (said he) I am quite unconcerned; for while God spares me health and these ten fingers, I can earn a comfortable subsistence any where; but what must become of you, who have less humility to stoop, and more appetites to gratify?"—Here I interrupted him, by saying, with a gloomy aspect,

I should never want a resource while I had a loaded pistol in possession.—Stupified with horror, at this dreadful insinuation, he stood mute for some time, and then broke out into "God of his infinite mercy enable you to withstand that temptation of the devil!—consider your immortal soul—there's no repentance in the grave!—O Lord! that ever we should come to this—Are we not enjoined to resign ourselves to the will of heaven?—where is your patience?—*Duram patientia frango*[3]—you are but a young man—there may be many good things in store for you—*accidit in puncto quid non speratur in anno*[4]—remember your uncle, Mr. Bowling; perhaps he is now on his voyage homeward, pleasing himself with the hopes of seeing and relieving you—nay, peradventure he is already arrived, for the ship was expected about this time."—A ray of hope shot athwart my soul, at this suggestion; I thanked my friend for his seasonable recollection, and after having promised to take no resolution till his return, dismissed him to Wapping for intelligence.

In his absence I was visited by Banter, who being informed of my bad luck at play, told me, that fortune would probably be one day weary of persecuting me, "In the mean time, (said he) here's a letter for you, which I receiv'd just now inclosed in one from Freeman."—I snatched it with eagerness, and knowing the superscription to be of Narcissa's hand-writing, kissed it with transport, and having opened it, read,

> "It is with great difficulty, that I have stolen from the observation of those spies who are set over me, this opportunity of telling you, that I was suddenly carried away from Bath, by my brother, who was informed of our correspondence by Lord Quiverwit, whom, I since understand, you have wounded in a duel on my account.——As I am fully convinced of your honour and love, I hope I shall never hear of such desperate proofs of either for the future.—I am so strictly watched, that it will be impossible for you to see me, until my brother's suspicion shall abate, or heaven contrive some other unforeseen event in our behalf.—In the mean time, you may depend on the constancy and affection of
>
> *Your own*
>
> Narcissa.
>
> P. S. Miss Williams, who is my fellow-prisoner, desires to be remembred to you—We are both in good health, and only in pain for you, especially, as it will be impracticable for you to convey any message or letter to the place of our confinement—for which reason, pray desist from the attempt that by miscarrying might prolong our captivity.
>
> N——."

This kind letter afforded me great consolation: I communicated it to Banter, and, at the same time, shewed him her picture:[5] He approved of her beauty and good sense, and could not help owning, that my neglect of Miss Snapper was excusable, when such a fine creature engrossed my attention.

I began to be reconciled to my fate, and imagined, that if I could contrive means of subsisting until my uncle should arrive, in case he was not already at home, he would enable me to do something effectual in behalf of my love and fortune—I therefore consulted Banter about a present supply, who no sooner understood that I had credit with a taylor, than he advised me to take off two or three suits of rich cloaths, and convert them into cash, by selling them at half price, to a salesman in Monmouth-street—I

was startled at his proposal, which I thought savoured a little of fraud; but he rendered it palatable, by observing, that in a few months, I might be in a condition to do every body justice; and, in the mean time, I was acquitted by the honesty of my intention—I suffered myself to be persuaded by his salvo, by which my necessity, rather than my judgment, was convinced; and when I found there were no accounts of the ship in which my uncle embarked, actually put the scheme in practice, and raised by it, five and twenty guineas, paying him for his advice with the odd five.

CHAPTER LXI.

I am arrested——carried to the Marshalsea——find my old acquaintance beau Jackson in that jail——he informs me of his adventures——Strap arrives, and with difficulty is comforted——Jackson introduces me to a poet——I admire his conversation and capacity——am deeply affected with my misfortune——Strap hires himself as a journeyman-barber.

But this expedient was in a few weeks attended with a consequence I did not foresee: a player having purchased one of the suits which were exposed to sale, appeared in it on the stage one night, while my taylor unfortunately happened to be present.—He knew it immediately, and enquiring minutely into the affair, discovered my whole contrivance: upon which he came to my lodgings, and telling me that he was very much straitened for want of money, presented his bill, which amounted to 50 l.—Surprized at this unexpected address, I affected to treat him cavalierly, swore some oaths, asked if he doubted my honour, and, telling him I should take care who I dealt with for the future, bade him come again in three days.—He obeyed me punctually, demanded his money, and finding himself amused with bare promises, arrested me that very day in the street.—I was not much shocked at this adventure, which, indeed, put an end to a state of horrible expectation: but I refused to go to a spunging-house,[1] where I heard there was nothing but the most flagrant imposition; and a coach being called, was carried to the Marshalsea, attended by a bailiff and his follower, who were very much disappointed and chagrined at my resolution.

The turnkey guessing, from my appearance, that I had money in my pocket, received me with the repetition of the Latin word *depone*,[2] and gave me to understand, that I must pay before-hand for the apartment[3] I should choose to dwell in.—I desired to see his conveniencies, and hired a small, paultry bed-chamber, for a crown a week, which, in any other place, would not have let for half the money.—Having taken possession of this dismal habitation, I sent for Strap, and my thoughts were busied in collecting matter of consolation to that faithful squire, when somebody knocked at my

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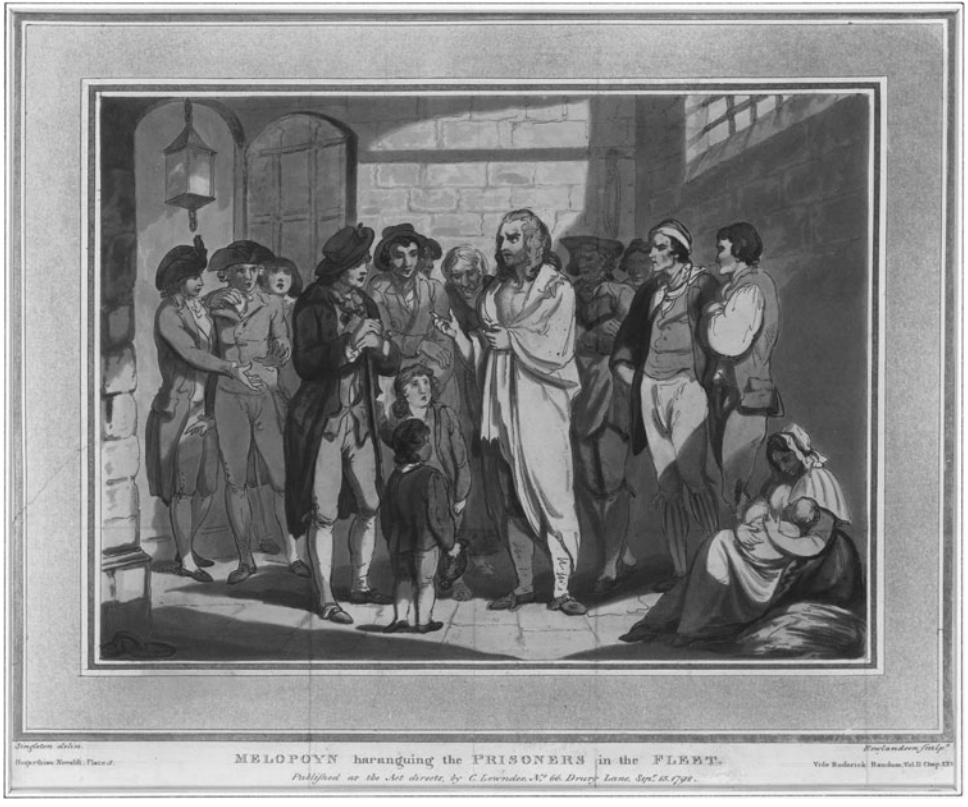
door, which I no sooner opened, than a young fellow entered, in very shabby cloaths, and marvellous foul linnen. After a low bow, he called me by name, and asked if I had forgot him. His voice assisted me in recollecting his person, whom I soon recognized to be my old acquaintance Jackson, of whom mention is made in the first part of my memoirs.—I saluted him cordially, expressed my satisfaction at finding him alive, and condoled him on his present situation, which, however, did not seem to affect him much, for he laughed very heartily at the occasion of our meeting so unexpectedly in this place. Our mutual compliments being past, I enquired about his amour with the lady of fortune, which seem'd to be so near a happy conclusion when I had the pleasure of seeing him last: and, after an immoderate fit of laughter, he gave me to understand, that he had been egregiously bit in that affair.—"You must know," said he, "that a few days after our adventure with the bawd and her b——ches, I found means to be married to that same fine lady you speak of, and passed the night with her at her lodgings, so much to her satisfaction, that early in the morning, after a good deal of sniveling and sobbing, she owned, that far from being an heiress of a great fortune, she was no other than a common woman of the town, who had decoyed me into matrimony, in order to enjoy the privilege of a *femme couverte*;[4] and that, unless I made my escape immediately, I should be arrested for a debt of her contracting, by bailiffs employed and instructed for that purpose.——Startled at this intimation, I rose in a twinkling, and taking leave of my spouse with several hearty damns, got safe into the verge of the court,[5] where I kept snug, until I was appointed surgeon's mate of a man of war at Portsmouth; for which place I set out on a Sunday,[6] went on board of my ship, in which I sailed to the Straits, where I had the good fortune to be made surgeon of a sloop that came home a few months after, and was put out of commission: whereupon I came to London, imagining myself forgotten and freed from my wife and her creditors; but had not been in town a week before I was arrested for a debt of hers, amounting to 20 l. and brought to this place, where I have been fixed by another action since that time.—However, you know my disposition; I defy care and anxiety; and being on the half-pay list,[7] make shift to live here tolerably easy."—I congratulated him on his philosophy, and remembring that I was in his debt, repay'd the money he formerly lent me, which, I believe, was far from being unseasonable. I then enquired about the œconomy of the place, which he explained to my satisfaction; and after we had agreed to mess together, he was just going to give orders for dinner when Strap arrived.

I never in my life saw sorrow so extravagantly expressed in any countenance, as in that of my honest friend, which was, indeed, particularly adapted by nature for such impressions.—When we were left by ourselves, I communicated to him my disaster, and endeavoured to console him with the same arguments he had formerly used to me, withal representing the fair chance I had of being relieved, in a short time, by Mr. Bowling.—But his grief was unutterable; he seemed to give attention without listening, and wrung his hands in silence; so that I was in a fair way of being infected by his behaviour, when Jackson returned, and perceiving the deference I paid to Strap, altho' in a footman's habit, distributed his crumbs of comfort with such mirth, jollity and unconcern, that the features of the distressed squire relaxed by degrees, he recovered the use of speech, and began to be a little more reconciled to this lamentable event.——We dined together on boiled beef and greens, brought from a cook's shop in the neigh-

bourhood: and altho' this meal was served up in a manner little corresponding with the sphere of life in which I had lately lived, I made a virtue of necessity,[8] ate with good appetite, and treated my friends with a bottle of wine which had the desired effect, of encreasing the good humour of my fellow-prisoner, and exhilerating the spirits of Strap, who now talked cavalierly of my misfortune.

After dinner Jackson left us to our private affairs; when I desired my friend to pack up all our things, and carry them to some cheap lodging he should choose for himself in the neighbourhood of the Marshalsea, after he had discharged my lodging, for which purpose I gave him money.—I likewise recommended to him the keeping my misfortune secret, and saying to my landlord, or any other who should enquire for me, that I was gone into the country for a few weeks: at the same time I laid strong injunctions upon him to call every second day upon Banter, in case he should receive any letter for me from Narcissa, by the canal of Freeman; and by all means to leave a direction for himself, at my uncle's lodgings in Wapping, by which I might be found when my kinsman should arrive.

When he departed to execute these orders (which, by the bye, were punctually performed that very night) I found myself so little seasoned[9] to my situation, that I dreaded reflexion, and sought shelter from it in the company of the beau, who, promising to regale me with a lecture upon taste, conducted me to the common side, where I saw a number of naked miserable wretches assembled together.—We had not been here many minutes, when a figure appeared, wrapped in a dirty rug, tied about his loins with two pieces of list,[10] of different colours, knotted together; having a black bushy beard, and his head covered with a huge mass of brown periwig, which seemed to have been ravished from the crown of some scare-crow.—This apparition, stalking in with great solemnity, made a profound bow to the audience, who signified their approbation by a general response of "How d'ye do, doctor?" He then turned towards us, and honoured Jackson with a particular salutation: upon which my friend, in a formal manner, introduced him to me, by the name of Mr. Melopoyn.[11]——This ceremony being over, he advanced into the middle of the congregation, which crowded around him, and hemming three times, to my utter astonishment, pronounced with great significance of voice and gesture, a very elegant and ingenious discourse upon the difference between genius and taste, illustrating his assertions with apt quotations from the best authors, ancient as well as modern. When he had finished his harangue, which lasted a full hour, he bowed again to the spectators; not one of whom (I was informed) understood so much as a sentence of what he had uttered. They manifested, however, their admiration and esteem by voluntary contribution, which, Jackson told me, one week with another, amounted to eighteen pence.—This moderate stipend, together with some small presents that he received for making up differences, and deciding causes amongst the prisoners, just enabled him to breathe and walk about in the grotesque figure I have described.—I understood also, that he was an excellent poet, and had composed a tragedy, which was allowed by every body who had seen it, to be a performance of great merit; that his learning was infinite, his morals unexceptionable, and his modesty invincible.—Such a character could not fail of attracting my regard; I longed impatiently to be acquainted with him, and desired Jackson would engage him to spend the evening in my apartment. My request was granted, he favoured


Singleton delin.
Rowlandson fecit.
MELOPOYN haranguing the PRISONERS in the FLEET.
Published as the Act directs, by C. Lewinden, No. 66 Drury Lane, Sept. 25. 1798.

"Melopoyn haranguing the Prisoners in the Fleet" by Rowlandson after Singleton. (Call number HEW 9.13.28, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

us with his company, and, in the course of our conversation, perceiving that I had a strong passion for the Belle Lettre, acquitted himself so well on that subject, that I expressed a fervent desire of seeing his productions.—In this point too he gratified my inclination:—he promised to bring his tragedy to my room next day, and, in the mean time, entertained me with some detach'd pieces, which gave me a very advantageous idea of his poetical talent.——Among other things I was particularly pleased with some elegies, in imitation of Tibullus;[12] one of which I beg leave to submit to the reader, as a specimen of his complexion and capacity.

I.

Where now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia,[13] give my soul her wonted rest;—
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast!

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

III.

For me, no more I'll range the empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

IV.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

V.

There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
A-while in silence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewel to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

VI.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strow vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast![14]

I was wonderfully affected with this pathetic complaint, which seem'd so well calculated for my own disappointment in love, that I could not help attaching the idea

of Narcissa to the name of Monimia, and of forming such melancholy presages of my passion, that I could not recover my tranquillity; and was fain to have recourse to the bottle, which prepared me for a profound sleep that I could not otherwise have enjoyed.—Whether these impressions invited and introduced a train of other melancholy reflections, or my fortitude was all exhausted in the effort I made against despondence, during the first day of my imprisonment, I cannot determine; but I awoke in the horrors, and found my imagination haunted with such dismal apparitions, that I was ready to despair:—and, I believe the reader will own, I had no great cause to congratulate myself, when I considered my situation.—I was interrupted in the midst of these gloomy apprehensions, by the arrival of Strap, who contributed not a little to the re-establishment of my peace, by letting me know that he had hired himself as a journeyman-barber; by which means he would be able not only to save me a considerable expence, but even make shift to lay up something for my subsistence after my money should be spent, in case I should not be relieved before.

CHAPTER LXII.

I read Melopoyn's tragedy, and conceive a vast opinion of his genius——he recounts his adventures.

While we ate our breakfast together, I made him acquainted with the character and condition of the poet, who came in with his play at that instant, and imagining we were engaged about business, could not be prevailed upon to sit; but leaving his performance, went away.—My friend's tender heart was melted at the sight of a gentleman and christian (for he had a great veneration for both these epithets) in such misery; and assented with great chearfulness to a proposal I made of cloathing him with our superfluities; a task with which he charged himself, and departed immediately to perform it.

He was no sooner gone, than I locked my door, and sat down to the tragedy, which I read to the end with vast pleasure, not a little amazed at the conduct of the managers who had rejected it.[1]—The fable, in my opinion, was well chosen, and naturally conducted, the incidents interesting, the characters beautifully contrasted, strongly marked and well supported; the diction poetical, spirited, and correct; the unities of the drama maintained with the most scrupulous exactness; the opening gradual and engaging, the peripeteiaia surprizing, and the catastrophe affecting:[2] In short, I judged it by the laws of Aristotle and Horace,[3] and could find nothing in it exceptionable, but a little too much embellishment in some few places, which objection he removed to my satisfaction, by a quotation from Aristotle's Poetics,[4] importing, that the least interesting parts of a poem ought to be raised and dignified by the charms and energy of diction.

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I revered his genius, and was seized with an eager curiosity to know the particular events of a fortune so unworthy of his merit.—At that instant Strap returned with a bundle of cloaths, which I sent with my compliments to Mr. Melopoyn, as a small token of my regard, and desired the favour of his company to dinner.—He accepted my present and invitation, and in less than half an hour made his appearance in a decent dress, which altered his figure very much to his advantage.—I perceived by his countenance, that his heart was big with gratitude, and endeavoured to prevent his acknowledgements, by asking pardon for the liberty I had taken; he made no reply, but with an aspect full of admiration and esteem, bowed to the ground, while the tears gushed from his eyes. Affected with these symptoms of an ingenuous mind, I shifted the conversation, and complimented him on his performance, which I assured him, afforded me infinite pleasure.—My approbation made him happy; dinner being served, and Jackson arrived, I begged their permission for Strap to sit at table with us, after having informed them, that he was a person to whom I was extremely obliged; they were kind enough to grant that favour, and we ate together with great harmony and satisfaction.

Our meal being ended, I expressed my wonder at the little regard Mr. Melopoyn had met with from the world; and signified a desire of hearing how he had been treated by the managers of the play-houses, to whom, I understood from Jackson, he had offered his tragedy, without success.[5]——"There is so little entertaining in the incidents of my life (said he) that I am sure the recital will not recompense your attention; but since you discover an inclination to know them, I understand my duty too well to disappoint your desire.

"My father, who was a curate in the country, being by the narrowness of his circumstances, hindred from maintaining me at the university, took the charge of my education upon himself, and laboured with such industry and concern in the undertaking, that I had little cause to regret the want of public masters.[6]—Being at great pains to consult my natural biass, he discovered in me betimes, an inclination for poetry; upon which, he recommended to me an intimate acquaintance with the classics, in the cultivation of which he assisted me with paternal zeal, and uncommon erudition.—When he thought me sufficiently acquainted with the ancients, he directed my studies to the best modern authors, French and Italian as well as English, and laid a particular injunction upon me, to make myself master of my mother tongue.

"About the age of eighteen, I grew ambitious of undertaking a work of some consequence; and with my father's approbation, actually planned the tragedy you have read; but before I had finished four acts, that indulgent parent died, and left my mother and me in very indigent circumstances.—A near relation compassionating our distress, took us into his family, where I brought my fable to a conclusion; and soon after that period my mother quitted this life.—When my sorrow for this melancholy event had subsided, I told my kinsman, who was a farmer, that having paid my last duty to my parent, I had now no attachment to detain me in the country, and therefore was resolved to set out for London, and offer my play to the stage, where I did not doubt of acquiring a large share of fame as well as fortune; in which case I should not be un-

mindful of my friends and benefactors.—My cousin was ravished with the prospect of my felicity, and willingly contributed towards the expence of fitting me out for my expedition.

"Accordingly, I took a place in the waggon, and arrived in town, where I hired an apartment in a garret, willing to live as frugally as possible, until I should know what I had to expect from the manager, to whom I intended to offer my play.—For though I looked upon myself as perfectly secure of a good reception, imagining that a patentee would be as eager to receive, as I to present my production; I did not know whether or not he might be pre-engaged in favour of another author, a circumstance that would certainly retard my success.—On this consideration too, I determined to be speedy in my application, and even to wait upon one of the managers, the very next day. For this purpose, I enquired of my landlord, if he knew where either, or both of them lived; and he being curious to know my business, and at the same time, appearing to be a very honest friendly man (a tallow-chandler) I made him acquainted with my design; upon which he told me, that I went the wrong way to work; that I would not find such easy access to a manager as I imagined; and that if I delivered my performance without proper recommendation, it would be as one to a thousand if ever it should be minded.—'Take my advice, (said he) and your business is done.—One of the patentees is a good catholic, as I am,[7] and uses the same father who confesses me.—I will make you acquainted with this good priest, who is an excellent scholar, and if he should approve of your play, his recommendation will go a great way in determining Mr. Supple[8] to bring it on the stage.'—I applauded his expedient, and was introduced to the friar, who having perused the tragedy, was pleased to signify his approbation, and commended me in particular, for having avoided all reflections upon religion.—He promised to use all his influence with his son Supple in my behalf, and to inform himself that very day, at what time it would be proper for me to wait upon him with the piece.—He was punctual in performing his engagement, and next morning gave me to understand, that he had mentioned my affair to the manager, and that I had no more to do than to go to his house any time in the forenoon, and make use of his name, upon which I should find immediate admittance.—I took his advice, put my performance in my bosom, and having received directions, went immediately to the house of Mr. Supple, and knocked at the door which had a wicket in the middle, faced with a network of iron: through this a servant having viewed me for some time, demanded to know my business.—I told him, my business was with Mr. Supple, and that I came from Mr. O Varnish.[9]—He examined my appearance once more, then went away, returned in a few minutes, and said his master was busy and could not be seen.—Although I was a little mortified at my disappointment, I was persuaded that my reception was owing to Mr. Supple's ignorance of my errand; and that I might meet with no more obstructions of the same kind, I desired Mr. O Varnish to be my introductor the next time.——He complied with my request, and obtained immediate admittance to the manager, who received me with the utmost civility, and promised to read my play with the first convenience.—By his own appointment I called again in a fortnight, but he was gone out; I returned in a week after, and the poor gentleman was extremely ill; I renewed my visit in a fortnight after that, and he assured me, he had been so much fatigued

with business, that he had not been able as yet to read it to an end; but he would take the first opportunity; and in the mean time, observed, that what he had yet seen of it was very entertaining.—I comforted myself with this declaration a few weeks longer, at the end of which I appeared again before his wicket, was let in, and found him laid up with the gout. I no sooner entered his chamber, than looking at me with a languishing eye, he said, 'Mr. Melopoyn, I'm heartily sorry for an accident that has happened during my illness—You must know, that my eldest boy, finding your manuscript upon the table, in the dining-room, where I used to read it, carried it into the kitchin, and leaving it there, a negligent wench of a cook-maid, mistaking it for waste-paper, has expended it all but a few leaves in singeing fouls[10] upon the spit—But I hope the misfortune is not irreparable, since, no doubt, you have several copies.'

"I protest to you, my good friend Mr. Random, I was extremely shocked at this information; but the good-natured gentleman seemed to be so much affected with my misfortune, that I suppressed my concern, and told him, that although I had not another copy, I should be able to retrieve the loss by writing another from my memory, which was very tenacious. You cannot imagine how well pleased Mr. Supple was at this assurance; he begged I would set about it immediately, and carefully revolve and recollect every circumstance, before I pretended to commit it to paper, that it might be the same individual play that he had perused.—Encouraged by this injunction, which plainly demonstrated how much he interested himself in the affair, I tasked my remembrance and industry, and in three weeks produced the exact image of the former, which was conveyed to him by my good friend, father O Varnish, who told me next day, that Mr. Supple would revise[11] it superficially, in order to judge of its sameness with the other, and then give his final answer.——For this examination I allotted a week; and in full confidence of seeing it acted in a little while, demanded an audience of the manager, when that term was expired.—But alas! the season had slipt away insensibly; he convinced me, that if my play had been put into rehearsal at that time, it could not have been ready for performing, until the end of March, when the benefit nights come on;[12] consequently it would have interfered with the interest of the players, whom it was not my business to disoblige.

"I was fain to acquiesce in these reasons, which to be sure were extremely just; and to reserve my performance for the next season, when he hoped I would not be so unlucky.—Although it was a grievous disappointment to me, who by this time began to want both money and necessaries; having, on the strength of my expectation from the theatre, launched out into some extravagancies, by which the sum I brought to town was already almost consumed.—Indeed, I ought to be ashamed at this circumstance of my conduct: For, my finances were sufficient, with good œconomy, to have maintained me comfortably a whole year.—You will perhaps be amazed when I tell you, that in six months, I expended not a farthing less than ten guineas: But when one considers the temptations to which a young man is exposed in this great city, especially if he is addicted to pleasure, as I am, the wonder will vanish, or at least abate.—Nor was the cause of my concern limited to my own situation entirely: I had writ an account of my good reception to my kinsman the farmer, and desired him to depend upon me for the money he had kindly accommodated me with, about the end of Feb-

ruary: which promise I now found myself unable to perform.—However, there was no remedy but patience: I applied to my landlord, who was a very good-natured man, candidly owned my distress, and begged his advice in laying down some plan for my subsistence.—He readily promised to consult his confessor on this subject, and in the mean time, told me, I was welcome to lodge and board with him, until fortune should put it in my power to make restitution.

"Mr. O Varnish being informed of my necessity, offered to introduce me to the author of a weekly paper, who, he did not doubt, would employ me in that way, provided he should find me duly qualified; but, upon enquiry, I understood, that this journal was calculated to foment divisions in the commonwealth,[13] and therefore I desired to be excused from engaging in it.—He then proposed that I should write something in the poetical way, which I might dispose of to a bookseller for a pretty sum of ready money, and perhaps establish my own character into the bargain; this event would infallibly procure friends; and my tragedy would appear next season to the best advantage, by being supported both by interest and reputation.—I was charmed with this prospect, and having heard what friends Mr. Pope acquired by his pastorals,[14] set about a work of that kind, and in less than six weeks, composed as many eclogues, which I forthwith offered to an eminent bookseller,[15] who desired me to leave them for his perusal, and he would give me an answer in two days.—At the end of that time, I went to him, when he returned the poems, telling me, they would not answer his purpose, and sweetned his refusal, by saying there were some good clever lines in them.—Not a little dejected at this rebuff, which, I learned from Mr. O Varnish, was owing to the opinion of another author,[16] whom this bookseller always consulted on those occasions, I applied to another person of the same profession, who told me, the town was cloyed with pastorals, and advised me, if I intended to profit by my talents, to write something satirical or luscious,[17] such as the *Button Hole*, *Shocky and Towzer*, *the Leaky Vessel*,[18] &c.—and yet this was a man in years, who wore a reverend periwig, looked like a senator, and went regularly to church.—Be that as it will, I scorned to prostitute my pen in the manner he proposed, and carried my papers to a third, who assured me that poetry was entirely out of his way; and asked, if I had got never a piece of secret history, thrown into a series of letters, or a volume of adventures, such as those of Robinson Crusoe, and colonel Jack,[19] or a collection of conundrums,[20] wherewith to entertain the plantations.[21]—Being quite unfurnished for this dealer, I had recourse to another, with as little success; and I verily believe was rejected by the whole trade.

"I was afterwards persuaded to offer myself as a translator,[22] and accordingly repaired to a person, who was said to entertain numbers of that class in his pay; he assured me, he had already a great deal of that work on his hands, which he did not know what to do with; observed that translation was a mere drug,[23] that branch of literature being overstocked with an inundation of authors from North-Britain;[24] and asked what I would expect per sheet, for rendering the Latin classicks into English?—That I might not make myself too cheap, I determined to set a high price upon my qualifications, and demanded half a guinea for every translated sheet.[25]—'Half a guinea!' (cried he, staring at me) then paused a little, and said, he had no occasion for my service at

present.—I found my error, and resolving to make amends, fell one half in my demand; upon which he stared at me again, and told me his hands were full. I attempted others, without finding employment, and was actually reduced to a very uncomfortable prospect, when I bethought myself of offering my talents to the printers of halfpenny ballads,[26] and other such occasional essays as are hawked about the streets.—With this view, I applied to one of the most noted and vociferous of this tribe, who directed me to a person whom I found entertaining a whole crowd of them with gin, bread and cheese; he carried me into a little back parlour, very neatly furnished, where I signified my desire of being enrolled among his writers; and was asked, what kind of composition I professed?—Understanding that my inclination leaned towards poetry, he expressed his satisfaction, telling me one of his poets had lost his senses, and was confined in Bedlam,[27] and the other was become dozed with drinking drams; so that he had not done any thing tolerable these many weeks.—When I proposed, that we should enter into terms of agreement, he gave me to understand, that his bargains were always conditional, and his authors paid in proportion to the sale of their works.

"Having therefore settled these conditions, which (I do assure you) were not very advantageous to me, he assigned me a subject for a ballad, which was to be finished in two hours; and I retired to my garret, in order to perform his injunction.—As the theme happened to suit my fancy, I compleated a pretty sort of an ode, within the time prescribed, and brought it to him, big with hope of profit and applause. He read it in a twinkling, and to my utter astonishment, told me, it would not do; though indeed, he owned I wrote a good hand, and spelled very well, but my language was too high flown, and of consequence not at all adapted to the capacity and taste of his customers.—I promised to rectify that mistake, and in half an hour humbled my stile to the comprehension of vulgar readers;[28] he approved of the alteration, and gave me some hopes of succeeding in time, though he observed, that my performance was very deficient in the quaintness of expression that pleases the multitude: However, to encourage me, he ventured the expence of printing and paper, and, if I remember aright, my share of the sale amounted to four pence halfpenny.

"From that day I studied the Grub-street[29] manner with great diligence, and at length became such a proficient, that my works were in great request among the most polite of the chairmen, draymen, hackney-coachmen, footmen and servant-maids: Nay, I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing my productions adorned with cuts,[30] pasted upon the wall as ornaments in beer-cellars and coblers stalls; and have actually heard them sung in clubs of substantial tradesmen.—But empty praise (you know, my dear friend) will not supply the cravings of nature.—I found myself in danger of starving in the midst of all my fame; for of ten songs I composed, it was well if two had the good fortune to please.———For this reason I turned my thoughts to prose, and during a tract of gloomy weather, published an apparition,[31] on the substance of which I subsisted very comfortably a whole month: I have made many a good meal upon a monster; a rape has often afforded me great satisfaction; but a murder[32] well-timed, was my never-failing resource. What then? I was a most miserable slave to my employers, who expected to be furnished at a minute's warning with prose and verse, just as they

thought the circumstances of the times required, whether the *inclination was absent or present*.[33] Upon my sincerity, Mr. Random, I have been so much pestered and besieged by those children of clamour, that life became a burden to me."

CHAPTER LXIII.

The continuation and conclusion of Mr. Melopoyn's story.

"I made shift, notwithstanding, to maintain myself till the beginning of next winter, when I renewed my addresses to my friend Mr. Supple, and was most graciously received.——'I have been thinking of your affair, Mr. Melopoyn (said he) and am determined to shew how far I have your interest at heart, by introducing you to a young nobleman of my acquaintance, who is remarkable for his fine taste in dramatic writings, and is, besides, a man of such influence, that if once he should approve of your play, his patronage will support it against all the efforts of envy and ignorance: For I do assure you, that merit alone will not bring success.—I have already spoken of your performance to Lord Rattle,[1] and if you will call at my house, in a day or two, you shall have a letter of introduction to his lordship.'—I was sensibly touched with this mark of Mr. Supple's friendship, and looking upon my affair as already done, went home and imparted my good fortune to my landlord, who, to render my appearance more acceptable to my patron, procured a suit of new cloaths for me on his own credit.

"Not to trouble you with idle particulars, I carried my tragedy to his lordship's lodgings, and sent it up along with Mr. Supple's letter, by one of his servants, who desired me by his lord's order, to return in a week.—I did so, and was admitted to his lordship, who received me very courteously, told me he had perused my play, which he thought, on the whole, was the best *coup d'essai*[2] he had ever seen; but that he had marked some places in the margin, which he imagined might be altered for the better.—I was transported with this reception, and promised (with many acknowlegments of his lordship's generosity) to be governed solely by his advice and direction.—'Well then, (said he) write another fair copy, with the alterations I have proposed, and bring it to me as soon as possible; for I am resolved to have it brought on the stage this winter.'—You may be sure I set about this task with alacrity, and although I found his lordship's remarks much more numerous, and of less importance than I expected, I thought it was not my interest to dispute upon trifles with my patron; therefore new-modelled it according to his desire, in less than a month.

"When I waited upon him with the manuscript, I found one of the actors[3] at breakfast with his lordship, who immediately introduced him to my acquaintance, and desired him to read a scene of my play.—This task he performed very much to my satisfaction, with regard to emphasis and pronounciation; but he signified his disgust at several words in every page, which I presuming to defend, Lord Rattle told me with a

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peremptory look, I must not pretend to dispute with him, who had been a player these twenty years, and understood the œconomy of the stage better than any man living. I was forced to submit, and his lordship proposed the same actor should read the whole play, in the evening, before some gentlemen of his acquaintance, whom he would convene at his lodgings for that purpose.

"I was present at the reading; and I protest to you, my dear friend, I never underwent such a severe trial in the whole course of my life, as that juncture! for although the player might be a very honest man, and a good performer, he was excessively illiterate[4] and assuming, and made a thousand frivolous objections, which I was not permitted to answer: However, the piece was very much applauded on the whole; the gentlemen present, who I understood, were men of fortune, promised to countenance and support it as much as they could; and Lord Rattle assuring me that he would act the part of a careful nurse to it, desired me to carry it home, and alter it immediately, according to their remarks:—I was fain to acquiesce in his determination, and fulfilled his injunctions with all the expedition in my power; but before I could present the new copy, my good friend Mr. Supple had disposed of his property and patent to one Mr. Brayer;[5] so that fresh interest was to be made with the new manager.—This task Lord Rattle undertook, having some acquaintance with him, and recommended my performance so strongly, that it was received.

"I looked upon myself now, as upon the eve of reaping the fruits of all my labour: I waited a few days in expectation of its being put into rehearsal, and wondering at the delay, applied to my worthy patron, who excused Mr. Brayer on account of the multiplicity of business in which he was involved; and bad me beware of teizing the patentee.—I treasured up this caution, and exerted my patience three weeks longer; at the end of which his lordship gave me to understand that Mr. Brayer had read my play, and owned it had undubitable merit; but as he had long been pre-engaged to another author,[6] he could not possibly represent it that season; though, if I would reserve it for the next, and in the interim, make such alterations as he had proposed by observations on the margin, I might depend upon his compliance.

"Thunderstruck at this disappointment, I could not, for some minutes, utter one syllable: At length, however, I complained bitterly of the manager's insincerity in amusing me so long, when he knew from the beginning, that he could not gratify my desire.—But his lordship reprimanded me for my freedom, said Mr. Brayer was a man of honour, and imputed his behaviour with respect to me, to nothing else but forgetfulness.—And indeed I have had some reason, since that time, to be convinced of his bad memory; for, in spite of appearances, I will not allow myself to interpret his conduct any other way.—Lord Rattle observing me very much affected with my disappointment, offered his interest to bring on my play at the other house, which I eagerly accepting, he forthwith wrote a letter of recommendation to Mr. Bellower, actor, and prime minister to Mr. Vandal,[7] proprietor of that theatre; and desired me to deliver it with my tragedy, without loss of time.—Accordingly, I hastened to his house, where, after having waited a whole hour in a lobby, I was admitted to his presence, and my performance received with great state.—He told me he was extremely busy at present, but he would peruse it as soon as possible; and bad me call again in a week. I took my leave, not a little aston-

ished at the port[8] and supercilious behaviour of this stage-player, who had not treated me with good manners; and began to think the dignity of a poet greatly impaired since the days of Euripides and Sophocles;[9] but all this was nothing in comparison of what I have since observed.

"Well, Mr. Random, I went back at the appointed time, and was told that Mr. Bellower was engaged, and could not see me.—I repeated my visit a few days after, and having waited a considerable time, was favoured with an audience, during which, he said, he had not as yet read my play.—Nettled at this usage, I could contain myself no longer, but telling him, I imagined he would have paid more deference to Lord Rattle's recommendation, demanded my manuscript with some expressions of resentment.——'Ay (said he in a theatrical tone) with all my heart.'—Then pulling out a drawer of the bureau, at which he sat, he took out a bundle, and threw it upon a table that was near him, pronouncing the word, 'There,' with great disdain.—I took it up, and perceiving, with some surprize, that it was a comedy, told him it did not belong to me; upon which he offered me another, which I also disclaimed.—A third was produced, and rejected for the same reason. At length he pulled out a whole handful, and spread them before me, saying, 'There are seven—take which you please—or take them all.'—I singled out my own, and went away, struck dumb with admiration[10] at what I had seen—not so much on account of his insolence, as of the number of new plays, which from this circumstance I concluded were yearly offered to the stage.——You may be sure, I did not fail to carry my complaint to my patron, who did not receive it with all the indignation I expected; but taxed me with precipitation, and told me I must lay my account with bearing the humours of the players, if I intended to write for the stage.—'There is now no other remedy (said he) but to keep it till the next season for Mr. Brayer, and alter it at your leisure, in the summer, according to his directions.'—I was now reduced to a terrible alternative, either to quit all hopes of my tragedy, from which I had all along promised myself a large share of fortune and reputation, or to encounter eight long months[11] of adversity in preparing for, and expecting its appearance.—This last penance, painful as it was, seemed most eligible to my reflection at that time, and therefore I resolved to undergo it.

"Why should I tire you with particulars of no consequence? I wrestled with extreme poverty, until the time of my probation was expired; and went to my Lord Rattle, in order to remind him of my affair, when I understood, to my great concern, that his lordship was just on the point of going abroad, and, which was still more unfortunate for me, Mr. Brayer had gone into the country; so that my generous patron had it not in his power to introduce me personally, as he intended: However, he wrote a very strong letter to the manager in my favour, and put him in mind of the promise he had made in behalf of my play.

"As soon as I was certified of Brayer's return, I went to his house with this letter, but was told he was gone out.—I called again next day, early in the morning, received the same answer, and was desired to leave my name and business; I did so, and returned the day after, when the servant still affirmed that his master was gone abroad, though I perceived him, as I retired, observing me through a window. Incensed at this discovery, I went to a coffee-house hard by, and inclosing his lordship's letter in one from myself,

Vol 2. P. 112
Melopoyn (a distresed Poet) and the Manager
Rowlandson del et sculp.
London Published as the Act directs by J. Sibbald July 27 1793

"Melopoyn (a distressed Poet) and the Manager" by Rowlandson. (Courtesy of The Lewis Walpole Library, Yale University.)

demanded a categorical answer. I sent it to his house by a porter, who returned in a few minutes, and told me Mr. Brayer would be glad to see me at that instant. I obeyed the summons, and was received with such profusion of compliments and apologies, that my resentment immediately subsided, and I was even in pain for the concern which this honest man shewed at the mistake of his servant, who, it seems, had been ordered to deny him to every body but me.—He expressed the utmost veneration for his good and noble friend Lord Rattle, whom he should always be proud to serve; promised to peruse the play with all dispatch, and give me a meeting upon it; and as a testimony of his esteem, made me a present of a general order[12] for the season, by which I should be admitted to any part of the theatre.—This was a very agreeable compliment to me, whose greatest pleasure consisted in seeing dramatic performances, and you need not doubt that I often availed myself of my privilege. As I had an opportunity of being behind the scenes when I pleased, I frequently conversed with Mr. Brayer about my play, and asked when he intended to put it into rehearsal; but he had always so much business upon his hands, that it remained with him unopened a considerable while; and I became very uneasy about the season, that wasted apace, when I saw in the papers, another new play advertised, which had been written, offered, accepted and rehearsed in the compass of three months.—You may easily guess how much I was confounded at this event! I own to you, that in the first transports of my anger, I suspected Mr. Brayer of having acted towards me in the most pitiful, perfidious manner; and was actually glad at his disappointment in the success of his favourite piece, which, by the strength of art,[13] lingred till the third night,[14] and then died in a deplorable manner. But now that passion has no share in my reflection, I am willing to ascribe his behaviour to his want of memory or want of judgment, which, you know, are natural defects, that are more worthy of compassion than reproach.

"About this time I happened to be in company with a gentlewoman, who having heard of my tragedy, told me, she was acquainted with the wife of a gentleman, who was very well known to a lady, who had great interest with a person who was intimate with Earl Sheerwit,[15] and that if I pleased, she would use her influence in my behalf.—As this nobleman had the character of a Mæcenas[16] in the nation, and could stamp a value upon any work by his sole countenance and approbation, I accepted her offer with eagerness, in full confidence of seeing my reputation established, and my wishes fulfilled in a very short time, provided that I should have the good fortune to please his Lordship's taste. I withdrew the manuscript from the hands of Mr. Brayer, and committed it to the care of this gentlewoman, who laboured so effectually in my interest, that in less than a month it was conveyed to the Earl, and in a few weeks after, I had the satisfaction to hear, that he read and approved it very much. Transported with this piece of intelligence, I flattered myself with the hopes of his interesting himself in its favour; but hearing no more of the matter in three whole months, I began (God forgive me) to suspect the veracity of the person who brought me the good tidings; for I thought it impossible, that a man of his rank and character, who knew the difficulty of writing a good tragedy, and understood the dignity of the work, should read and applaud an essay of this kind, without feeling an inclination to befriend the author, whom

his countenance alone could raise above dependance.—But it was not long before I found my friend very much wronged by my opinion.

"You must know that the civilities I had received from Lord Rattle, and the desire he manifested to promote the success of my play, encouraged me to write an account of my bad fortune to his lordship, who condescended so far as to desire, by letter, a young Squire of a great estate, with whom he was intimate, to espouse my cause, and, in particular, make me acquainted with one Mr. Marmozet, a celebrated player,[17] who had lately appeared on the stage with astonishing eclat,[18] and bore such sway in the house where he acted, that the managers durst not refuse any thing he recommended. The young gentleman whom Lord Rattle had employed for this purpose, being diffident of his own interest with Mr. Marmozet, had recourse to a nobleman of his acquaintance, who, at his sollicitation, was so good as to introduce me to him; and the conversation turning upon my performance, I was not a little surprized as well as pleased to hear, that Earl Sheerwit had spoken very much in its praise, and even sent Mr. Marmozet the copy, with a message expressing a desire that he would act in it next season.—Nor was this favourite actor backward in commending the piece, which he mentioned with some expressions of regard, that I do not choose to repeat; assuring me that he would appear in it, provided he should be engaged to play at all during the ensuing season. In the mean time, he desired I would give him leave to peruse it in the country, whither he intended to remove next day, that he might have leisure to consider and point out such alterations as might, perhaps, be necessary for its representation; and took my direction, that he might communicate, by letter, the observations he should make. Trusting to these assurances, and the interest which had been made in my behalf, I hugged myself in the expectation of seeing it, not only acted, but acted to the greatest advantage, and this I thought could not fail of recompensing me in an ample manner, for the anxiety and affliction I had undergone: but six weeks being elapsed, I did not know how to reconcile Mr. Marmozet's silence, with his promise of writing to me in ten days after he set out for the country; however, I was at last favoured with a letter, importing that he had made some remarks on my tragedy, which he would freely impart at meeting, and advising me to put it, without loss of time, into the hands of that manager who had the best company; as he himself was quite uncertain, whether or not he should be engaged that winter.—I was a good deal alarmed at this last part of his letter, and advised about it with a friend, who told me, it was a plain indication of Mr. Marmozet's desire to get rid of his promise: that his pretended uncertainty about acting next winter, was no other than a scandalous evasion; for, to his certain knowledge, he was already engaged, or at least, in terms with Mr. Vandal; and that his design was to disappoint me, in favour of a new comedy, which he had purchased of the author,[19] and intended to bring upon the stage for his own advantage.—In short, my dear Sir, this person, who I must own, is of a sanguine complexion,[20] handled the moral character of Mr. Marmozet with such severity, that I began to suspect him of some particular prejudice,[21] and put myself upon my guard against his insinuations.—I ought to crave pardon for this tedious narration of trivial circumstances, which, however interesting they may be to me, must certainly be very dry and insipid to the ear of one unconcerned in

the affair.—But I understand the meaning of your looks, and will proceed.—Well, Sir, Mr. Marmozet, upon his return to town, treated me with uncommon complaisance, and invited me to his lodgings, where he proposed to communicate his remarks, which, I confess, were more unfavourable than I expected; but I answered his objections, and, as I thought, brought him over to my opinion; for, on the whole, he signified the highest approbation of the performance.—In the course of our dispute, I was not a little surprized to find this poor gentleman's memory so treacherous as to let him forget what he had said to me, before he went out of town, in regard to Earl Sheerwit's opinion of my play, which he now professed himself ignorant of; and I was extremely mortified at hearing from his own mouth, that his interest with Mr. Vandal was so very low, as to be insufficient of itself, to bring a new piece upon the stage. I then begged his advice, and he counselled me to apply to earl Sheerwit for a message in my favour to the manager, who would not presume to refuse any thing recommended by so great a man; and he was so kind as to promise to second this message with all his power.—I had immediate recourse to the worthy gentlewoman my friend already mentioned, who opened the channels of her conveyance with such expedition, that in a few days I had a promise of the message, provided I could assure myself of Mr. Vandal's being unengaged to any other author; for, his Lordship did not choose to condescend so far, until he should understand that there was a probability (at least) of succeeding; at the same time that blessed me with this piece of news, I was startled at another, by the same canal of communication; which was, that Mr. Marmozet, before he advised me to this application, had informed the Earl, that he had read my play, and found it altogether unfit for the stage.—Though I could not doubt the certainty of this intelligence, I believed there was some misapprehension in the case; and without taking any notice of it, told Mr. Marmozet the answer I had been favoured with; and he promised to ask Mr. Vandal the question proposed.—I waited upon him in a day or two, when he gave me to understand, that Mr. Vandal having professed himself free of all engagements, he had put my play into his hands, and represented it as a piece strongly recommended by Earl Sheerwit, who (he assured him) would honour him with a message in its favour; and he desired me to call for an answer at Mr. Vandal's house, in three days.—I followed his directions, and found the manager, who, being made acquainted with the business, owned that Mr. Marmozet had given him a manuscript play, but denied that he had mentioned Earl Sheerwit's name.—When I informed him of the circumstances of the affair, he said, he had no engagement with any author; that he would read my tragedy forthwith; and did not believe he should venture to reject it in contradiction to his Lordship's opinion, for which he had the utmost veneration, but put it into rehearsal without loss of time.—I was so much intoxicated with this encouragement, that I overlooked the mysterious conduct of Mr. Marmozet, and attended the manager at the time appointed, when, to my infinite confusion! he pronounced my play improper for the stage, and rejected it accordingly. As soon as I could recollect myself from the disorder into which this unexpected refusal had thrown me, I expressed a desire of hearing his objections, which were so groundless, indistinct and unintelligible, that I persuaded myself he had not at all perused the piece, but had been prompted by somebody, whose lessons he had not rightly retained. However, I have been since in-

formed that the poor man's head, which was not naturally very clear, had been disordered with superstition, and that he laboured under the tyranny of a wife, and the terrors of hell-fire[22] at the same time.——Precipitated in this manner, from the highest pinnacle of hope, to the abyss of despondence, I was ready to sink under the burden of my affliction; and, in the bitterness of my anguish, could not help entertaining some doubts of Mr. Marmozet's integrity, when I recollected and compared the circumstances of his conduct towards me. I was encouraged in this suspicion, by being told, that my Lord Sheerwit had spoke of his character with great contempt; and, in particular, resented his insolence in opposing his own taste to that of his Lordship, concerning my tragedy.—While I hesitated between different opinions of the matter, that friend, (who as I told you before) was a little hot-headed, favoured me with a visit, and having heard a circumstantial account of the whole affair, could not contain his indignation, but affirmed, without ceremony, that Marmozet was the sole occasion of my disappointment; that he had acted from first to last with the most perfidious dissimulation, cajoling me with insinuating civilities, while he underhand employed all his art and influence to prejudice the ignorant manager against my performance; that nothing could equal his hypocrisy but his avarice, which ingrossed the faculties of his soul so much, that he scrupled not to be guilty of the meanest practices to gratify that sordid appetite; that, in consequence of this disposition, he had prostituted his honour in betraying my inexperience, and in undermining the interest of another author of established reputation,[23] who had also offered a tragedy to the stage, which he thought would interfere with the success of the comedy he had bought, and determined to bring on at all events.

"I was shocked at the description of such a monster, which I could not believe existed in the world, bad as it is, and argued against the asseverations of my friend, by demonstrating the bad policy of such behaviour, which could not fail of entailing infamy upon the author; and the small temptation that a man of Mr. Marmozet's figure and success, could have to consult his interest in such a groveling manner, which must create contempt and abhorrence of him in his patrons, and effectually deprive him of the countenance and protection he now enjoys in such an eminent degree.——He pretended to laugh at my simplicity, and asked if I knew for which of his virtues he was so much caressed by the people of fashion.—'It is not,' said he, 'for the qualities of his heart, that this little parasite is invited to the tables of Dukes and Lords, who hire extraordinary cooks for his entertainment: his avarice they see not, his ingratitude they feel not, his hypocrisy accommodates itself to their humours, and is of consequence pleasing; but he is chiefly courted for his buffoonery, and will be admitted into the choicest parties of quality for his talent of mimicking[24] Punch and his wife Joan,[25] when a poet of the most exquisite genius is not able to attract the least regard.'—God forbid, Mr. Random, that I should credit assertions that degrade the dignity of our superiors so much, and represent that poor man as the most abject of all beings! No! I looked upon them as the hyperboles of passion; and though that comedy of which he spoke did actually appear, I dare not doubt the innocence of Mr. Marmozet, who, I am told, is as much as ever in favour with the Earl; a circumstance that, surely, could not be, unless he had vindicated his character to the satisfaction of his Lordship.—Pray

forgive this long digression, and give me the hearing a little longer; for, thank heaven! I am now near the goal.

"Baffled in all my attempts, I despaired of seeing my play acted; and bethought myself of choosing some employment that might afford a sure, though mean subsistence; but my landlord, to whom I was, by this time, considerably indebted, and who had laid his account with having his money paid all in a heap, from the profits of my third night, could not brook his disappointment, therefore made another effort in my behalf, and, by dint of interest, procured a message from a lady of fashion,[26] to Mr. Brayer, who had always professed a great veneration for her, desiring that he would set up my play forthwith, and assuring him that she and all her friends would support it in the performance: To strengthen my interest, she engaged his best actors in my cause; and, in short, exerted herself so much, that it was again received, and my hopes began to revive.—But Mr. Brayer, honest man, was so much engrossed by business of vast consequence, though to appearance he had nothing at all to do, that he could not find time to read it until the season was pretty far advanced; and read it he must, for notwithstanding his having perused it before, his memory did not retain one circumstance of the matter.

"At length he favoured it with his attention, and having proposed certain alterations, sent his duty to the lady who patronized it, and promised, on his honour, to bring it on next winter, provided these alterations should be made, and the copy delivered to him before the end of April.——With an aching heart, I submitted to these conditions, and performed them accordingly: But fortune owed me another unforseen mortification; Mr. Marmozet, during the summer, became joint-patentee with Mr. Brayer,[27] so that, when I claimed performance of articles, I was told, he could do nothing without the consent of his partner, who was pre-engaged to another author.

"My condition was rendered desperate by the death of my good friend and landlord, whose executors obtained a judgment against my effects, which they seized, turned me out into the streets naked, friendless, and forlorn; there I was arrested at the suit of my taylor, and thrown into this prison, where I have made shift to live these five weeks on the bounty of my fellow-prisoners, who, I hope, are not the worse for the instruction and good offices, by which I manifest my gratitude; but in spite of all their charitable endeavours, my life was scarce tolerable, until your uncommon benevolence enabled me to enjoy it with comfort."

CHAPTER LXIV.

I am seized with a deep melancholy, and become a sloven——am relieved by my uncle——he prevails upon me to engage with his owners, as surgeon of the ship which he commands——he makes me a considerable present——entertains Strap as his steward——I take leave of my friends, and go on board——the ship arrives at the Downs.

I shall not make any reflections on this story, in the course of which the reader must perceive how egregiously the simplicity and milky disposition of this worthy man, had been duped and abused by a set of scoundrels, who were so habituated to falshood and equivocation, that I verily believe, they would have found the utmost difficulty in uttering one syllable of truth, though their lives had depended upon their sincerity.—Notwithstanding all I had suffered from the knavery and selfishness of mankind, I was amazed and incensed at the base indifference which suffered such uncommon merit as he possessed, to languish in obscurity, and struggle with all the miseries of a loathsome jail;[1]—and should have blessed the occasion that secluded me from such a perfidious world, had not the remembrance of the amiable Narcissa, preserved my attachment to that society of which she constituted a part.—The picture of that lovely creature was the constant companion of my solitude: How often did I contemplate the resemblance of those enchanting features that first captivated my heart!—How often did I weep over those endearing scenes which her image recalled; and how often did I curse my perfidious fate for having robbed me of the fair original! In vain did my imagination flatter me with schemes of future happiness: surly reason always interposed, and in a moment overthrew the unsubstantial fabric, by chastising the extravagance of my hope, and representing my unhappy situation in the right point of view. In vain did I fly for refuge to the amusements of the place, and engage in the parties of Jackson, at cards, billiards, nine-pins, and fives;[2] a train of melancholy thoughts took possession of my soul, which even the conversation of Melopoyn could not divert.—I ordered Strap to enquire every day at Banter's lodgings, in expectation of hearing again from my charmer; and my disappointment considerably augmented my chagrin.——My affectionate valet was infected with my sorrow, and often sat with me whole hours without speaking, uttering sigh for sigh, and shedding tear for tear.——This fellowship increased our distemper; he became incapable of business, and was discarded by his master; while I, seeing my money melt away, without any certainty of deliverance, and in short, all my hopes frustrated; grew negligent of life, lost all appetite, and degenerated into such a sloven, that during the space of two months, I was neither washed, shifted nor shaved;[3] so that my face, rendered meagre with abstinence, was obscured with dirt, and overshadowed with hair, and my whole appearance squalid and even frightful; when, one day, Strap brought me notice that there was a man below who

wanted to speak with me. Roused at this intelligence, and in full hopes of receiving a letter from the dear object of my love, I ran down stairs with the utmost precipitation, and found, to my infinite surprize, my generous uncle Mr. Bowling! Transported at the sight, I sprung forward to embrace him. Upon which he started aside with great agility, drew his hanger and put himself upon his guard, crying, "Avast, brother, avast! sheer off—Yo ho! you turnkey, why don't you keep a better look out? here's one of your crazy prisoners broke from his lashings, I do suppose."——I could not help laughing heartily at his mistake, but this I soon rectified by my voice, which he instantly recollected, and shook me by the hand with great affection, testifying his concern at seeing me in such a miserable condition.

I conducted him to my apartment, where, in presence of Strap, whom I introduced to him as one of my best friends, he gave me to understand, that he was just arrived from the coast of Guinea,[4] after having made a pretty successful voyage, in which he had acted as mate, until the ship was attacked by a French privateer;[5] that the captain being killed during the engagement, he had taken the command, and was so fortunate as to sink the enemy; after which exploit he fell in with a merchant-ship from Martinico[6] laden with sugar, indigo, and some silver; and, by virtue of his letter of marque,[7] attacked, took, and brought her safe into Kinsale[8] in Ireland, where she was condemned as a lawful prize;[9] by which means, he had not only got a pretty sum of money, but also acquired the favour of his owners, who had already conferred upon him the command of a large ship, mounted with twenty nine-pounders, ready to sail upon a very advantageous voyage, which he was not at liberty to discover—And he assured me, that it was with the greatest difficulty he had found me, in consequence of a direction left for him at his lodgings at Wapping.

I was rejoiced beyond measure, at this account of his good fortune; and, at his desire, recounted all the adventures that had happened to me since we parted.—When he understood the particulars of Strap's attachment to me, he squeezed his hand very cordially, and promised to make a man of him; then giving me ten guineas for my present occasion, took a direction for the taylor who arrested me, and went away, in order to discharge the debt, telling me, at parting, that he would soon fetch up all my leeway with a wet sail.[10]

I was utterly confounded at this sudden transition, which affected me more than any reverse I had formerly felt; and a crowd of incoherent ideas rushed so impetuously upon my imagination, that my reason could neither separate nor connect them; when Strap, whose joy had manifested itself in a thousand fooleries, came into my room with his shaving utensils, and without any previous intimation, began to lather my beard, whistling with great emotion all the while.—I started from my reverie, and being too well acquainted with Strap, to trust myself in his hands while he was under such agitation, desired to be excused, sent for another barber, and suffered myself to be trimmed.—Having performed the ceremony of ablution, I shifted, and dressing in my gayest apparel, waited for the return of my uncle, who was agreeably surprized at my sudden transformation.

This beneficent kinsman had satisfied my creditor, and obtained an order for my discharge, so that I was no longer a prisoner; but, as I had some reluctance to part with

Chap. 64. Book 2.
Lieut: Bowling visits Rod: Random in prison
Rowlandson del. et sculp.
London Publish'd as the Act directs by J. Sibbald Aug.t 10 1793.

"Lieut. Bowling visits Rod. Random in prison" by Rowlandson. (Courtesy of The Lewis Walpole Library, Yale University.)

my friends and fellows in distress, I prevailed upon Mr. Bowling to favour us with his company, and invited Mr. Melopoyn and Jackson to spend the evening at my apartment, where I regaled them with a supper, good wine, and the news of my release, on which they heartily congratulated me, notwithstanding the loss of my company, which, they were pleased to say, they should severely feel.—As for Jackson, his misfortune made so little impression on himself, and he was altogether so loose, indifferent and indiscreet, that I could scarce pity his situation: but I had conceived a veneration and friendship for the poet, who was, in all respects, an object much more worthy of compassion and regard.—When our guests withdrew, and my uncle had retired, with an intention to visit me next morning, I made up a bundle of some linnen, and other necessaries, and bidding Strap carry them to Mr. Melopoyn's lodging, went thither myself, and pressed it upon his acceptance, with five guineas, which with much difficulty he received, assuring me, at the same time, that he should never have it in his power to make satisfaction. I then asked, if I could serve him any other way; to which he answered, "You have already done too much"; and unable to contain the emotions of his soul any longer, burst into tears, and wept aloud.—Moved at the spectacle, I left him to his repose, and when my uncle returned in the morning, represented his character in such a favourable light, that the honest seaman was affected with his distress, and determined to follow my example, in presenting him with five pieces more: Upon which, that I might save him some confusion, I advised Mr. Bowling to inclose it in a letter, to be delivered by Strap, after we should be gone.

This was accordingly done. I took a formal leave of all my acquaintance in the jail, and just as I was about to step into a hackney-coach at the gate, Jackson calling me, I returned, and he asked me in a whisper, if I could lend him a shilling? His demand being so moderate, and in all likelihood, the last he would make upon me, I slipt a guinea into his hand, which he no sooner perceived, than he cried, "O Jesus! a guinea!" then laying hold of a button of my coat, broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and when his convulsion was ended, told me, I was an honest fellow, and let me go.——The coachman was ordered to drive to Mr. Bowling's lodgings, where, when we arrived, he entered into a serious discourse with me, on the subject of my situation, and proposed that I should sail with him in quality of his surgeon; in which case, he would put me on a method of getting a fortune in a few years, by my own industry; and assured me, that I might expect to inherit all that he should die possessed of, provided I should survive him.—Though I was penetrated with a sense of his generosity, I was startled at a proposal that offered violence to my love, and signified my sentiments on that head; which he did not seem to relish, but observed that love was the fruit of idleness; that when once I should be employed in business, and my mind engaged in making money, I should be no more troubled with these silly notions, which none but your fair-weather Jacks, who have nothing but their pleasure to mind, ought to entertain.—I was piqued at this insinuation, which I looked upon as a reproach, and without giving myself time to deliberate, accepted his offer.——He was overjoyed at my compliance, carried me immediately to his chief owner, with whom a bargain was struck; so that then I could not retract with honour, had I been ever so much averse to the agreement.—That I might not have time to cool, he bade me draw out a list of medicines for a compliment of five hundred men,[11] adapted to the distempers of hot cli-

mates, and sufficient for a voyage of eighteen months; and carry it to a certain wholesale apothecary, who would also provide me in two well-qualified mates.[12]—While I was thus employed, Strap came in, and looked very blank, when he understood my resolution: However, after a pause of some minutes, he insisted upon going along with me; and at my desire was made ship's steward by captain Bowling, who promised to be at the expence of fitting him out, and to lend him two hundred pounds to purchase an adventure.[13]

When I had delivered my list of medicines, chosen a couple of my own countrymen for mates, and bespoke a set of chirurgical instruments, my uncle told me, that by his last voyage, he had cleared almost three thousand pounds, one third of which he would immediately make over and put into my hands; that he would procure for me credit to the value of as much more, in such goods as would turn to best account in the country to which we were bound;[14] and that although he looked upon my interest as his own, he would keep the remaining part of his fortune in his own disposal, with a view of preserving his independence, and the power of punishing me, in case I should not make a good use of what he had already bestowed.

Without troubling the reader with an account of the effect which this surprising generosity had upon my mind, I shall only say, that his promises were instantly performed, and an invoyce of merchandise proper for the voyage presented to me, that I might purchase the goods, and ship them with all expedition.—In the midst of this hurry, the remembrance of my charming Narcissa often interposed, and made me the most miserable of all mortals. I was distracted with the thought of being torn from her, perhaps, for ever; and though the hope of seeing her again, might have supported me under the torments of separation, I could not reflect upon the anguish she must feel at parting with me, and the incessant sorrows to which her tender bosom would be exposed during my absence, without being pierced with the deepest affliction! As my imagination was daily and nightly upon the rack to invent some method of mitigating this cruel stroke, or at least of acquitting my love and honour in the opinion of this gentle creature, I at length stumbled upon an expedient, with which the reader will be made acquainted in due time; and in consequence of my determination, became less uneasy and disturbed.

My business being finished, and the ship ready to sail, I resolved to make my last appearance among my acquaintance at the other end of the town,[15] where I had not been seen since my imprisonment; and, as I had, by the advice of my uncle, taken off some very rich cloaths for sale, I put on the gayest suit in my possession, and went in a chair to the coffee-house I used to frequent, where I found my friend Banter so confounded at the magnificence of my dress, that when I made up to him, he gazed at me with a look of astonishment, without being able, for some minutes, to open his lips;—then pulling me aside by the sleeve, and fixing his eyes on mine, accosted me in this manner: "Random, where the devil have you been! eh?—What is the meaning of all this finery?—Oho! I understand you—You are just arrived from the country! what! the roads are good, eh?—well,—Random, you are a bold fellow, and a lucky fellow!—but take care, the pitcher goes often to the well, but is broke at last."[16] So saying, he pointed to his collar; by which gesture, and the broken hints he had ejaculated, I found he suspected me of having robbed on the highway; and I laughed very heartily at his

supposition.—Without explaining myself any further, I told him he was mistaken in his conjecture; that I had been for some time past with the relation of whom he had frequently heard me speak; and that as I should set out next day upon my travels, I had come to take my leave of my friends, and to receive of him the money he had borrowed from me, which now that I was going abroad, I should certainly have occasion for.—He was a little disconcerted at this demand; but recollecting himself in a moment, swore in an affected passion, that I had used him extremely ill, and he would never forgive me, for having, by this short warning, put it out of his power to free himself of an obligation he could no longer bear.—I could not help smiling at this pretended delicacy, which I commended highly, telling him, he needed not be uneasy on that score, for I would give him a direction to a merchant in the city, with whom I would leave a discharge for the sum, to be delivered upon payment.—He professed much joy at this expedient, and with great eagerness asked the person's name and place of abode, which he forthwith wrote in his pocket-book, assuring me, that he should not be long in my debt—This affair, which I knew he would never after think of, being settled to his satisfaction, I sent cards to all my friends, desiring the favour of their company at a tavern in the evening, when they honoured my invitation, and I had the pleasure of treating them in a very elegant manner, at which they expressed equal admiration and applause. Having enjoyed ourselves till midnight, I took my leave of them, and was well-nigh stifled with caresses; next day I set out with Strap in a post-chaise for Gravesend, where we went on board, and the wind serving, weighed anchor in less than twelve hours.—Without meeting with any accident, we reached the Downs, where we were obliged to come to an anchor, and wait for an easterly wind to carry us out of the channel.

CHAPTER LXV.

I set out for Sussex——consult Mrs. Sagely——atchieve an interview with Narcissa——return to the ship——we get clear of the Channel——I learn our destination——we are chaced by a large ship——the company are dismayed, and encouraged by the captain's speech——our pursuer happens to be an English man of war——we arrive at the coast of Guinea, purchase 400 negroes, sail for Paraguay, get safe into the river of Plate, and sell our cargo to great advantage.

It was now I put in execution the scheme I had projected at London; and asking leave of the captain, for Strap and me to stay on shore till the wind should become favourable, my request was granted, because he had orders to remain in the Downs until he should receive some dispatches from London, which he did not expect in less than a

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week.—Having imparted my resolution to my trusty valet, who (tho' he endeavour'd to dissuade me from such a rash undertaking) would not quit me in the enterprize, I hired horses, and set out immediately for that part of Sussex where my charmer was confined, which was not above thirty miles distant from Deal, where we mounted.—As I was perfectly well acquainted with the extent of the Squire's estate and influence, I halted within five miles of his house, where we remained 'till the twilight, at which time we set forward, and, by the favour of a dark night, reached a copse about half a mile from the village where Mrs. Sagely lived.—Here we left our horses tied to a tree, and went directly to the house of my old benefactress, Strap trembling all the way, and venting ejaculatory petitions to heaven for our safety. Her habitation being quite solitary, we arrived at the door without being observed, when I ordered my companion to enter by himself, and in case there should be company with her, deliver a letter which I had writ for the purpose, and say that a friend of hers in London, understanding that he intended to travel this road, had committed it to his care.—He rapped at the door, to which the good old matron coming, told him, that being a lone woman, he must excuse her, if she did not open it, until he had declared his name and business.—He answered, that his name was unknown to her, and that his business was to deliver a letter, which (to free her from all manner of apprehension) he would convey to her through the space between the door and threshold.—This he instantly performed; and she no sooner read the contents, which specified my being present, than she cried, "If the person who wrote this letter be at hand, let him speak, that I may be assured by his voice whether or not I may safely admit him."—I forthwith applied my mouth to the keyhole, and pronounced, "Dear mother, you need not be afraid, it is I, so much indebted to your goodness, who now crave admittance."—She knew my voice, and opening the door immediately, received me with a truly maternal affection, manifesting by the tears she let fall, her concern lest I should be discovered, for she had been informed of every thing that had happened between Narcissa and me, from the dear captive's own mouth.—When I explained the motive of my journey, which was no other than a desire of seeing the object of my love before I should quit the kingdom, that I might in person convince her of the necessity I was under to leave her, reconcile her to that event, by describing the advantages that in all probability would attend it, repeat my vows of eternal constancy, and enjoy the melancholy pleasure of a tender embrace at parting.—I say, when I had thus signified my intention, Mrs. Sagely told me, that Narcissa, upon her return from Bath, had been so strictly watched, that no body, but one or two of the servants devoted to her brother, was admitted to her presence; that afterwards she had been a little enlarged, and was permitted to see company; during which indulgence, she had been several times at her cottage: but of late she had been betrayed by one of the servants, who discovered to the squire, that he had once carried a letter from her to the post-house[1] directed to me; upon which information, she was now more confined than ever, and that I could have no chance of seeing her, unless I would run the risque of getting into the garden, where she and her maid were every day allowed to take the air, and lie hid until I should have an opportunity of speaking to them—an adventure attended with such danger, that no man in his right wits would attempt it—This enterprize, hazardous as it was, I resolved to perform, in spite of all the arguments of Mrs. Sagely, who rea-

soned, chid, and intreated by turns; and the tears and prayers of Strap, who conjured me, on his knees, to have more regard to myself as well as to him, than to tempt my own destruction in such a precipitate manner. I was deaf to every thing but the suggestions of my love; and ordering him to return immediately with the horses to the inn from whence we set out, and wait for my coming in that place, he at first peremptorily refused to leave me, until I persuaded him, that if our horses should remain where they were 'till day-light, they would certainly be discovered, and the whole county alarmed. On this consideration, he took his leave in a sorrowful plight, kissed my hand, and weeping, cried, "God knows if ever I shall see you again."—My kind landlady finding me obstinate, gave me her best advice how to behave in the execution of my project; and after having persuaded me to take a little refreshment, accommodated me with a bed, and left me to my repose.—Early in the morning, I arose, and armed with a couple of loaded pistols and a hanger, went to the back of the squire's garden, climbed over the wall, and, according to Mrs. Sagely's direction, concealed myself in a thicket, hard by an alcove that terminated a walk at a good distance from the house, which (I was told) my mistress chiefly frequented.—Here I absconded from five a-clock in the morning to six in the evening, without seeing a human creature; at last I perceived two women approaching, whom by my throbbing heart I soon recogniz'd to be the adorable Narcissa and Miss Williams. I felt the strongest agitation of soul at the sight; and guessing that they would repose themselves in the alcove, stept into it unperceiv'd, and laid upon the stone-table a picture of myself in miniature, for which I had sat in London, purposing to leave it with Narcissa before I should go abroad. I exposed it in this manner, as an introduction to my own appearance, which, without some previous intimation, I was afraid might have an unlucky effect upon the delicate nerves of my fair enslaver; and then withdrew into the thicket, where I could hear their discourse, and suit myself to the circumstances of the occasion.—As they advanced, I observed an air of melancholy in the countenance of Narcissa, blended with such unspeakable sweetness, that I could scarce refrain from flying into her arms, and kissing away the pearly drop that stood collected in each bewitching eye. According to my expectation, she entered the alcove, and perceiving something on the table, took it up. No sooner did she cast her eye upon the features, then startled at the resemblance, she cried, "Good God!" and the roses instantly vanished from her cheeks.— Her confidante, alarm'd at this exclamation, looked at the picture, and, struck with the likeness, exclaimed, "O Jesus! the very features of Mr. Random!" Narcissa having recollected herself a little, said, "Whatever angel brought it hither as a comfort to me in my affliction, I am thankful for the benefit, and will preserve it as the dearest object of my care." So saying, she kissed it with surprising ardour, shed a flood of tears, and then deposited the lifeless image in her lovely bosom. Transported at these symptoms of her unaltered affection, I was about to throw myself at her feet, when Miss Williams, whose reflection was less engaged than that of her mistress, observed that the picture could not transport itself hither, and that she could not help thinking I was not far off.—The gentle Narcissa starting at this conjecture, answered, "Heaven forbid! for although nothing in the universe could yield me satisfaction equal to that of his presence for one poor moment, in a proper place, I would rather forfeit his company—almost for ever, than

"Narcissa contemplates the picture of Rod. Random" by Rowlandson. (Courtesy of The Lewis Walpole Library, Yale University.)

see him here, where his life would be exposed to so much danger."—I could no longer restrain the impulse of my passion, but breaking from my concealment, stood before her, when she utter'd a fearful shriek, and fainted in the arms of her companion. I flew towards the treasure of my soul, clasped her in my embrace, and with the warmth of my kisses, brought her again to life. O! that I were endowed with the expression of a Raphael, the graces of a Guido, the magic touches of a Titian,[2] that I might represent the fond concern, the chastened rapture, and ingenuous blush that mingled on her beauteous face, when she opened her eyes upon me, and pronounced, "O heavens! is it you?"

I am afraid I have already encroached upon the reader's patience, with the particulars of this amour, on which (I own) I cannot help being impertinently circumstantial. I shall therefore omit the less material passages of this interview, during which I convinced her reason, tho' I could not appease the sad presages of her love, with regard to the long voyage, and dangers I must undergo.—When we had spent an hour (which was all she could spare from the barbarity of her brother's vigilance) in lamenting over our hard fate, and in repeating our reciprocal vows, Miss Williams reminded us of the necessity there was for our immediate parting; and sure, lovers never parted with such sorrow and reluctance as we. But because my words are incapable of doing justice to this affecting circumstance, I am obliged to draw a veil over it, and observe, that I returned in the dark to the house of Mrs. Sagely, who was overjoy'd to hear of my success, and opposed the tumults of my grief with such strength of reason, that my mind regained in some measure its tranquillity; and that very night, after having forced upon the good gentlewoman a purse of twenty guineas, as a token of my gratitude and esteem, I took my leave of her, and set out on foot for the inn, where my arrival freed honest Strap from the horrors of unutterable dread.

We took horse immediately, and alighted early next morning at Deal, where I found my uncle in great concern on account of my absence, because he had received his dispatches, and must have weighed with the first fair wind, whether I had been on board or not.—Next day, a brisk easterly gale springing up, we set sail, and in eight and forty hours got clear of the channel.

When we were about 200 leagues to westward of the Land's end,[3] the captain taking me apart into the cabbin, told me, that, now he was permitted by his instructions, he would disclose the intent and destination of our voyage: "The ship," said he, "which has been fitted out at a great expence, is bound for the coast of Guinea, where we shall exchange part of our cargo for slaves and gold dust; from thence we will transport our negroes to Buenos-Ayres in New-Spain,[4] where (by virtue of passports obtained from our own court, and that of Madrid)[5] we will dispose of them and the goods that remain on board for silver, by means of our supercargo,[6] who is perfectly well acquainted with the coast, the lingo and inhabitants."—Being thus let into the secret of our expedition,[7] I borrowed of the supercargo, a Spanish grammar, dictionary, and some other books of the same language, which I studied with such application, that before we arrived in New-Spain, I could maintain a conversation with him in that tongue.—Being arrived in the warm latitudes, I ordered (with the captain's consent) the whole ship's company to be blooded and purged,[8] myself undergoing the same evacuation, in order

to prevent those dangerous fevers to which northern constitutions are subject in hot climates; and I have reason to believe that this precaution was not unserviceable, for we lost but one sailor during our whole passage[9] to the coast.

One day, when we had been about five weeks at sea, we descried to windward a large ship bearing down upon us with all the sail she could carry. Upon which, my uncle ordered the studding-sails[10] to be hoisted, and the ship to be cleared for engaging; but finding that (to use the seaman's phrase) we were very much wronged by the ship which had us in chace,[11] and which by this time had hoisted French colours, he commanded the studding-sails to be taken in, the courses to be clewed up,[12] the main-top sail to be backed,[13] the tompions[14] to be taken out of the guns, and every man to repair to his quarters. While every body was busied in the performance of these orders, Strap came upon the quarter-deck, trembling and looking aghast, and, with a voice half suppressed by fear, asked if I thought we were a match for the vessel in pursuit of us. Observing his consternation, I said, "What! are you afraid, Strap?" "Afraid! (he replied) n-n no; what should I be afraid of? I thank God I have a clear conscience;—but I believe it will be a bloody battle, and I wish you may not have occasion for another hand to assist you in the Cockpit."—I immediately perceived his drift, and making the captain acquainted with his situation, desired he might be stationed below with me and my mates. My uncle, incensed at his pusillanimity, bad me send him down instantly, that his fear might not infect the ship's company; whereupon I told the poor steward, that I had begg'd him for my assistant, and desired him to go down and help my mates to get ready the instruments and dressings.—Notwithstanding the satisfaction he must have felt at these tidings, he affected a shyness of quitting the upper deck; and said, he hoped I did not imagine he was afraid to do his duty above board; for he believed himself as well prepared for death as any man in the ship, no disparagement to me or the captain.—I was disgusted at this affectation, and in order to punish his hypocrisy, assured him, he might take his choice either of going down to the Cockpit with me, or of staying upon deck during the engagement. Alarmed at this indifference, he replied, "Well, to oblige you, I'll go down, but remember it is more for your sake than my own." So saying, he disappeared in a twinkling, without waiting for an answer.—By this time we could observe two tire[15] of guns in the ship which pursued us, and which was now but two short miles astern. This discovery had an evident effect upon the sailors, who did not scruple to say, that we should be tore to pieces, and blown out of the water, and that if in case any of them should lose their precious limbs, they must go a-begging for life, for there was no provision made by the merchants for those poor souls who are maimed in their service.[16] The captain understanding this backwardness, ordered the crew abaft,[17] and spoke to them thus. "My lads, I am told you hang an a—se—I have gone to sea thirty years, man and boy, and never saw English sailors afraid before.—Mayhap you think I want to expose you for the lucre of gain.—Whosoever thinks so, thinks a damned lie, for my whole cargo is ensured; so that in case I should be taken, my loss would not be great.—The enemy is stronger than we to be sure.—What then? have we not a chance for carrying away one of her masts, and so get clear of her?—If we find her too hard for us, 'tis but striking[18] at last.—If any man is hurt in the engagement, I promise on the word of an honest

seaman, to make him a recompence according to his loss.—So now, you that are lazy, lubbery, cowardly dogs, get away, and sculk in the hold, and bread-room; and you that are jolly boys, stand by me, and let us give one broad-side for the honour of Old England."[19] This eloquent harangue was so well adapted to the disposition of his hearers, that one and all of them, pulling off their hats, waved them over their heads, and saluted him with three chears; upon which he sent his boy for two large case-bottles of brandy, and having treated every man with a dram, they repaired to their quarters, and waited impatiently for the word of command—I must do my uncle the justice to say that, in the whole of his disposition, he behaved with the utmost intrepidity, conduct and deliberation.—The enemy being very near, he ordered me to my station, and was just going to give the word for hoisting the colours, and firing, when the supposed Frenchman hauled down his white pennant, jack and ensign,[20] hoisted English ones, and fired a gun a-head of us: This was a joyful event to captain Bowling, who immediately shewed his colours, and fired a gun to leeward: Upon which the other ship ran along-side of us, hailed him, and giving him to know that she was an English man of war of forty guns, ordered him to hoist out his boat and come on board.—This command he obeyed with the more alacrity, because upon enquiry, he found that she was commanded by an old mess-mate of his, who was overjoyed to see him, detained him to dinner, and sent his barge for the supercargo and me, who were very much caressed on his account.—As this commander was destined to cruize upon the French, in the latitude of Martinico, his stem and quarters were adorned with white flowers-de-lis, and the whole shell of the ship so much disguised for a decoy to the enemy, that it was no wonder my uncle did not know her, although he had sailed on board of her many years.—We kept company with her four days, during which time the captains were never asunder, and then parted, our course lying different from hers.

In less than a fortnight after our separation we made the land of Guinea, near the mouth of the river Gambia,[21] and trading along the coast as far to the southward of the Line as Angola and Bengula,[22] in less than six months disposed of the greatest part of our cargo, and purchased four hundred negroes, my adventure having been laid out in gold dust.[23]

Our compliment being made up, we took our departure from Cape Negroe,[24] and arrived in the Rio de la Plata[25] in six weeks, having met with nothing remarkable in our voyage, except an epidemic fever, not unlike the jail-distemper,[26] which broke out among our slaves, and carried off a good many of the ship's company; among whom I lost one of my mates, and poor Strap had well nigh given up the ghost.—Having produced our passport to the Spanish governor, we were received with great courtesy, sold our slaves in a very few days, and could have put off five times the number, at our own price; tho' we were obliged to smuggle the rest of our merchandize, consisting of European bale goods,[27] which however we made shift to dispose of at a great advantage.

CHAPTER LXVI.

I am invited to the villa of a Spanish Don, where we met with an English gentleman, and make a very interesting discovery——we leave Buenos Ayres, and arrive at Jamaica.

Our ship being freed from the disagreeable lading of Negroes, to whom indeed I had been a miserable slave,[1] since our leaving the coast of Guinea, I began to enjoy myself, and breathe with pleasure the pure air of Paraguay, this part of which is reckoned the Montpelier of South America,[2] and has obtained, on account of its climate, the name of Buenos Ayres.[3]—It was in this delicious place, that I gave myself entirely up to the thoughts of my dear Narcissa, whose image still kept possession of my breast, and whose charms enhanced by absence, appeared to my imagination, if possible, more engaging than ever! I calculated the profits of my voyage, which even exceeded my expectation; resolved to purchase a handsome sine-cure[4] upon my arrival in England, and if I should find the Squire as averse to me as ever, marry his sister by stealth; and in case our family should increase, rely upon the generosity of my uncle, who was by this time worth a considerable sum.

While I amused myself with these agreeable projects, and the transporting hopes of enjoying Narcissa, we were very much caressed by the Spanish gentlemen, who frequently formed parties of pleasure for our entertainment, in which we made excursions a good way into the country. Among those who signalized themselves by their civility to us, there was one Don Antonio de Ribera, a very polite young gentleman, with whom I had contracted an intimate friendship, who invited us one day to his country-house, and as a further inducement to our compliance, promised to procure for us the company of an English signior, who had been settled in those parts many years, and acquired the love and esteem of the whole province by his affability, good sense, and honourable behaviour.

We accepted his invitation, and set out for his villa, where we had not been longer than an hour, when the person arrived, in whose favour I had been so much prepossessed.—He was a tall man, remarkably well shaped, of a fine mein and appearance, commanding respect, and seemed to be turned of forty; the features of his face were saddened with a reserve and gravity, which in other countries would have been thought the effect of melancholy; but here appeared to have been contracted by his commerce with the Spaniards, who are remarkable for that severity of countenance: Understanding from Don Antonio that we were his countrymen, he saluted us all round very complaisantly, and fixing his eyes very attentively on me, uttered a deep sigh.—I had been struck with a profound veneration for him at his first coming into the room; and no sooner observed this expression of his sorrow, directed, as it were, in a particular manner to me, than my heart took part in his grief, I sympathized involuntarily, and sighed in my turn.—Having asked leave of our entertainer, he accosted us in English, pro-

fessed his satisfaction at seeing so many of his countrymen in such a remote place, and asked the captain, who went by the name of Signior Thoma, from what part of Britain he had sailed, and whither he was bound.—My uncle told him that we had sailed from the river Thames, and were bound for the same place, by the way of Jamaica, where we intended to take in a lading of sugar.

Having satisfied himself in these and other particulars about the state of the war, he gave us to understand, that he had a longing desire to revisit his native country; in consequence of which, he had already transmitted to Europe the greatest part of his fortune in neutral bottoms,[5] and would willingly embark the rest of it, with himself, in our ship, provided the captain had no objection to such a passenger.—My uncle very prudently replied, that for his part, he should be glad of his company, if he could procure the consent of the governor, without which he durst not admit him on board, whatever inclination he had to oblige him.—The gentleman approved of his discretion, and telling him, that there would be no difficulty in obtaining the connivance of the governor, who was his good friend, shifted the conversation to another subject.

I was overjoyed to hear his intention, and already interested myself so much in his favour, that had he been disappointed, I should have been very unhappy: In the course of our entertainment, he eyed me with uncommon attachment; I felt a surprising attraction towards him; when he spoke, I listened with attention and reverence: the dignity of his deportment filled me with affection and awe; and in short, the emotions of my soul, in presence of this stranger, were strong and unaccountable.

Having spent the best part of the day with us, he took his leave, telling captain Thoma, that he should hear from him in a short time: He was no sooner gone, than I asked a thousand questions about him, of Don Antonio, who could give me no other satisfaction, than that his name was Don Rodrigo, that he had lived fifteen or sixteen years in these parts, was reputed rich, and supposed to have been unfortunate in his younger years, because he was observed to nourish a pensive melancholy, even from the time of his first settlement among them; but that no body had ventured to enquire into the cause of his sorrow, in consideration of his peace, which might suffer in the recapitulation of his misfortunes.

I was seized with an irresistible desire of knowing the particulars of his fate, and enjoyed not one hour of repose during the whole night, by reason of the eager conceptions that inspired me, with regard to his story, which I resolved (if possible) to learn——Next morning, while we were at breakfast, three mules richly caparisoned[6] arrived with a message from Don Rodrigo,[7] desiring our company, and that of Don Antonio, at his house, which was situated about ten miles farther up in the country.—I was pleased with this invitation, in consequence of which we mounted the mules which he had provided for us, and alighted at his house before noon.—Here we were splendidly entertained by the generous stranger, who still seemed to shew a particular regard for me, and after dinner, made me a present of a ring set with a beautiful amethyst, the production of that country, saying, at the same time, that he was once blessed with a son, who, had he lived, would have been nearly of my age.—This observation, delivered with a profound sigh, made my heart throb with violence; a croud of confused ideas rushed upon my imagination, which, while I endeavoured to unravel, my uncle

perceived my absence of thought, and tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Oons are you asleep, Rory?" Before I had time to reply, Don Rodrigo, with uncommon eagerness of voice and look, pronounced, "Pray, captain, what is the young gentleman's name?"——"His name, (said my uncle) is Roderick Random."—"Gracious Powers! (cried the stranger, starting up)——And his mother's?"—"His mother (answered the captain, amazed) was called Charlotte Bowling."—"O bounteous heaven! (exclaimed Don Rodrigo, springing across the table, and clasping me in his arms) my son! my son! have I found thee again? do I hold thee in my embrace, after having lost and despaired of seeing thee so long?" So saying, he fell upon my neck, and wept aloud with joy; while the power of nature operating strongly in my breast, I was lost in rapture, and while he pressed me to his heart, let fall a shower of tears into his bosom.—His utterance was choaked up a good while, by the agitation of his soul; at length he broke out into "Mysterious Providence!—O my dear Charlotte! there yet remains a pledge of our love! and such a pledge!—so sound! O infinite Goodness! let me adore thy all-wise decrees!" Having thus expressed himself, he kneeled upon the floor, lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and remained some minutes in a silent extasy of devotion: I put myself in the same posture, adored the all-good Disposer, in a prayer of mental thanksgiving; and when his ejaculation was ended, did homage to my father, and craved his parental blessing. He hugged me again with unutterable fondness, and having implored the protection of heaven upon my head, raised me from the ground, and presented me as his son to the company, who wept in concert over this affecting scene. Among the rest my uncle did not fail to discover the goodness and joy of his heart: *albeit unused to the melting mood*,[8] he blubbered with great tenderness, and wringing my father's hand, cried, "Brother Random, I'm rejoiced to see you—God be praised for this happy meeting."—Don Rodrigo, understanding that he was his brother-in-law, embraced him affectionately, saying, "Are you my Charlotte's brother?—Alas! unhappy Charlotte! but why should I repine? we shall meet again, never more to part!—Brother, you are truly welcome—Dear son, I am transported with unspeakable joy!—This day is a jubilee—my friends and servants shall share my satisfaction."

While he dispatched messengers to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, to announce this event, and gave orders for a grand entertainment, I was so much affected with the tumults of passion, which assailed me on this great, sudden, and unexpected occasion, that I fell sick, fevered, and in less than three hours, became quite delirious; so that the preparations were countermanded, and the joy of the family converted into grief and despair.—Physicians were instantly called, I was plentifully blooded in the foot, my lower extremities were bathed in a decoction of salutiferous[9] herbs; in ten hours after I was taken ill, I enjoyed a critical sweat,[10] and next day, felt no remains of the distemper, but an agreeable lassitude, which did not hinder me from getting up.—During the progress of this fever, which, from the term of its duration, is called *Ephemera*, my father never once quitted my bed-side, but administred the prescriptions of the physicians with the most pious care; while captain Bowling manifested his concern by the like attendance.—I no sooner found myself delivered from the disease, than I bethought myself of my honest friend Strap; and resolving to make him happy forthwith, in the knowledge of my good fortune, told my father in general, that I had been

infinitely obliged to this faithful adherent; and begged, he would indulge me so far as to send for him, without letting him know my happiness, until he could receive an account of it from my own mouth.

My request was instantly complied with, and a messenger with a spare mule detached to the ship, carrying orders from the captain to the mate to send the steward by the bearer.—My health, being, in the mean time, re-established, and my mind composed, I began to relish this important turn of my fortune, in reflecting upon the advantages with which it must be attended; and as the idea of my lovely Narcissa always joined itself to every scene of happiness I could imagine, I entertained myself now, with the prospect of possessing her in that distinguished sphere, to which she was entitled by her birth and qualifications.—Having often mentioned her name while I was deprived of my senses, my father guessed that there was an intimate connection between us, and discovering the picture which hung in my bosom by a ribbon, did not doubt that it was the resemblance of my amiable mistress: in this belief he was confirmed by my uncle, who told him that it was the picture of a young woman, to whom I was under promise of marriage.—Alarmed at this piece of information, Don Rodrigo took the first opportunity of questioning me about the particulars of this affair, which, when I had candidly recounted, he approved of my passion, and promised to contribute all in his power towards its success: though I never doubted his generosity, I was transported on this occasion, and throwing myself at his feet, told him, he had now compleated my happiness; for without the possession of Narcissa, I should be miserable among all the pleasures of life.—He raised me with a smile of paternal fondness; said, he knew what it was to be in love; and observed, that if he had been as tenderly beloved by his father, as I was by mine, he should not now perhaps, have cause—Here he was interrupted by a sigh, the tear rushed into his eye, he suppressed the dictates of his grief, and the time being opportune, desired me to relate the passages of my life, which my uncle had told him were manyfold and surprising.—I recounted the most material circumstances of my fortune, to which he listened with wonder and attention, manifesting from time to time those different emotions, which my different situations may be supposed to have raised in a parent's breast; and when my detail was ended, blessed God for the adversity I had undergone, which, he said, enlarged the understanding, improved the heart, steeled the constitution, and qualified a young man for all the duties and enjoyments of life, much better than any education which affluence could bestow.

When I had thus satisfied his curiosity, I discovered an inclination to hear the particulars of his story, which he gratified, by beginning with his marriage, and proceeding to the day of his disappearing, as I have related in the first part of my memoirs. "Careless of life (continued he) and unable to live in a place where every object recalled the memory of my dear Charlotte, whom I had lost through the barbarity of an unnatural parent, I took my leave of you, my child, then an infant, with a heart full of unutterable woe, but little suspecting, that my father's unkindness would have descended to my innocent orphan; and setting out alone at midnight, for the nearest sea-port, early next morning got on board a ship, bound, as I had heard, for France, and bargaining with the master for my passage, bade a long adieu to my native country, and put to sea with the first fair wind. The place of our destination was Granville,[11] but we had the

misfortune to run upon a ridge of rocks near the island of Alderney called the Gaskets,[12] where the sea running high, the ship went to pieces, the boat sunk along-side, and every soul on board perished, except myself, who by the assistance of a grating, got ashore on the coast of Normandy. I went directly to Caen,[13] where I was so lucky as to meet with a Count, whom I had formerly known in my travels;[14] with this gentleman I set out for Paris, where I was recommended by him and other friends, as a tutor to a young nobleman, whom I accompanied to the court of Spain.—There we remained a whole year, at the end of which my pupil being recalled by his father, I quitted my office and staid behind, by the advice of a certain Spanish grandee who took me into his protection, and introduced me to another nobleman, who was afterwards created viceroy of Peru.[15]—He insisted on my attending him to his government in the Indies,[16] where, however, by reason of my religion,[17] it was not in his power to make my fortune any other way than by encouraging me to trade, which I had not long prosecuted when my patron died, and I found myself in the midst of strangers, without one friend to support or protect me: urged by this consideration, I sold my effects and removed to this country, the governor of which having been appointed by the viceroy, was my intimate acquaintance.—Here has heaven prospered my endeavours, during a residence of sixteen years, in which my tranquillity was never invaded, but by the remembrance of your mother, whose death I have in secret mourned without ceasing; and the reflexion of you, whose fate I could never learn, notwithstanding all my inquiries, by means of my friends in France, who, after the most strict examination, could give me no other account, than that you went abroad six years ago, and was never after heard of.—I could not rest satisfied with this imperfect information, and though my hope of finding you was but languid, resolved to go in quest of you in person; for which purpose, I have remitted to Holland[18] the value of twenty thousand pounds, and am in possession of fifteen thousand more, with which I intended to embark myself on board of Captain Bowling, before I discovered this amazing stroke of providence, which you may be sure has not altered my intention."

My father having entertained us with this agreeable sketch of his life, withdrew in order to relieve Don Antonio, who in his absence had done the honours of his house; and I was just dressed for my appearance among the guests, when Strap arrived from the ship.

He no sooner entered the grand apartment in which I was, and saw the magnificence of my apparel, than his speech was lost in amazement, and he gaped in silence at the objects that surrounded him.—I took him by the hand, observed that I had sent for him to be a witness and sharer of my happiness, and told him I had found a father.—At these words he started, and after having continued some minutes with his mouth and eyes wide open, cried, "Aha!—odd, I know what! go thy ways, poor Narcissa, and go thy ways somebody else—well—Lord, what a thing is love?—God help us! are all our mad pranks and protestations come to this? and have you fixed your habitation in this distant land! God prosper you—I find we must part at last—for I would not leave my poor carcass so far from my native home, for all the wealth of the universe!"[19] With these ejaculations, he began to sob and make wry faces; upon which I assured him of his mistake, both in regard to Narcissa, and my staying in Paraguay, and

informed him as briefly as I could, of the great event which had happened.—Never was rapture more ludicrously expressed, than in the behaviour of this worthy creature, who cried, laughed, whistled, sung and danced, all in a breath; his transport was scarce over, when my father entered, who no sooner understood that this was Strap, than he took him by the hand, saying, "Is this the honest man, who befriended you so much in your distress? you are welcome to my house, and I will soon put it in the power of my son to reward you for your good offices in his behalf; in the mean time, go with us, and partake of the repast that is provided." Strap, wild as he was with joy, would by no means accept of the proffered honour, crying, "God forbid! I know my distance—your worship shall excuse me." And Don Rodrigo finding his modesty invincible, recommended him to his major-domo, to be treated with the utmost respect; while he carried me into a large saloon, where I was presented to a numerous company, who loaded me with compliments and caresses, and congratulated my father in terms not proper for me to repeat.

Without specifying the particulars of our entertainment, let it suffice to say, it was at the same time elegant and sumptuous, and the rejoicings lasted two days: After which, Don Rodrigo settled his affairs, converted his effects into silver and gold, visited and took leave of all his friends, who were grieved at his departure, and honoured me with considerable presents; and coming on board of my uncle's ship, with the first favourable wind we sailed from the Rio de la Plata, and in two months came safe to an anchor in the harbour of Kingston in the island of Jamaica.

CHAPTER LXVII.

I visit my old friend Thomson——we set sail for Europe, meet with an odd adventure——arrive in England——I ride across the country from Portsmouth to Sussex——converse with Mrs. Sagely, who informs me of Narcissa's being in London——in consequence of this intelligence, I proceed to Canterbury——meet with my old friend Morgan——arrive at London——visit Narcissa——introduce my father to her——he is charmed with her good sense and beauty——we come to a determination of demanding her brother's consent to our marriage.

I enquired, as soon as I got ashore, about my generous companion Mr. Thomson; and hearing that he lived in a flourishing condition, upon the estate left to him by his wife's father, who had been dead some years, I took horse immediately, with the consent of Don Rodrigo, who had heard me mention him with great regard, and in a few hours reached the place of his habitation.

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I should much wrong the delicacy of Mr. Thomson's sentiments, to say barely he was glad to see me: He felt all that the most sensible and disinterested friendship could feel on this occasion, introduced me to his wife, a very amiable young lady, who had already blessed him with two fine children; and being as yet ignorant of my circumstances, frankly offered me the assistance of his purse and interest. I thanked him for his generous intention, and made him acquainted with my situation, on which he congratulated me with great joy, and after I had staid with him a whole day and night, accompanied me back to Kingston, to wait upon my father, whom he invited to his house: Don Rodrigo complied with his request, and having been handsomely entertained during the space of a week, returned extremely well satisfied with the behaviour of my friend and his lady, to whom at parting he presented a very valuable diamond ring, as a token of his esteem. During the course of my conversation with Mr. Thomson, he gave me to understand that his and my old commander captain Oakhum was dead some months, and that immediately after his death, a discovery had been made of some valuable effects that he had feloniously secreted out of a prize,[1] by the assistance of Dr. Mackshane, who was now actually in prison on that account, and being destitute of friends, subsisted solely on the charity of my friend, whose bounty he had implored in the most abject manner, after having been the barbarous occasion of driving him to that terrible extremity on board of the Thunder, which we have formerly related.—Whatsoever this wretch might have been guilty of, I applauded Mr. Thomson's generosity towards him in his distress, which wrought so much upon me also, that I sent him ten pistoles, in such a private manner, that he could never know his benefactor.

While my father and I were caressed among the gentlemen on shore, captain Bowling had writ to his owners, by the packet, which sailed a few days after our arrival, signifying his prosperous voyage hitherto, and desiring them to ensure his ship and cargo homeward bound; after which precaution he applied himself so heartily to the task of loading his ship, that with the assistance of Mr. Thomson, she was full in less than six weeks. This kind gentleman likewise procured for Don Rodrigo bills upon London[2] for the greatest part of his gold and silver, by which means it was secured against the risk of the seas and the enemy; and before we sailed, supplied us with such large quantities of all kinds of stock, that not only we, but the ship's company, fared sumptuously during the voyage.

Every thing being ready, we took our leave of our kind entertainers, and going on board at Port Royal, set sail for England on the first day of June.—We beat up to windward, with fine easy weather; and one night, believing ourselves near Cape Tiberoon, lay to, with an intention to wood and water next morning in the bay. While we remained in this situation, a sailor having drank more new rum than he could carry, staggered over-board, and notwithstanding all the means that could be used to preserve him, went to the bottom and disappeared. About two hours after this melancholy accident happened, as I enjoyed the cool air on the quarter-deck, I heard a voice rising, as it were, out of the sea, and calling, "Ho, the ship, ahoy!" Upon which one of the men upon the forecastle cried, "I'll be d——n'd, if that an't Jack Marlinspike, who went over-board!" Not a little surprized at this event, I jumped into the boat that lay along-side, with the second mate and four men, and rowing towards the place, from whence the voice (which repeated the hail) seemed to proceed, we perceived some-

thing floating upon the water; when we had rowed a little farther, we discerned it to be a man riding upon a hencoop,[3] who seeing us approach, pronounced with a hoarse voice, "D——n your bloods! why did you not answer when I hailed?" Our mate, who was a veritable seaman, hearing this salute, said, "By G—— my lads, this is none of our man—This is the devil—pull away for the ship." The fellows obeyed his command, without question, and were already some fathoms on our return, when I insisted on their taking up the poor creature, and prevailed upon them to go back to the wreck, which when we came near the second time, and signified our intention, we received an answer of, "Avast, avast[4]—what ship, brother?" Being satisfied in this particular, he cried, "D——n the ship, I was in hopes it had been my own—where are you bound?" We satisfied his curiosity in this particular too; upon which he suffered himself to be taken on board, and after having been comforted with a dram, told us, he belonged to the Vesuvio[5] man of war, upon a cruize off the island of Hispaniola; that he had fallen over-board about four and twenty hours ago, and the ship being under sail, they did not choose to bring to,[6] but tossed a hencoop over-board for his convenience, upon which he was in good hopes of reaching the Cape next morning; howsomever, he was as well content to be aboard of us, because he did not doubt that we should meet his ship; and if he had gone ashore in the bay, he might have been taken prisoner by the French.—My uncle and father were very much diverted with the account of this fellow's unconcerned behaviour; and in two days, meeting with the Vesuvio, as he expected, sent him on board of her, according to his desire.

Having beat up successfully the windward passage,[7] we stretched to the northward, and falling in with a westerly wind, in eight weeks arrived in soundings, and in two days after made the Lizzard.—It is impossible to express the joy I felt at sight of English ground! Don Rodrigo was not unmoved, and Strap shed tears of gladness—The sailors profited by our satisfaction; the shoe that was nailed to the mast[8] being quite filled with our liberality.—My uncle resolved to run up into the Downs at once, but the wind shifting when we were a-breast of the isle of Wight, he was obliged to turn into St. Helens, and come to Spithead, to the great mortification of the crew, thirty of whom were immediately pressed on board of a man of war.[9]

My father and I went ashore immediately to Portsmouth, leaving Strap with the captain to go round with the ship and take care of our effects; and I discovered so much impatience to see my charming Narcissa, that my father permitted me to ride across the country to her brother's house; while he should hire a post-chaise for London, where he would wait for me at a place to which I directed him.

Fired with all the eagerness of passion, I took post that very night, and in the morning reached an inn, about three miles from the Squire's habitation; here I remained till next evening, allaying the torture of my impatience with the rapturous hope of seeing that divine creature after an absence of eighteen months, which far from impairing, had raised my love to the most exalted pitch! Neither were my reflexions free from apprehension, that sometimes intervened in spite of all my hope, and represented her as having yielded to the importunity of her brother, and blessed the arms of an happy rival——My thoughts were even maddened with the fear of her death; and when I arrived in the dark at the house of Mrs. Sagely, I had not for some time courage to desire

admittance, lest my soul should be shocked with dismal tidings. At length, however, I knocked, and no sooner certified the good gentlewoman of my voice than she opened the door, and received me with a most affectionate embrace, that brought tears into her aged eyes: "For heaven's sake! dear mother (cried I) tell me, how is Narcissa? is she the same that I left her?" She blessed my ears with saying, "She is as beautiful, in as good health, and as much yours as ever."—Transported at this assurance, I begged to know if I could not see her that very night; when this sage matron gave me to understand that my mistress was in London, and that things were strangely altered in the Squire's house since my departure; that he had been married a whole year to Melinda, who at first found means to wean his attention so much from Narcissa, that he became quite careless of that lovely sister, comforting himself with the clause in his father's will, by which she should forfeit her fortune, by marrying without his consent;—that my mistress being but indifferently treated by her sister-in-law, had made use of her freedom some months ago, and gone to town, where she was lodged with Miss Williams, in expectation of my arrival; and had been pestered with the addresses of Lord Quiverwit, who finding her heart engaged, had fallen upon a great many shifts, to persuade her that I was dead: but finding all his artifices unsuccessful, and despairing of gaining her affection, he had consoled himself for her indifference, by marrying another lady some weeks ago, who had already left him on account of some family-uneasiness.—Besides this interesting information, she told me, that there was not a great deal of harmony between Melinda and the Squire, who was so much disgusted at the number of gallants who continued to hover about her even after marriage, that he had hurried her down into the country much against her own inclination, where their mutual animosities had risen to such a height, that they preserved no decency before company or servants, but abused one another in the grossest terms.

This good old gentlewoman, to give me a convincing proof of my dear Narcissa's unalterable love, gratified me with a sight of the last letter she had favoured her with, in which I was mentioned with so much honour, tenderness and concern, that my soul was fired with impatience, and I determined to ride all night, that I might have it the sooner in my power to make her happy.—Mrs. Sagely perceiving my eagerness, and her maternal affection being equally divided between Narcissa and me, begged leave to remind me of the sentiments with which I went abroad, that would not permit me for any selfish gratification to prejudice the fortune of that amiable young lady, who must entirely depend upon me, after having bestowed herself in marriage. I thanked her for her kind concern, and as briefly as possible described my flourishing situation, which afforded this humane person infinite wonder and satisfaction. I told her, that now I had an opportunity to manifest my gratitude for the obligations I owed, I would endeavour to make her old age comfortable and easy; as a step to which, I proposed she should come and live with Narcissa and me.—This venerable gentlewoman was so much affected with my words that the tears ran down her ancient cheeks; she thanked heaven that I had not belied the presages she had made, on her first acquaintance with me; acknowledging my generosity, as she called it, in the most elegant and pathetic expressions; but declined my proposal, on account of her attachment to the dear melancholy cottage where she had so peacefully consumed her solitary widowhood. Finding

her immoveable on this subject, I insisted on her accepting a present of thirty guineas, and took my leave, resolving to accommodate her with the same sum annually, for the more comfortable support of the infirmities of old age.

Having rode all night, I found myself at Canterbury in the morning, where I alighted to procure fresh horses; and as I walked into the inn, perceived an apothecary's shop on the other side of the street, with the name of Morgan[10] over the door: Alarm'd[11] at this discovery, I could not help thinking that my old mess-mate had settled in this place, and upon enquiry, found my conjecture true, and that he was married lately to a widow in that city, by whom he had got three thousand pounds. Rejoiced at this intelligence, I went to his shop as soon as it was open, and found my friend behind the counter, busy in preparing a glyster. I saluted him at entrance, with "Your servant Mr. Morgan."—Upon which he looked at me, and replying, "Your most humble servant, goot Sir;" rubbed his ingredients in the mortar, without any emotion. "What! (said I) Morgan, have you forgot your old mess-mate?" At these words, he looked up again, and starting, cried, "As Got is my—sure it cannot—yes, by my Salfation, I pelieve it is my dear friend Mr. Rantom."—He was no sooner convinced of my identity, than he threw down the pestle, overset the mortar, and jumping over the board, swept up the contents with his cloaths, flew about my neck, hugged me affectionately, and daubed me all over with turpentine and the yolks of eggs, which he had been mixing when I came in.—Our mutual congratulations being over, he told me, that he found himself a widower upon his return from the West Indies; that he had got interest to be appointed surgeon of a man of war, in which capacity he had served some years, until he married an apothecary's widow, with whom he now enjoyed a pretty good sum of money, peace, and quiet, and an indifferent[12] good trade.—He was very desirous of hearing my adventures, which I assured him I had not time to relate, but told him in general, my circumstances were very good, and that I hoped to see him when I should not be in such a hurry as at present.—He insisted however on my staying breakfast, and introduced me to his wife, who seemed to be a decent sensible woman, pretty well stricken in years. In the course of our conversation, he shewed the sleeve-buttons I had exchanged with him at our parting in the West Indies, and was not a little proud to see that I had preserved his with the same care. When I informed him of Mackshane's condition, he seem'd at first to exult over his distress; but after a little recollection, said, "Well, he has paid for his malice, I forgife him, and may Got forgife him likewise." He expressed great concern for the soul of captain Oakhum, which he believed was now gnashing its teeth: but it was some time before I could convince him of Thomson's being alive, at whose good fortune, nevertheless he was extremely glad.

Having renewed our protestations of friendship, I bade the honest Welchman and his spouse farewell, and taking post-horses, arrived at London that same night, where I found my father in good health, to whom I imparted what I had learned of Narcissa.—This indulgent parent approved of my intention of marrying her, even without a fortune, provided her brother's consent could not be obtained; promised to make over to me in a few days a sufficiency to maintain her in a fashionable manner, and expressed a desire of seeing this amiable creature, who had captivated me so much.—As I had not slept the night before, and was besides fatigued with my journey, I found myself

under a necessity of taking some repose, and went to bed accordingly: next morning about ten a-clock, I took a chair, and, according to Mrs. Sagely's directions, went to my charmer's lodgings, and enquired for Miss Williams.—I had not waited in the parlour longer than a minute, when this young woman entered, and no sooner perceived me, than she shrieked and ran backward; but, I got between her and the door, and clasping her in my arms, brought her to herself with an embrace. "Good heaven (cried she) Mr. Random, is it you indeed! my mistress will run distracted with joy."—I told her, it was from an apprehension that my sudden appearance might have some bad effect on my dear Narcissa, that I had desired to see her first, in order to concert some method of acquainting her mistress gradually with my arrival. She approved of my conduct, and after having yielded to the suggestions of her own friendship, in asking if my voyage had been successful, charged herself with that office, and left me glowing with desire of seeing and embracing the object of my love. In a very little time I heard somebody coming down stairs in haste, and the voice of my angel pronounce, with an eager tone, "O heaven! is it possible! where is he?" How were my faculties arroused at this well known sound! and how was my soul transported, when she broke in upon my view, in all the bloom of ripened beauty! *Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love!*[13]—You whose souls are susceptible of the most delicate impressions, whose tender bosoms have felt the affecting vicissitudes of love, who have suffered an absence of eighteen long months from the dear object of your hope, and found at your return the melting fair, as kind and constant as your heart could wish, do me justice on this occasion, and conceive what unutterable rapture possessed us both, while we flew into each others arms! This was no time for speech,—locked in a mutual embrace, we continued some minutes in a silent trance of joy!—When I thus encircled all that my soul held dear,—while I hung over her beauties,—beheld her eyes sparkle, and every feature flush with virtuous fondness; when I saw her enchanting bosom heave with undissembled rapture, and knew myself the happy cause—Heavens! what was my situation! I am tempted to commit my paper to the flames, and to renounce my pen for ever,[14] because its most ardent and lucky expression so poorly describes the emotions of my soul. O adorable Narcissa! (cried I) O miracle of beauty, love and truth! I at last fold thee in my arms! I at last can call thee mine! no jealous brother shall thwart our happiness again; fortune hath at length recompensed me for all my sufferings, and enabled me to do justice to my love.—The dear creature smiled ineffably charming, and with a look of bewitching tenderness, said, "And shall we never part again?" "Never! (I replied) thou wondrous pattern of all earthly perfection! never, until death shall divide us! by this ambrosial kiss, a thousand times more fragrant than the breeze that sweeps the orange-grove, I never more will leave thee!"

As my first transport abated, my passion grew turbulent and unruly. I was giddy with standing on the brink of bliss, and all my virtue and philosophy were scarce sufficient to restrain the inordinate sallies of desire.—Narcissa perceived the conflict within me, and with her usual dignity of prudence, called off my imagination from the object in view, and with eager expressions of interested curiosity, desired to know the particulars of my voyage.—In this I gratified her inclination, bringing my story down to the present hour: She was infinitely surprised at the circumstance of my finding my father,

which brought tears into her lovely eyes. She was transported at hearing that he approved my flame, discovered a longing desire of being introduced to him, congratulated herself and me upon my good fortune, and observed that this great and unexpected stroke of fate seemed to have been brought about by the immediate direction of providence. Having entertained ourselves some hours with the genuine effusions of our souls, I obtained her consent to compleat my happiness as soon as my father should judge it proper; and applying with my own hands a valuable necklace, composed of diamonds and amethysts set alternately, which an old Spanish lady at Paraguay had presented me with, I took my leave, promising to return in the afternoon with Don Rodrigo.—When I went home, this generous parent enquired very affectionately about the health of my dear Narcissa, to whom, that I might be the more agreeable, he put into my hand a deed, by which I found myself in possession of fifteen thousand pounds, exclusive of the profits of my own merchandize, which amounted to three thousand more.—After dinner I accompanied him to the lodging of my mistress, who being dressed for the occasion, made a most dazzling appearance. I could perceive him struck with her figure, which I really think was the most beautiful that ever was created under the sun. He embraced her tenderly, and told her, he was proud of having a son who had spirit to attempt, and qualifications to engage, the affections of such a fine lady.—She blushed at this compliment, and with eyes full of the softest languishment turned upon me, said, she should have been unworthy of Mr. Random's attention, had she been blind to his extraordinary merit.—I made no other answer than a low bow. My father, sighing, pronounced, "Such once was my Charlotte!" while the tear rushed into his eye, and the tender heart of Narcissa manifested itself in two precious drops of sympathy, which, but for his presence, I would have kissed away. Without repeating the particulars of our conversation, I shall only observe, that Don Rodrigo was as much charmed with her good sense, as with her appearance; and she was no less pleased with his understanding and polite address.—It was determined that he should write to the squire, signifying his approbation of my passion for his sister, and offering a settlement which he should have no reason to reject; and that, if he should refuse the proposal, we would crown our mutual wishes without any farther regard to his will.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

My father makes a present to Narcissa——the letter is dispatched to her brother——I appear among my acquaintance——Banter's behaviour——the Squire refuses his consent——my uncle comes to town——approves of my choice——I am married——we meet with the Squire and his lady at the play——our acquaintance is courted.

After having spent the evening to the satisfaction of all present, my father addressed himself thus to Narcissa, "Madam, give me leave to consider you hereafter as my daughter, in which capacity I insist upon your accepting this first instance of my paternal duty and affection." With these words he put into her hand a bank-note of 500 *l.* which she no sooner examined, than with a low curtesy she replied, "Dear Sir, tho' I have not the least occasion for this supply, I have too great a veneration for you, to refuse this proof of your generosity and esteem, which I the more freely receive, because I already look upon Mr. Random's interest as inseparably connected with mine." He was extremely well pleased with her frank and ingenuous reply; upon which we saluted, and wished her good night.—The letter, at my request, was dispatched to Sussex by an express, and in the mean time, Don Rodrigo, to grace my nuptials, hired a ready-furnished house, and set up a very handsome equipage.

Though I passed the greatest part of the day with the darling of my soul, I found leisure sometimes to be among my former acquaintance, who were astonished at the magnificence of my appearance: Banter in particular was confounded at the strange vicissitudes of my fortune, the causes of which he endeavoured in vain to discover, until I thought fit to disclose the whole secret of my last voyage, partly in consideration of our former intimacy, and partly to prevent unfavourable conjectures which he and others, in all probability, would have made in regard to my circumstances. He professed great satisfaction at this piece of news, and I had no cause to believe him insincere, when I considered that he would now look upon himself as acquitted of the debt he owed me, and at the same time flatter himself with hopes of borrowing more.—I carried him home to dinner with me, and my father liked his conversation so much, that upon hearing his difficulties, he desired me to accommodate him for the present, and enquire if he would accept of a commission in the army, towards the purchase of which he would willingly lend him money. Accordingly, I gave my friend an opportunity of being alone with me, when, as I expected, he told me that he was just on the point of being reconciled to an old rich uncle, whose heir he was, but wanted a few pieces for immediate expence, which he desired I would lend him, and take his bond for the whole. His demand was limited to ten guineas; and when I put twenty into his hand, he stared at me for some moments, then putting it into his purse, said, "Ay, 'tis all one,—you shall have the whole in a very short time." When I had taken his note, to

save the expence of a bond,[1] I expressed some surprize that a fellow of his spirit should loiter away his time in idleness, and asked why he did not choose to make his fortune in the army.—"What! (said he) throw away money upon a subaltern's commission,[2] to be under the command of a parcel of scoundrels who have raised themselves above me by the most infamous practices! no, I love independency too well to sacrifice my life, health and pleasure for such a pitiful consideration."—Finding him averse to this way of life, I chang'd the subject, and return'd to Don Rodrigo, who had just received the following epistle from the Squire.

"Sir,

Concerning a letter which I received, subscrib'd R. Random, this is the answer.—As for you, I know nothing of you.—Your son, or pretended son, I have seen;—if he marries my sister, at his peril be it; I do declare, that he shall not have one farthing of her fortune, which becomes my property, if she takes a husband without my consent.—Your settlement, I do believe, is all a sham, and yourself no better than you should be; but if you had all the wealth of the Indies, your son shall never match in our family, with the consent of

Orson[3] Topehall."

My father was not much surprised at this polite letter, after having heard the character of the author: and as for me, I was even pleased at his refusal, because I now had an opportunity of shewing my disinterested love. By his permission I waited on my charmer; and having imparted the contents of her brother's letter, at which she wept bitterly, in spite of all my consolation and caresses; the time of our marriage was fixed at the distance of two days.—During this interval, in which my soul was wound up to the last stretch of rapturous expectation, Narcissa endeavoured to reconcile some of her relations in town to her marriage with me; but finding them all deaf to her remonstrances, either out of envy or prejudice; she told me with the most enchanting sweetness, while the tears bedewed her lovely cheeks, "Sure the world will no longer question your generosity, when you take a poor forlorn beggar to your arms." Affected with her sorrow, I pressed the fair mourner to my breast, and swore that she was more dear and welcome on that account, because she had sacrificed her friends and fortune to her love for me—My uncle, for whose character she had a great veneration, being by this time come to town, I introduced him to my bride; and although he was not very much subject to refined sensations, he was struck dumb with admiration at her beauty. After having kissed and gazed at her for some time, he turned to me, saying, "Odds bobs, Rory! here's a notable prize indeed, finely built and gloriously rigged, i' faith! if she an't well manned when you have the command of her, sirrah, you deserve to go to sea in a cockle-shell.[4]—No offence, I hope, niece; you must not mind what I say, being (as the saying is) a plain sea-faring man, thof mayhap I have as much regard for you as another."—She received him with great civility, told him she had longed a great while to see a person to whom she was so much indebted for his generosity to Mr. Random; that she looked upon him as her uncle, by which name she begged leave to call him for the future; and that she was very sure he could say nothing that would give her the least offence. The honest captain was transported at her courteous behaviour, and insisted upon *giving her away* at the ceremony, swearing that he loved her as well as if she

"Captain Bowling introduced to Narcissa" by Rowlandson after Singleton. (Call number HEW 9.13.28, Houghton Library, Harvard University.)

was his own child, and that he would give two thousand guineas to the first fruit of our love, as soon as it could squeak.—Every thing being prepared for the solemnization of our nuptials, which were to be performed privately at my father's house, the auspicious hour arrived, when Don Rodrigo and my uncle went in the coach to fetch the bride and Miss Williams; leaving me with a parson, Banter and Strap, neither of whom had as yet seen my charming mistress.—My faithful valet, who was on the rack of impatience to behold a lady of whom he had heard so much, no sooner understood that the coach was returned, than he placed himself at a window to have a peep at her as she alighted; and when he saw her, clapped his hands together, turned up the white of his eyes, and with his mouth wide open, remained in a sort of extasy, which broke out into, *O Dea certe!—qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi exercet Diana choros!*[5]—The doctor and Banter were surpriz'd to hear my man speak Latin, but when my father led Narcissa into the room, the object of their admiration was soon chang'd, as appear'd in the countenances of both. Indeed they must have been the most insensible of all beings, could they have beheld without emotion the divine creature that approached! She was dressed in a sack[6] of white sattin, embroider'd on the breast with gold; the crown of her head was covered with a small French cap, from whence descended her beautiful hair in ringlets that waved upon her snowy neck, which dignified the necklace I had given her; her looks glowed with modesty and love; and her bosom, thro' the veil of gauze that shaded it, afforded a prospect of Elyzium![7]—I received this inestimable gift of providence as became me; and in a little time the clergyman did his office, my uncle, at his own earnest request, acting the part of a father to my dear Narcissa, who trembled very much, and had scarce spirits sufficient to support her under this great change of situation.—Soon as she was mine by the laws of heaven and earth, I printed a burning kiss upon her lips, my father embraced her tenderly, my uncle hugged her with great affection, and I presented her to my friend Banter, who saluted her in a very polite manner; Miss Williams hung round her neck, and wept plentifully, while Strap fell upon his knees, and begged to kiss his lady's hand, which she presented with great affability.—I shall not pretend to describe my own feelings at this juncture; let it suffice to say, that after having supped and entertained ourselves 'till ten a-clock, I caution'd my Narcissa against exposing her health by sitting up too late, and she was prevailed upon to withdraw with her maid to an apartment destin'd for us. When she left the room, her face was overspread with a blush that set all my blood in a state of fermentation, and made every pulse beat with tenfold vigour! She was so cruel as to let me remain in this condition a full half hour; when, no longer able to restrain my impatience, I broke from the company, burst into her chamber, pushed out her confidante, locked the door, and found her——O heav'n and earth! a feast, a thousand times more delicious than my most sanguine hope presaged!—But let me not profane the chaste mysteries of Hymen.[8]—I was the happiest of men!

In the morning I was awaked by three or four drums,[9] which Banter had placed under the window; upon which I withdrew the curtain, and enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of contemplating those angelic charms, which were now in my possession! *Beauty! which whether sleeping or awake, shot forth peculiar graces!*[10]—The light darting upon my Narcissa's eyes, she awoke also, and recollecting her situation, hid her blushes

in my bosom.—I was distracted with joy! I could not believe the evidence of my senses, and looked upon all that had happened, as the fictions of a dream! In the mean time my uncle knocked at the door, and bad me turn out, for I had had a long spell—I rose accordingly, and sent Miss Williams to her mistress, myself receiving the congratulations of captain Bowling, who rallied me in his sea-phrase, with great success—In less than an hour, Don Rodrigo led my wife in to breakfast, where she received the compliments of the company on her looks, which, they said, if possible, were improved by matrimony.—As her delicate ears were offended with none of those indecent ambiguities, which are too often spoke on such occasions, she behaved with dignity, unaffected modesty, and ease; and as a testimony of my affection and esteem, I presented her, in presence of them all, with a deed, by which I settled the whole fortune I was possessed of, on her and her heirs for ever.—She accepted it with a glance of most tender acknowledgment, observed, that she could not be surprized at any thing of this kind I should do, and desired my father to take the trouble of keeping it, saying, "Next to my own Mr. Random, you are the person in whom I ought to have the greatest confidence." Charmed with her prudent and ingenuous manner of proceeding, he took the paper, and assured her that it should not lose its value while in his custody.

As we had not many visits to give and receive; the little time we stayed in town was spent in going to public diversions, where I have the vanity to think Narcissa seldom was eclipsed.—One night in particular, we had sent our footman to keep one of the stage boxes,[11] which we no sooner entered, than we perceived in the opposite box the squire and his lady, who seem'd not a little surprized at seeing us. I was pleased at this opportunity of confronting them; the more, because Melinda was robbed of all her admirers by my wife, who happened that night to outshine her sister both in beauty and dress.—She was piqued at Narcissa's victory, tossed her head a thousand different ways, flirted her fan, looked at us with disdain, then whispered to her husband, and broke out into an affected giggle; but all her arts proved ineffectual, either to discompose Mrs. Random, or to conceal her own mortification, which at length forced her away long before the play was done.—The news of our marriage being spread, with many circumstances to our disadvantage, by the industry of this malignant creature, a certain set of persons, fond of scandal, began to inquire into the particulars of my fortune, which they no sooner understood to be independent,[12] than the tables were turned, and our acquaintance was courted as much as it had been despised before: But Narcissa had too much dignity of pride, to encourage this change of conduct, especially in her relations, whom she could never be prevailed upon to see, after the malicious reports they had raised to her prejudice.

CHAPTER LXIX.

My father intends to revisit the place of his nativity——we propose to accompany him——my uncle renews his will in my favour, determining to go to sea again——we set out for Scotland——arrive at Edinburgh——purchase our paternal estate——proceed to it——halt at the town where I was educated——take up my bond to Crab——the behaviour of Potion and his wife, and one of my female cousins——our reception at the estate——Strap marries Miss Williams, and is settled by my father to his own satisfaction——I am more and more happy.

My father intending to revisit his native country, and pay the tribute of a few tears at my mother's grave, Narcissa and I resolved to accompany him in the execution of this pious office, and accordingly prepared for the journey; in which, however, my uncle would not engage, being resolved to try his fortune once more at sea. In the mean time, he renewed his will in favour of my wife and me, and deposited it in the hands of his brother-in-law: while I (that I might not be wanting to my own interest) summoned the squire to produce his father's will at Doctors-Commons,[1] and employed a proctor to manage the affair in my absence.

Every thing being thus settled, we took leave of all our friends in London, and set out for Scotland, Don Rodrigo, Narcissa, Miss Williams, and I in the coach, and Strap with two men in livery on horseback: As we made easy stages, my charmer held it out very well, till we arrived at Edinburgh where we proposed to rest ourselves some weeks.[2]

Here Don Rodrigo having intelligence that the fox-hunter[3] had spent his estate, which was to be exposed to sale by public auction, he determined to make a purchase of the spot where he was born, and actually bought all the land that belonged to his father.

In a few days after this bargain was made, we left Edinburgh, in order to go and take possession; and by the way, halted one night in that town where I was educated.[4]—Upon inquiry, I found that Mr. Crab was dead; whereupon I sent for his executor, paid the sum I owed,[5] with interest, and took up my bond. Mr. Potion and his wife hearing of our arrival, had the assurance to come to the inn where we lodged, and send up their names, with a desire of being permitted to pay their respects to my father and me: But their sordid behaviour towards me, when I was an orphan, had made too deep an impression on my mind, to be effaced by this mean mercenary piece of condescension; I therefore rejected their message with disdain, and bade Strap tell them, that my father and I desired to have no communication with such low-minded wretches as they were.

They had not been gone half an hour, when a woman, without any ceremony, opened the door of the room where we sat, and making towards my father, accosted him with, "Uncle, your servant—I am glad to see you."—This was no other than one of my female cousins, mentioned in the first part of my memoirs, to whom Don Rodrigo replied, "Pray, who are you, madam?"——"O! (cried she) my cousin Rory there, knows me very well—Don't you remember me, Rory?"——"Yes, madam, (said I) for my own part, I shall never forget you.—Sir, this is one of the young ladies, who (as I have formerly told you) treated me so humanely in my childhood!" When I pronounced these words, my father's resentment glowed in his visage, and he ordered her to be gone, with such a commanding aspect, that she retired in a fright, muttering curses as she went down stairs. We afterwards learned that she was married to an ensign, who had already spent all her fortune; and that her sister had bore a child to her mother's footman, who is now her husband, and keeps a petty ale-house in the country.

The fame of our flourishing condition having arrived at this place before us, we got notice that the magistrates intended next day to compliment us with the freedom of their town; upon which my father, considering their complaisance in the right point of view, ordered the horses to the coach early in the morning.

We proceeded to our estate, which lay about twenty miles from this place;[6] and when we came within half a league of the house, were met by a prodigious number of poor tenants, men, women and children, who testified their joy by loud acclamations, and accompanied our coach to the gate.—As there is no part of the world, in which the peasants are more attached to their lords than in Scotland,[7] we were almost devoured by their affection. My father had always been their favourite, and now that he appeared their master, after having been thought dead so long, their joy broke out into a thousand extravagancies: When we entered the court-yard, we were surrounded by a vast number, who crowded together so closely to see us, that several were in danger of being squeezed to death; those who were near Don Rodrigo fell upon their knees, and kissed his hand, or the hem of his garment, praying aloud for long life and prosperity to him; others approached Narcissa and me in the same manner; while the rest clapped their hands at a distance, and invoked heaven to shower its choicest blessings on our heads!—In short, the whole scene, though rude, was so affecting, that the gentle partner of my heart wept over it, and my father himself could not refrain from dropping a tear.

Having welcomed his daughter and me to his house, he ordered some bullocks to be killed, and some hogsheads[8] of ale to be brought from the neighbouring village, to regale those honest people, who had not enjoyed such a holiday for many years before.

Next day we were visited by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, most of them our relations, one of whom brought along with him my cousin, the fox-hunter, who had staid at his house, since he was obliged to leave his own! My father was generous enough to receive him kindly, and even promise to purchase for him a commission in the army, for which he expressed great thankfulness and joy.

My charming Narcissa was universally admired and loved for her beauty, affability, and good sense; and so well pleased with the situation of the place, and the company around, that she has not, as yet, discovered the least desire of changing her habitation.

We had not been many days settled, when I prevailed upon my father to pay a visit to the village where I had been at school. Here we were received by the principal inhabitants, who entertained us in the church, where Mr. Syntax the schoolmaster (my tyrant being dead) pronounced a Latin oration in honour of our family: And none exerted themselves more than Strap's father and relations, who looked upon the honest valet as the first gentleman of their race, and honoured his benefactors accordingly.—Having received the homage of this place, we retired, leaving forty pounds for the benefit of the poor of the parish; and that very night, Strap being a little elevated with the regard that had been shewn to him, and to me on his account, ventured to tell me, that he had a sneaking kindness for Miss Williams; and that if his lady and I would use our interest in his behalf, he did not doubt that she would listen to his addresses. Surprized at this proposal, I asked if he knew the story of that unfortunate young gentlewoman: Upon which, he replied, "Yes, yes, I know what you mean—she has been unhappy, I grant you—but what of that? I am convinced of her reformation; or else you and my good lady would not treat her with such respect.—As for the censure of the world, I value it not a fig's end—besides, the world knows nothing of the matter." I commended his philosophy, and interested Narcissa in his cause; who interceded so effectually, that in a little time, Miss Williams yielded her consent, and they were married with the approbation of Don Rodrigo, who gave him five hundred pounds to stock a farm, and made him overseer of his estate. My generous bedfellow gave her maid the same sum; so that they live in great peace and plenty, within half a mile of us, and daily put up prayers for our preservation.

If there be such a thing as true happiness on earth, I enjoy it.—The impetuous transports of my passion are now settled and mellowed into endearing fondness and tranquillity of love, rooted by that intimate connexion and interchange of hearts, which nought but virtuous wedlock can produce.—Fortune seems determined to make ample amends for her former cruelty; for, my proctor writes, that notwithstanding the clause in my father-in-law's will, on which the Squire founds his claim, I shall certainly recover my wife's fortune, in consequence of a codicil annexed, which explains that clause, and limits her restriction to the age of nineteen, after which she was at her own disposal.—I would have set out for London immediately after receiving this piece of intelligence,[9] but my dear angel has been qualmish[10] of late, and begins to grow remarkably round in the waist; so that I cannot leave her in such an interesting situation, which I hope will produce something to crown my felicity.

FINIS.

APPENDIX
AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION AGAINST CARTHAGENE

The text below was transcribed by James G. Basker from its first publication in *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*, compiled and edited by Smollett (1756), 5:313–42. The map reproduced in the present text faces p. 313 in the original. See the introduction, pp. xlvii–liii.

An ACCOUNT of the Expedition against Carthagene,[1] in the West Indies, besieged by the English in the Year 1741.

England having declared war against Spain, in the year 1739,[2] the government resolved to distress the enemy by attacking their possessions in the West Indies;[3] and for that purpose a plan was proposed by colonel Spotswood,[4] governor of Virginia: in consequence of which, he was impowered to raise a regiment of Americans,[5] consisting of four battalions,[6] to serve under his command against the Spaniards; but he dying before the scheme could be put in execution, this regiment was given to colonel Gooch,[7] who succeeded him in the government of that colony.

The lieutenants were appointed in England, at the recommendation of the lord Cathcart,[8] who commanded all the land forces on the intended expedition; and he chose for this service young gentlemen of family, chiefly North Britons,[9] who had learned the rudiments of the military art in Holland and other foreign services,[10] and consequently were the better qualified to discipline a new raised regiment. These had commissions signed by his majesty's own hand, but the captains and ensigns[11] were appointed by the governors of the different provinces in which the companies were levied, according to a power vested in them by the king for that purpose.

While these officers were employed in raising and disciplining the companies in North America, six regiments of marines[12] were levied in England, by means of draughts made from the foot-guards,[13] the command of them bestowed upon gentlemen of character and capacity for military operations,[14] and all possible pains taken to render them immediately fit for service in the West Indies, to which the seat of war was to be transferred. A squadron was equipped, and actually sailed under the auspices of commodore Anson[15] for the South Seas,[16] in order to harrass the Spaniards on the coasts of Chili and Peru,[17] and if possible to establish a correspondence across the Isthmus of Darien,[18] with the fleet and army destined for Carthagena,[19] so as to co-operate for the advantage of the nation.

The marine regiments being well disciplined, and having for some time encamped in the Isle of Wight,[20] were embarked on board of eighty transports, with all sorts of warlike utensils that might be necessary in the expedition, and detachments from three

A

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The whole exhibiting

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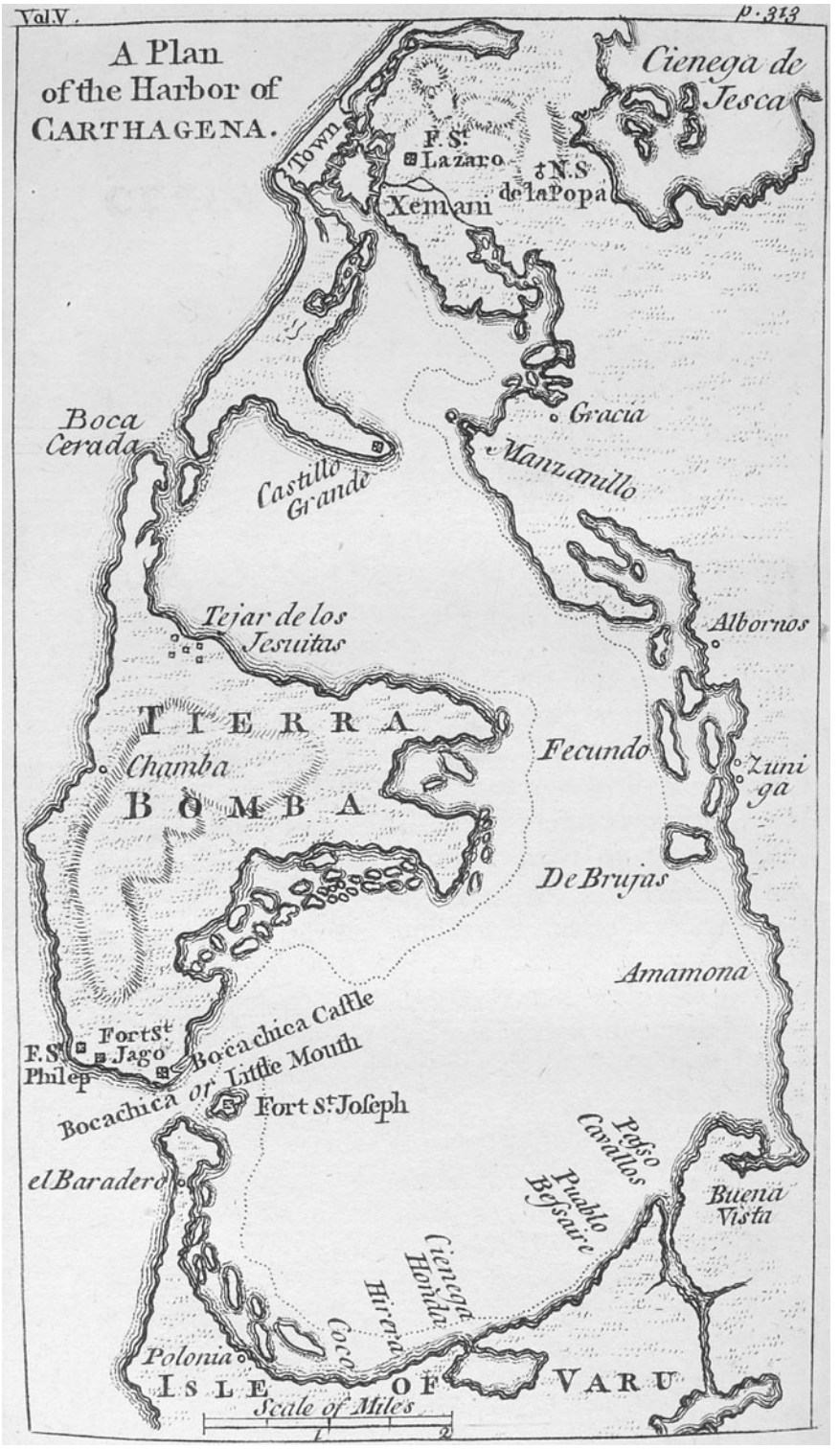

"A Plan of the Harbor of Carthagena." (Reproduced from a copy held privately.)

old regiments were sent on board of the men of war appointed to join admiral Vernon[21] on the same service. These were

	Ships.[22]	Guns.[23]	Commanders.
The	Russel,[24]	80	Sir Chaloner Ogle,[25] rear-admiral of the blue, captain Norris.[26]
	Torbay,	80	Captain Gascoyne, having on board lord Cathcart,[27] general of the land-forces.
	Cumberland,[28]	80	Captain Stuart.
	Boyne,[29]	80	Commodore Lestock.[30]
	Princess Amelia,[31]	80	Commod. Hemmington.[32]
	Chichester,[33]	80	Captain Robert Trevor.
	Norfolk,[34]	80	Captain Graves.[35]
The	Shrewsbury,[36]	80	Captain Townshend.[37]
	Princess Caroline,[38]	80	Captain Griffin.
	Suffolk,[39]	70	Captain Davies.
	Buckingham,	70	Captain Mitchel.
	Orford,[40]	70	Lord Augustus Fitzroy.[41]
	Prince Frederic,[42]	70	Lord Aubrey Beauclerc.[43]
	Prince of Orange,	70	Captain Osborne.
	Lion,[44]	60	Captain Cotteril.
	Weymouth,[45]	60	Captain Knowles.[46]
	Superb,	60	Captain Harvey.
	Montague,	60	Captain Chalmers.
	Deptford,	60	Captain Mostyn.[47]
	Jersey,	60	Captain Lawrence.
	Augusta,	60	Captain Dennison.
	Dunkirk,[48]	60	Captain Cooper.
	Rippon,	60	Captain Joliff.
	York,	60	Captain Coates.[49]
	Litchfield,	50	Captain Cleaveland.
	Ætna,		
	Firebrand,		

Phæton,[50] Fire-ships.[51]

Vesuvius,

Flame,[52]

Vulcan,

Two bomb-ketches,[53] and hospital-ship,[54] store-ships, &c.

This noble fleet sailed from St. Helens[55] on Sunday, October the 26th, in the year 1740, with a fine breeze at east north-east, which continued till Friday the 31st, when the weather looked squally astern, and at night it blew a hard gale; and this, in the morning of Saturday, November the 1st, encreased to a violent storm, which did abundance of damage in several ships, splitting sails, carrying away masts, and throwing every thing in confusion.

The author of this account,[56] who was on board of one of the largest ships[57] in the fleet, says he was waked early in the morning, by a dreadful concert produced from the clanking of chain-pumps,[58] the creaking of gun-carriages,[59] the cracking of cabins strained by the violent motion, the dashing of the sea, the howling of the wind, the rattling of the rigging, and the confused clamours of six hundred men running up and down the deck in confusion.

Nor was the eye more agreeably entertained than the ear: for, when he got up and mounted the accommodation-ladder,[60] he found the prospect altogether dismal. Of all the fleet, seven sail only were to be seen, and of these, two had lost their masts, while the others scudded under reefed main-sails;[61] the billows were incredibly vast and tremendous: there was nothing to be seen on board, but tumult, uproar, and dismay; the ship pitched with such violence, that the masts quivered like slender twigs;[62] a cask of water broke from its lashings on deck, and maimed sixteen men before it could be staved; the main-sail was split into a thousand tatters, and the yard being manned to bend another in its room, one of the braces gave way with such a shock as threw four men overboard, two of whom were lost, while the knee of a fifth was crushed in a terrible manner between the beril[63] and the mast.

Nevertheless, the wind being fair, they made shift to lie their course under a ballanced mizen,[64] going at a great rate, and on Monday at noon, tho' the weather was still very boistrous, with rain and hail, forty sail of the fleet appeared in sight, and from this period assembled again gradually. On Saturday the 8th, the Orford gave chace to a vessel plying to the eastward, and brought her into the fleet under French colours.[65] On Monday captain Lestock and captain Hemmington hoisted broad blue pendants as commodores;[66] and on Wednesday, the line of battle was altered because the Cumberland was still missing, since the storm on the 1st of November. All Monday the 17th, it rained and blew very hard: next day, the weather being mild, all hands diverted themselves with striking dolphins,[67] which are a beautiful species of fish, as they swim alongside, and when first caught, exhibit a charming variety of bright colours. They are in continual pursuit of the flying-fish, which is about the size and make of a herring, fur-

nished with membranous fins, by means of which it rises above the surface, and flies a considerable space in order to avoid its persecutors.

On Wednesday the 19th, the wind proved contrary, tho' in those latitudes where it generally blows from the east during the whole year.

On Tuesday the 25th, a man belonging to the Chichester, jumped overboard and drowned himself in resentment for having undergone the shameful discipline of the ship for vermin.[68] The weather growing sultry and calm, about this time, began to produce ardent fevers among the men, and in a few days the fleet became very sickly; but nothing material occurred.

Friday December the 19th, after having lain to several nights on the supposition of their being in the neighbourhood of land, they sailed along the coast of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Marigalante, islands possessed by the French, and came to anchor in the bay of Dominique,[69] which is a neutral island, tho' some parts of it were settled by French adventurers. The very day after their arrival at this island, the expedition sustained an irreparable loss, by the death of Charles lord Cathcart,[70] a nobleman of distinguished valour, capacity, and experience in the military art, whose character was in all respects truly amiable, and whose fate was universally regretted; more especially as he was succeeded in command by brigadier-general Wentworth,[71] an officer who had neither knowledge, weight, nor self-confidence sufficient to conduct an enterprize of such importance.

The fleet remained seven days at Dominique, for the convenience of wooding and watering, during which period, tents were pitched along shore for the accommodation of the sick; and those afflicted with the scurvy recovered in a surprizing manner, solely from their enjoying the land-air and plenty of fresh water; for, the island produced no other refreshments, altho' the soil is fertile, and naturally abounds with lime, lemon, and orange-trees; but, the bloom had been destroyed by a hurricane, and the few planters who were on the island, had removed their provisions and stock, for fear of being plundered by the English.

On Friday the 26th, the whole fleet sailed from Dominica, and next day passed by Montserrat and Nevis,[72] which saluted the admiral with their cannon, and afforded a pleasant prospect of green, fruitful fields, level towards the shore, and swelling up into mountains farther in the country.

On Saturday they arrived at St. Christopher's,[73] and anchored in Basse-Terre road,[74] where they found his majesty's ship the Leostoff[75] and a good number of vessels, which had parted from them in the storm and rendezvoused here, in pursuance of their instructions. Next day the admiral proceeded on his voyage with fair weather, sailing in sight of the verdant islands of Sabe, Santa-Cruz, Porto-rico, and Hispaniola,[76] the fleet being by this time increased to one hundred and eighteen sail, till the afternoon of Wednesday January the 7th, when they descried five large ships[77] towards the shore.

The admiral immediately made signal for the Orford, the Prince Frederic, the Weymouth, the Dunkirk, and the York, to give chace, while he and the fleet continued their course for Jamaica.[78] They accordingly came up with the five ships, which were French men of war; and lord Augustus Fitzroy, who commanded the Orford, ordered their commodore to hoist out his boat and come aboard.[79] This order the French cap-

tain refusing to obey, his lordship gave him a broadside,[80] and a very obstinate engagement[81] ensued. The two squadrons being equally matched, fought all night with equal courage, and in the morning, the English commodore seeing French colours displayed, hailed his antagonist, and pretended he had mistaken them for Spaniards;[82] the battle was forthwith suspended, mutual compliments passed, and having treated each other with great marks of politeness, they parted with the loss of about an hundred men killed on each side, among whom was captain England[83] of the marines, a worthy gentleman and a gallant officer.

Mean while, Sir Chaloner with the rest of the fleet, sailed along the coast of Jamaica, from whence a pilot came on board, and on Friday the 9th, conducted them safely into the harbour of Port-Royal,[84] where they found admiral Vernon with his squadron; and the regiment of North Americans were by this time arrived and quartered ashore.

While measures were taking for embarking this corps, and supplying the ships with proper refreshments, provision, and other necessaries, a council of war[85] was held at governor Trelawney's house[86] in Spanish town,[87] in which it was resolved that the whole fleet should beat up to windward, and observe the motions of the French squadron commanded by the marquis d'Antin,[88] then lying in the harbour of Port Louis,[89] in the island of Hispaniola.

Accordingly, a body of negroes raised by the governor,[90] being put on board, the fleet sailed from Port-Royal harbour in three divisions,[91] the first of which, under the command of Sir Chaloner Ogle, weighed on the 22d day of January; the second commanded by commodore Lestock, sailed on the 26th; and admiral Vernon, with the third division, took his departure on the 31st, when the three squadrons joining, plyed to windward, and on the 7th of February, made Cape Tiberoon,[92] where he was joined by the Wolf[93] sloop, which he had previously detached for intelligence. Captain Dandridge[94] the commander of this vessel, gave him to understand, that he had looked into Port Louis, and seen nineteen ships of war, one of which carried a flag at the main-top-mast head.[95]

In consequence of this information, the fleet steered for the isle of Vache,[96] and coming to anchor about two leagues to the westward of Port Louis, on the 12th, captain Laws[97] of the Spence[98] sloop was sent to reconnoitre the harbour, and pretty nearly confirmed the report of Dandridge.

Next day, admiral Vernon, accompanied by general Wentworth, went in a barge,[99] and sounded the depth of water between the isle of Vache and Hispaniola; and on the 14th, Mr. Wentworth reconnoitred in person, from the Spence sloop, which had no sooner opened the harbour of Port Louis, than he plainly perceived that all the ships were merchantmen,[100] mostly unrigged, except one frigate[101] of forty guns; and that the supposed flag was no other than the white gable end of an house in a line with the main-top-mast of this vessel. As a French officer had come off with a message from the governor on the 14th, and was not admitted to the admiral, Mr. Vernon now sent captains Boscawen[102] and Knowles to make an apology for having declined seeing that gentleman; to know what his proposals were, and to ask leave to wood and water in the bay. They returned with a polite answer, and brought an account of the marquis d'Antin's having sailed for Europe on the 26th day of January;[103] a circumstance which

was confirmed by the arrival of captain Renton in the experiment,[104] who had been cruizing some time off Hispaniola. February the 16th, it was resolved, in a general council of war, that the fleet should, with all expedition, wood and water in Iros, Tiberoon, and Donna Maria[105] bays, and thence proceed directly to Carthagena.

During the seven days which were thus employed, detachments from the American regiment and the negroes were daily sent ashore to cut fascines and pickets,[106] and the Weymouth, Experiment, and Spence sloop, under the command of captain Knowles, detached beforehand to sound Punta Canoa[107] bay, about two leagues to the windward[108] of Carthagena.

February the 26th, the whole fleet was under sail, to the number of one hundred and twenty-four, and in the evening of Wednesday March the 4th, anchored in Playa Grande, between the town of Carthagena and Point Canoa; the small frigates and fireships were ordered to lie in a line along the shore, as if the design had been to carry on the operations to the windward of the town; and this feint had such an effect upon the enemy, that they drew their forces from the remoter parts, and began to intrench themselves where they seemed mostly threatened by the danger. The Dunkirk, Experiment, and Spence sloop, were immediately dispatched to leeward to sound the coast of Tierra Bomba,[109] as far as Boca-Chica,[110] or entrance into the harbour, which was pitched upon as the first scene of action. March the 5th, a council of war was held to settle the distribution of plunder, according to his majesty's instructions.[111] Next day, the general went on board of the Lyon to reconnoitre the shore and forts on Tierra Bomba, when the swell was so great that she rolled away her main-mast,[112] and was in the utmost danger of perishing. A disposition was immediately formed for landing the troops, and in the morning of the 9th, Sir Chaloner Ogle proceeded, with his division, to destroy the small forts of St. Jago and St. Philip,[113] which might otherwise have annoyed the troops in landing, and hindered the fleet from anchoring near the shore.

This piece of service was very effectually performed by the Norfolk, captain Graves, the Russel, captain Norris, and the Shrewsbury, captain Townshend; for, after a brisk cannonading, the enemy were before the evening compelled to abandon the forts: nor was this success attained without some loss; for, the Shrewsbury's cable being cut by a shot, she fell to leeward before they could let go another anchor, and being exposed to the fire of Boca-Chica and a fascine battery, she received considerable damage in her hull and rigging, besides the loss of sixty men killed or wounded;[114] whereas her two consorts did not lose above ten.

All obstruction being thus removed, lieutenant colonel Cochrane[115] landed with the granadiers[116] that same evening, and took possession of the forts: the bomb ketches began to play upon the castle of Boca Chica; and next morning the granadiers were formed on the beach, to cover the landing of the rest of the army, which was effected without opposition; tho' the troops were obliged to lie that night upon their arms.[117]

On the 11th, the negroes, tools, and tents being put ashore,[118] the ground was cleared, the tents were pitched, and the troops put under cover from the night dews, which are very dangerous in that climate. A coupure[119] was made through the woods, to cut off the communication between the city and forts at the harbour's mouth, and another opening towards the fort of Boca Chica, which they intended to batter in

breach from a fascine battery raised under the directions of Mr. Moor,[120] the principal engineer, a man of capacity and experience. He, at the same time, planned out a mortar battery, defended from the enemy's fire by casks filled with sand, which began to play upon the castle on the 13th, in conjunction with the bomb-ketches.

As for the great gun battery, it could not be finished with such expedition; for, the workmen were not only galled by the shot of the enemy, who fired with great vigour, but so relaxed by the heat of the climate, that they could not bear much fatigue; and the negroes, upon whose labour there was great dependance,[121] were so intimidated by the fire from Boca Chica, that they threw down their burthens and fled at the report of every gun.

For these reasons the engineer represented to the council of war, that the work could not be carried on in a proper manner, without a reinforcement of one thousand six hundred men added to the troops already landed; and as there was a number of soldiers still on board of the fleet, the general demanded this supply; which the admiral refused,[122] on the supposition that such a reinforcement could not be necessary.

March the 17th, when the parapet of the battery was raised almost up to the embrasures,[123] the land officers, in a council of war, agreed to sollicit the assistance of the admiral in destroying a fascine battery on the other side of the harbour, called the Barradera,[124] from which they had received considerable damage and interruption; and in compliance with this request, a detachment of three hundred sailors, supported by a body of the soldiers that still remained on board of the fleet, were conveyed thither at night in boats, under the command of captains Boscawen, Watson,[125] Coats, Washington,[126] Mr. Murray,[127] and lieutenant Forrest,[128] who attacked the battery with great valour, repulsed the enemy, and spiked up the cannon.[129]

On the 19th, an epaulement[130] was raised on the left of the great gun battery, to cover it from the fire of the enemy's ships of war which were moored between the forts of Boca Chica and St. Joseph,[131] so as intirely to block up the entrance of the harbour; and that same day, the enemy were perceived at work in repairing the Barradera battery, which having been imperfectly demolished, was soon in a condition to renew its fire and annoy our troops; so that the admiral ordered a sixty gun ship to beat it down; but her efforts had little effect.

March the 22d, the battery being finished, began early in the morning to play upon the fort of Boca Chica*,[132] with four and twenty great guns and forty small mortars and cohorns,[133] that fired alternately with good effect; and the enemy returned the fire with great vigour from the castle, the fascine battery on the Barradera side, and their shipping.

Next day, commodore Lestock, who lay with his squadron to the windward of the whole fleet, hoisted a broad red pendant,[134] and weighed anchor in the Boyne, and with

* The enemy having neglected to clear away the wood in the neighbourhood of Boca Chica, the English engineer took advantage of the omission, to screen the workmen who were employed in raising the battery; for, as the Spaniards did not see them, they could not properly direct their fire; and the battery being finished, the trees were immediately knocked down; so that it rose to the view, like the effects of magic.

the Princess Amelia, the Prince Frederic, Hampton Court,[135] Suffolk, and Tilbury,[136] went in to cannonade the forts of Boca Chica, St. Joseph, the Spanish men of war, and the Baradera battery. As the commodore sailed along the whole line of the fleet, all the ships were manned to do him honour, every vessel saluted him with three chears as he passed, and all the music played Britons strike Home.[137] This squadron having run in as near the forts as possible, each ship clapped a spring on her cable,[138] and a terrible cannonading ensued; as the reader may easily conceive when he is informed, that above five hundred great guns, besides a great number of bombs and cohorns, were incessantly plyed during the best part of the day. In the evening, they were called off, after having sustained considerable loss, and next morning renewed their fire with fresh alacrity; tho' their shot did very little execution among the enemy,[139] and had no effect at all on the face of the western bastion, which was battered in breach from the land battery. In this engagement, lord Aubrey Beauclerc, who commanded the Prince Frederic, lost his life, and was universally regretted: and Mr. Moor the chief engineer, was killed ashore on the battery, to the great prejudice of the expedition.[140] In the evening, another detachment of sailors and soldiers, commanded by captain Watson, was transported in boats to the Barradera shore, and burned the battery without opposition, together with a sloop which lay on the other side of a neck of land, and supplied it with necessaries and ammunition.

Mean while the English battery fired night and day without intermission, till the 25th, when the breach being reported practicable by an engineer, who had been sent to reconnoitre, it was resolved in a council of war to make the attack that same evening; a disposition was instantly made and communicated to the admiral, who, in order to make a favourable diversion, agreed to send his boats well manned and armed, under the command of captain Knowles, to make an attempt upon Fort St. Joseph, and the Spanish ships, while the land forces should be employed in storming the breach of Boca-Chica. These precautions being taken, the troops advanced to the assault about five in the afternoon. A serjeant and twelve granadiers accompanied by thirty voluntiers, composed the forlorn hope;[141] these were followed by two hundred and sixty grenadiers, commanded by lieutenant colonel Macleod;[142] then came colonel Daniel[143] at the head of five hundred men, and some small parties carrying scaling-ladders, pick-axes, &c. to be used, if necessity should require. They again were sustained by five hundred men, under the command of lieutenant colonel Cochrane; and Mr. Blakeney,[144] brigadier of the day, had the direction of the attack.

Three bombs fired from the battery, gave the signal for putting them in motion; upon which a volley of round shot was poured in upon the breach, and this succeeded by another of grape shot,[145] which obliged the centinels upon the walls to put themselves under cover, and contributed to their not perceiving the troops when they first moved to the attack. But, before they reached the foot of the walls, they heard the Spanish drums beating to arms, the top of the breach was manned, and the enemy's ships, and Fort St. Joseph, began to fire with grape shot upon the assailants, tho' with very little effect: but, the commandant Don Blas,[146] being on board of one of the ships, the garrison were struck with a pannic, and fled with precipitation out of the gate as soon as the grenadiers began to mount the breach.

Immediately after the troops had taken possession of the fort, the Africa and San Carlos, two of the Spanish men of war, were sunk by the enemy, the San Philip[147] being set on fire, either by the red hot balls[148] from the land battery, or by the Spaniards, which continued burning until the fire reached the magazine,[149] and then blew up with a vast explosion.

During these transactions, the armed boats from the fleet, commanded by captain Knowles, rowed to the Barradera side, while the soldiers and sailors landing, attempted to surprize Fort St. Joseph; but being discovered, they found themselves so much exposed to the artillery of that fortification, that they were fain to retire under cover of the bushes, until it was evacuated by the enemy,[150] who foresaw it would be impossible to maintain this post after Boca Chica was taken. In the mean time, the admiral sent orders to his detachment to attack it in their boats, and they accordingly entered it without opposition: then they boarded the Galicia,[151] commanded by Don Blas, in which they found two officers and sixty men, who had not time to make their escape; and lastly demolished a strong boom fixed across the harbour's mouth, the end of which had been already cut down by a party of the land forces under the command of Mr. Blane,[152] an engineer, and lieutenant Bennet,[153] who was the first man that entered the breach. By this time, the English had made themselves masters of all the forts and defences at the harbour of Boca Chica, in which the enemy placed their chief confidence; and indeed we must own the success of this afternoon and evening were altogether extraordinary,[154] if we consider the situation of the harbour's mouth, and the manner in which it had been fortified.

This place takes its name of Boca Chica or Narrow Mouth, from the narrowness of the channel, and lies in such a manner upon the coast, that the trade wind blowing from the east, never affords a favourable breeze which would enable a squadron of ships of war to enter by main force. At one side of this narrow channel, close to the shore, the Spaniards had erected the fort of Boca Chica, which was a regular quadrangle, with four bastions, and mounted with eighty-four great guns, besides a very large mortar and cohorns: on the other side stood Fort San Joseph, in a small island detached by a narrow gut from the continent of the Barradera, mounting thirty-six cannon, mostly level with the surface of the water; between these two castles, was fixed a very strong boom, consisting of cables, chains, and beams of wood, stretched across the harbour's mouth, and within this, four ships of war, mounting sixty-four guns each, were moored in a line to defend the passage; over and above these fortifications, we have already mentioned the fascine battery on the Barradera shore, which greatly galled the English in their approaches, and the small forts of San Philip and San Jago, which the ships demolished before the troops could be landed.

Immediately after the reduction of Boca Chica, measures were taken for reimbarking the troops, artillery, and stores; commodore Lestock was appointed to remain with his squadron at the harbour's mouth, and the rest of the fleet entered the outward harbour, as soon as the channel could be cleared of the wrecks sunk there.

On Friday the 27th, the Griffin[155] and Orford were ordered to advance and post themselves across the mouth of the inner harbour called Surgidero; while the Weymouth and Cruizer[156] sloop were detached to the other side of the harbour, to demol-

ish two small batteries on each side of the Passo-Cavallos or Horse-Ferry,[157] a creek thro' which provisions were conveyed into the Laguna,[158] and from thence to the city. This piece of service was performed without opposition, under the direction of captain Knowles, who at the same time took some hulks and small craft that were serviceable in watering the fleet, at a very convenient wharf which they found by the side of an excellent spring.

This was a very welcome discovery to the people on board of the fleet, who had been hitherto restricted to a very scanty allowance of this element, namely a purser's quart[159] (about three half pints) per diem to every individual: in a climate where there is such a continual expence of the animal fluid, that as many gallons might have been necessary to repair the waste of four and twenty hours, in a hard working man, sweating under the sun, which was vertical, and fed with putrid beef, rusty pork,[160] and bread swarming with maggots. Nor could this restriction be owing to the fears of scarcity;[161] for over and above all the water-casks which were filled at Hispaniola, there was not an old empty pipe, puncheon,[162] pork-tub, or beef-barrel that was not converted to this use; and in some ships, so little pains had been taken to cleanse these vessels, that the water was corrupted and stunk so abominably, that a man was fain to stop his nose with one hand, while with the other, he conveyed the can to his head.

Nay, if every cask of water had been started overboard, it is well known that it might have been easily supplied by an expedient which is often practised, and was actually adopted by the troops on shore:[163] I mean that of sinking half-tubs bored, in the beach, which are filled with potable water strained thro' the pores of the sand.

With respect to the allowance of brandy granted to every individual, the admiral, in his great sagacity, ordered it to be mixed in a proportion of the water, without sweetning or sowering, so as to compose a most unpalatable drench, which no man could swallow without reluctance.

March the 30th, at a general council of war held on board of the admiral's ship, it was resolved that the soldiers, artillery, and stores should be landed with all expedition at a place called La Quinta,[164] on the land-side of Carthagena, within the Surgidero, or inner mouth of the anchoring-place, which was defended by Castel Grande,[165] a strong castle, on one side, and a small fort called Manzanillo,[166] on the other, between which the enemy had sunk seven galleons and two large men of war,[167] in order to block up the channel: at the same time, it was agreed that the army on shore should be reinforced by those detachments of the regiments which still remained on board of the ships of war.[168]

The intention of this second landing, was to cut off all communication between the town and country, and besiege the fort of Lazar,[169] which stood on the top of a hill, and commanded the city of Carthagena. Nor was it doubted that the admiral would cooperate with the army, by sending in some of his largest ships to batter the town.

Mean while, captain Knowles was ordered to bring his guns to bear upon Castel Grande, which, as well as the fort on the opposite side, was abandoned; so that he took immediate possession, and was appointed governor of the castle, which mounted sixty-four pieces of cannon. During these transactions, captain Renton of the Experiment, having reconnoitred the channel in which the galleons and men of war had been sunk, found the stern of the Conquistador still afloat; so that they found means

to heave it round, and open a passage into the Surgidero for two bomb-vessels, which being covered by as many as twenty gun ships, began to play upon the town, tho' they were moored at too great a distance to do much execution: nevertheless, some shells took place, and even set some houses on fire, and the enemy seemed now to be in despair; for, they themselves burned a French ship of war lying at anchor near the walls of the town, which they could never imagine would fall into the hands of the English, unless they had thought themselves on the eve of surrendering the city.

The admiral and his squadron having come to anchor near Castel Grande, no time was lost in pursuing the design of the second landing at La Quinta:[170] the transports with the troops, stores, and artillery, sailed up the harbour from Boca Chica, and a disposition being made for disembarking, on the morning of the fifth, the Weymouth, the Cruiser sloop, and two or three fire-ships, which had passed thro' the channel, were ordered to fire with grape shot all the preceding night, in order to scour the woods and shore adjoining to the landing-place.

April the 5th, the first division of the soldiers, amounting to one thousand four hundred men, commanded by brigadeer Blakeney, rendezvoused along-side of the Weymouth: at five in the morning, colonel Grant[171] at the head of the grenadiers, landed without opposition, and being followed by the rest, formed the whole in order of battle, to march against the enemy. These being joined by two hundred Americans as pioneers,[172] the negroes,[173] and a party of matrosses, with eight pattereroes,[174] began to move forwards into the wood, and having reached the end of the defilée,[175] with the loss of one man killed by the fire of a straggling party, they perceived the Spaniards, to the number of seven hundred, drawn up on the strand, in such a manner as to cover the road leading to the city. There they stood with a good countenance, seemingly determined to dispute the ground,[176] from which the general ordered the grenadiers to dislodge them; but, as they were obliged to march thro' a narrow pass, bounded on the left by the lagoon, and on the right by a thick copse, a party of American soldiers were detached into this last, in order to fall upon the rear of any small parties which might have been posted among the bushes, to flank the English as they advanced.

The grenadiers marched up with great alacrity and very little loss, notwithstanding two fires from the enemy; then the front platoon poured in their fire at the distance of half a musket shot, and immediately wheeled to right and left as in street firing,[177] to make room for the next to advance; a circumstance from which the Spaniards supposing the whole body gave way, they expressed their joy in a loud huzza: but, they were soon convinced of their mistake, by the close fire of the following platoons; in consequence of which, they soon fell into confusion and fled towards the city, whither it was not thought proper to pursue them, because this party was justly supposed to be no other than a decoy[178] to draw the English into an ambuscade, or within cannon shot of the town and Fort Lazaro.

The proper guards being posted, and the troops put under cover in some houses and sheds adjoining to La Quinta, a party was detached to take possession of a convent situated on the top of a hill, called La Popa,[179] where they found some prisoners and left an officer's guard; from hence the general, accompanied by brigadier Guise,[180] next day reconnoitred the city, and it was debated in a council of war, whether or not the fort should be attacked the following night, before the enemy should have finished some

works upon the hill, on which they were seen employed with great diligence: but this attempt was postponed because no stores were as yet landed from the ordnance ships. That very evening however five pieces of cannon, with powder and ball, were put on shore, and a number of Americans and negroes being landed, with working-tools, they began to clear the ground for an encampment; tho' in the mean time the Europeans suffered severely from the excessive heat; so that the work was greatly retarded.

April 7th, the council of war being reassembled, the report of the principal engineer[181] considered, and the intelligence given by deserters[182] taken into consideration, the members were unanimously of opinion, that the fort ought not to be attempted without having first raised a battery, the scheme of which the engineer was ordered to lay before the council with all possible expedition. Mean while this resolution was immediately communicated to the admiral, together with the opinion of the members, importing that the success of such an enterprize would be much facilitated by the admiral's giving directions to the bomb-ketches to play upon fort San Lazaro, which might also be battered by one of the large ships of war at that time lying altogether inactive.

The admiral treated the design of a battery with great contempt, alledging that cannon were not at all necessary for the taking of such a paultry fort, which would certainly be abandoned[183] as soon as the English should appear in earnest to give the assault; but with respect to the bombarding and battering San Lazaro, he sent no determinate answer.

It is a melancholy truth, which however ought to be told, that a low, ridiculous, and pernicious jealousy subsisted between the land and sea-officers during this whole expedition; and that the chiefs of both were so weak or wicked as to take all opportunities of thwarting and manifesting their contempt for each other, at a time when the lives of so many brave fellow-subjects were at stake, and when the interest and honour of their country required the utmost zeal and unanimity. Instead of conferring personally, and co-operating with vigour and cordiality, they began to hold separate councils, draw up acrimonious remonstrances, and send irritating messages to each other; and while each of them piqued himself upon doing barely as much as would screen him from the censure of a court-martial, neither seemed displeased at the neglect of his colleague; but, on the contrary, both were in appearance glad of the miscarriage of the expedition, in hope of seeing one another stigmatized with infamy and disgrace. In a word, the admiral was a man of weak understanding, strong prejudices, boundless arrogance, and over-boiling passions; and the general, tho' he had some parts, was wholly defective in point of experience, confidence, and resolution.[184]

The Spaniards, judging from the spirit with which the attacks had been hitherto carried on, that they could not be too alert in making preparations for the reception of such an enterprizing enemy, employed all their endeavours and attention in strengthening the defences of San Lazaro, by mounting an extraordinary number of cannon upon the walls, and making new works upon the hill, in order to retard the operations of the siege: at the same time they brought some pieces of artillery to bear upon the English advanced guard and the general's quarters, which however received little damage.

By this time the rainy season had begun with such violence that it was hardly practicable to keep the field, for it poured down in a deluge incessantly from the rising to the setting of the sun; and then the lightning began to play in such continued flashing, that one might have read a small print all night long by the illumination.[185] Such a change of the atmosphere is always attended with an epidemical distemper,[186] in consequence of which the men dropped down so fast that there was scarce a sufficiency to relieve the proper guards of the camp, much less to cut down the wood and raise a battery so as to attack San Lazaro in form.

On these considerations it was resolved, in a council of war, to make an attempt for surprizing the fort; and scaling-ladders, and other implements for this purpose, were provided accordingly. A strange resolution! which seems to have been the result of a report made by some engineers, who having reconnoitred the place, affirmed that the walls were not high, nor secured by any ditch on the other side; but, that there was an ample road, of an easy ascent, leading up the hill, and a wooden door on the left, which might be forced without much difficulty. Tho' this representation, backed by a deserter who offered himself as a guide, might have had some weight with the general, his chief incitement to hazard the lives of so many brave Britons, in the execution of such a rash enterprize, seems to have been the importunity of the admiral, who, in repeated letters and taunting messages, vehemently pressed him to the attack, saying that it was scarce possible to miscarry. In all likelihood Mr. Wentworth was afraid it would be alledged, and possibly credited, at home, that the city must have been reduced had this experiment been tried.

Instead of sacrificing his own understanding, and his gallant soldiers to such an idle punctilio or suspicion, he ought to have acted up to the dictates of his own judgment, and proposed in his turn, that, as the land-army could not proceed in their operations with any prospect of success, the admiral should attack the town with his great ships, which lay inactive, tho' the men longed for such an opportunity to signalize their courage. A report indeed was industriously circulated, that there was not water sufficient for the ships to lie near enough to batter in breach;[187] and that the admiral was laudably averse to hazard his majesty's ships upon an uncertainty. But it now plainly appears, from the attestation of the best pilots, and the soundings of the harbour, specified in the prefixed authentic charte, that four or five of the eighty gun ships might have been moored in a line close by the walls of Carthagene; and if this expedient had been practised, in all probability the town would have surrendered immediately; for it is well known that the inhabitants expected no other fate, and had by this time sent their wives and children, together with their most valuable effects, into the country. With respect to Mr. Vernon's being averse to risque his majesty's ships upon an uncertainty, I shall only observe, that this maxim, since adopted by other commanders,[188] is a very ill-judged and suspicious tenderness; inasmuch as his majesty's ships were made for service, and that they can hardly ever act at all, if they do not engage upon some sort of uncertainty. But to return to the land-forces.

A disposition being made for the attack of San Lazaro,[189] and the necessary implements prepared; on the 8th of April the troops appointed for this service were ordered to parade at two next morning on the strand, where being formed, they advanced to-

wards the fort, and a little before day-break began to mount the hill, the grenadiers being commanded by colonel Grant, tho' brigadier Guise had the command of the attack. The division which was ordered to take the open accessible road upon the right of the fort, was, in the dark, by the mistake of the guide,[190] conducted to the center, where the ascent is very steep, and the ground broken; yet, notwithstanding these obstructions, a number of the soldiers gained the top, and pushed on to the enemies' entrenchments, where the greatest part of them was slaughtered, because they could not be immediately sustained by the rest of the platoons, which advanced but slowly with street-firing, on account of the unevenness of the ground. Colonel Grant mounted on the left with great gallantry, but received a mortal wound before any advantage could be taken of his success: at the same time the guide was killed, and the men dropped very fast; so that the officer next in command made no further progress, but remained on the side of the hill, exposed to a severe fire from the castle and the town, which did great execution.

Nor could the scaling-ladders, wool-packs, or hand-grenades be of any service in this emergency; for the Americans who carried them in the rear, seeing the troops falling by whole platoons, refused to advance with their burthens: but tho' they would not advance as pioneers, many of them took up the firelocks which they found on the field, and mixing among the troops, behaved very bravely.[191]

It must be owned, for the honour of the army in general, that no officers or soldiers could act with more courage, alacrity, and perseverance, than that which was manifested on this unhappy occasion, altho' very few of them had ever seen the face of an enemy before this trial.

As soon as day-light enabled the general to view the posture of the troops, he sent to inform brigadier Guise, that if he could push forward he should be sustained by five hundred men, who were ordered to advance accordingly; but by this time the soldiers were disheartened, and the number of the enemy was every instant encreased by reinforcements of fresh men from the city, until they equalled, if not exceeded, the assailants, for whom they waited on the hill without flinching.

It was therefore found necessary to effect a retreat, which was secured by means of those five hundred men who brought up the rear; but not before the loss of the English amounted to two hundred killed, and twice that number wounded, of which last the majority did not recover. Sixteen of these were taken prisoners by the Spaniards, who treated them with great humanity, and loudly extolled the valour of the assailants; and a cessation of arms was immediately agreed upon for a few hours, during which time the dead were buried. Meanwhile a breast-work was raised at the advanced guard, to put the men under cover, and the intrenchment enlarged for the reception of two mortars, which in two days began to fire upon San Lazaro with good effect.

As for the sick and wounded, they were next day sent on board of the transports and vessels called hospital-ships, where they languished in want of every necessary comfort and accommodation.[192] They were destitute of surgeons, nurses, cooks, and proper provision; they were pent up between decks in small vessels, where they had not room to sit upright; they wallowed in filth; myriads of maggots were hatched in the putrefaction of their sores,[193] which had no other dressing than that of being washed by themselves with their own allowance of brandy; and nothing was heard but groans, lamenta-

tions, and the language of despair invoking death to deliver them from their miseries. What served to encourage this despondence, was the prospect of those poor wretches who had strength and opportunity to look around them; for there they beheld the naked bodies of their fellow-soldiers and comrades floating up and down the harbour, affording prey to the carrion crows and sharks,[194] which tore them in pieces without interruption, and contributing by their stench to the mortality that prevailed.

This picture cannot fail to be shocking to the humane reader, especially when he is informed that while those miserable objects cried in vain for assistance, and actually perished for want of proper attendance; every ship of war in the fleet could have spared a couple of surgeons for their relief; and many young gentlemen of that profession sollicited their captains in vain for leave to go and administer help to the sick and wounded. The necessities of the poor people were well known; the remedy was easy and apparent; but the discord between the chiefs was inflamed to such a degree of diabolical rancour, that the one chose rather to see his men perish than ask help of the other, who disdained to offer his assistance unasked, tho' it might have saved the lives of his fellow subjects.[195]

Had the admiral, when the troops moved to the attack of San Lazaro, sent in a few ships against the town, to make a diversion in their favour, the enemy would have been distracted, and their fire so divided that neither the land-forces nor the men of war could have suffered much damage, and in all probability the city would have been surrendered at discretion. Or even without this diversion, had the soldiers been joined by a body of sailors, when they marched to the assault, the attempt might have succeeded; for while the troops, by regular discharges, could have cleared the parapet of the enemy, the sailors being more accustomed to climbing and boarding, might have applied the ladders, scaled the walls, and forced the gate, so as to afford admission to the soldiers.

The sickness still increasing among the troops, and the admiral declining to land a reinforcement for supplying the loss by which the army was diminished; it was resolved, in a council of war, to desire the admiral to give directions for re-embarking the cannon, since his silence with regard to the demanded reinforcement seemed to imply a denial.

Some acrimonious messages having passed between the chiefs on this subject, the land officers demanded a general council of war, which was accordingly held on board the admiral's own ship on the 14th day of April, when, after the condition of the army, and the posture of affairs, were taken into consideration, it was agreed, that as the troops were greatly diminished, weakened and fatigued, and as their supplies of water were almost exhausted, the siege of such a strong place as Carthagene could not be attempted with any probability of success; and therefore the artillery and forces should be re-embarked with all convenient expedition.

A disposition was immediately formed for a retreat; and next day the cannon, stores, and heavy baggage were put on board. Mean while captain Knowles began to throw shells at fort St. Lazaro from two small mortars, in a battery which he had judiciously raised on the shore under cover of his ship, at the distance of two thousand six hundred yards from the castle, notwithstanding the remonstrances of colonel Lewis of the train,[196] who gave him to understand that this was the utmost distance a mortar can

carry when the chamber is quite filled with powder; an expedient never practised but upon proof. But the captain piqued himself upon being an able engineer,[197] and in the confidence of his own capacity expended a good number of shells to the amusement of the enemy.

April the 16th, the Galicia, one of the Spanish ships of war, taken at Bocachica, having been by the admiral's direction fitted up as a floating battery, mounting sixteen guns only, manned by detachments from the navy, and commanded by captain Hoare,[198] was warped up the harbour before day, and moored at some distance from the town, which she began to cannonade with great vigour and some success. After having lain above five hours exposed to the whole fire of Carthagene and fort Lazaro, the captain was ordered to cut her cables, and let her drive out broadside before the sea breeze; but running a-ground on a shoal, the men and ammunition were removed in boats, and she was set on fire by order of the admiral.

This very extraordinary experiment[199] of sending in a battery of sixteen guns against the whole fire of Carthagene, seems to have been calculated by Mr. Vernon to shew the impracticability of attacking that city with ships only; but, unfortunately for him, it had a quite different effect: for if that vessel, with sixteen guns, could sustain such a fire for five hours, what might have been expected from five or six large men of war, moored in a line, within point blank shot of the walls? If the partizans of Vernon insinuate that there is no water for such vessels, they must be referred again to the soundings of the harbour; they must be desired to take notice that the galeons lie in a bason close up to the walls; that the Spaniards have very lately erected a battery of forty large pieces of cannon, for the defence of the town on the side of the harbour; a very unnecessary expence if the water is so shoal[200] as to prevent the approach of large ships; and that Monsieur de Pointis,[201] among other large ships, sent in the Sceptre[202] of eighty-four guns to batter the place, which surrendered accordingly. At seven in the evening of that same day on which the Galicia cannonaded the town, the tents were struck; at eight the troops marched from their ground, and embarked in three divisions in the boats prepared for their reception. The general in person brought up the rear, and perceiving that five tents belonging to the Americans were left standing, and some tools lying on the ground, he ordered them to be fetched off by a serjeant's guard, reinforced with some sailors by lieutenant Forrest; so that there was nothing left as a trophy to the enemy, who did not think fit to molest them in the retreat.

The sickness still continued to encrease among the troops*, and even infected the sailors to such a degree that they died in great numbers, and universal dejection pre-

* The distemper which then raged among the English was the bilious fever, attended with such a putrefaction of the juices that the colour of the skin, which at first is yellow, adopts a sooty hue in the progress of the disease, and the patient generally dies about the third day, with violent atrabilious discharges upwards and downwards.[203] Nothing so effectually prevents or corrects this putrefaction, as plenty of sweet water, fresh provision, and a liberal use of vegetable acids, such as limes, lemons, oranges, ananas, and other fruits natural to the West Indies. On all these refreshments the people were in the utmost want, tho' both army and fleet might have been plentifully supplied by employing some of the transports which lay inactive, to fetch turtle, live stock, and fruit from the neighbouring islands.[204]

vailed. In order therefore to prevent the total ruin of the army and fleet, preparations were made to quit this inhospitable climate. The Spanish forts in the possession of the English were all dismantled and blown up;[205] and the whole fleet being wooded and watered for the voyage, fell down to Bocachica, from whence they set sail for Jamaica.

Thus ended, in damage and disgrace, the ever-memorable expedition to Carthagene, undertaken with an armament which, if properly conducted, might have not only ruined the Spanish settlements in America, but even reduced the whole West Indies under the dominion of Great Britain.

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NOTES TO THE TEXT

Volume 1

Title Page

"*Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*": "And yet birth and worth, without substance, are more paltry than seaweed" (Horace, *Satires* 2.5.8). All translations of Horace and other classical authors are from the Loeb editions (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1912–).

Preface

1. "Romance": Here Smollett joins in the emerging mid-eighteenth-century debate about the origins and generic categories of fiction and especially the distinction between the romance and the new species of fiction that would come to be called the novel. The best known of the many contemporary essays on the subject are Henry Fielding, preface to *Joseph Andrews* (1742), and Samuel Johnson, *Rambler*, no. 4 (31 March 1750). Like Fielding, Smollett self-consciously asserts the legitimacy of the novel as a genre and defends its literary pedigree in detail; in claiming also that his fiction is morally edifying for his readers, Smollett speaks to Johnson's and others' concerns about the moral impact of the new fiction. See also Smollett's discussion of the novel in *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, 4–6, 9–10.
2. "fable in prose": From classical times down through the eighteenth century, fables were usually written in verse; the premier modern example was Dryden's *Fables Ancient and Modern* (London, 1700), a popular work, frequently reprinted, most recently in 1745. The phrase also echoes Fielding's key term, "the comic epic-poem in prose [i.e., the novel]," in the preface to *Joseph Andrews*.
3. "Xenophon": Xenophon, Athenian writer (b. c. 430 BC). His *Cyropaedia, or Education of Cyrus* is a moralistic narrative of the career of Cyrus the Great (?–529 BC), founder of the Achaemenid Persian Empire, which eventually stretched from the Mediterranean to the Hindu Kush.
4. "irruption of the Barbarians into Europe": A reference to the invasion of Western Europe by the Huns, Vandals, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, and other peoples in the fifth century, leading to the fall of Rome in 476 and commonly seen as ushering in what Smollett terms the "dark ages," which lasted more than five hundred years. Smollett seems to share the traditional view that European culture only slowly revived, beginning in about the eleventh century.
5. "negromancy": Necromancy, black magic or enchantment, especially conjuring the dead.
6. "Cervantes": Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616), author of *Don Quixote* (Madrid, 1605–15), which Smollett was already at work translating in 1748. Smollett's translation was published in 1755 and went through many editions, remaining popular well into the nineteenth century. For the influence of Cervantes on Smollett, see Boucé, 71–99.
7. "assume the sock": Turn it into comedy (*OED*), an allusion to the practice in ancient Greek theater of comic actors wearing a sock or light shoe to distinguish their genre from tragedy, for which actors wore a buskin, or high, thick-soled boot.
8. "Le Sage . . . Adventures of Gil Blas": *L'Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane*, 4 vols. (Paris, 1715–35),

by Alain René Le Sage (1668–1747). Smollett's translation, *The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane*, was published in October 1748, some nine months after *Roderick Random*, though, as was customary, it bore the upcoming new year, 1749, on the title page. For the influence of Le Sage on Smollett, see Boucé, 71–78, 81–83, 85–90.

9. "advantages of birth": Birth into the gentry, which would entitle Roderick to expect a superior education.
10. "I have not deviated . . . to avoid personal satire": Compare with Smollett's letter to his friend Alexander Carlyle (7 June 1748), in which he denies aiming his satire in *Roderick Random* at any real people: "I am not a little mortified to find the Characters strangely misapplied to Particular Men whom I never had the least Intention to ridicule" (*Letters*, 7). See also Boucé's detailed treatment of the relation between Smollett's life and his novels (40–67).
11. "North-Briton": Scot.
12. "unmeaning oaths": Curses and obscenities uttered more for their sound than their sense, as a habit of speech rather than for their significance.
13. "expletives": Meaningless exclamations, profane oaths (*OED*).

Apologue

1. "*conversation-piece*": A kind of genre painting representing a group of figures, popular from the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries. For an earlier use of the conversation piece in a literary context, see Richard Steele, *Spectator*, no. 474 (3 September 1712).
2. "*a bear, an owl, a monkey, and an ass*": Animal or beast fables and the practice of representing human characters allegorically through selected animal types were still common in the mid-eighteenth century. See, for example, "The Fable of the Dervice, the Falcon, and the Raven," which appeared while Smollett was writing *Roderick Random* (*British Magazine* 2 [February 1747]: 77–78), and Smollett's further suggestions about animal typology in *Roderick Random* (chap. 30), where Morgan explains his figures of speech as part of a commonplace practice: "we liken ignorance to an ass, and brutality to a bear, and fury to a tyger." The owl often represented learning or pedantry, the monkey an antic or mocking disposition. That Smollett felt it necessary, despite the preface's disclaimer of any personal satire being intended in *Roderick Random*, to add the apologue to the fourth edition in 1755 suggests how widely his satire continued to be read as referring to specific individuals.
3. "*tye-wig*": The tiewig, or tye periwig, had curls drawn back and tied in a single tail with a bow or ribbon; the full version would descend below the ears and down to the nape of the neck and might have three ties in the tail. It was worn by members of the learned professions, particularly doctors, and Smollett himself posed for a portrait wearing such a wig in 1756. For other characters whom Smollett depicts in tiewigs and a discussion of their significance, see *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, 241 and n. 8, 254 n. 2.
4. "*Heark ye, Mr. Monkey*": Perhaps a wry joke by Smollett at his own expense, as by analogy the monkey/painter would be Smollett himself.
5. "*chew the cud*": To ruminate, a colloquial expression dating from the fourteenth century; see the *OED* under "chew." Smollett uses the phrase again in chapter 54 and in *Humphry Clinker* (Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Tweedmouth, July 15, p. 200).
6. "*Æsculapius*": Roman god of medicine, hence, a physician.
7. "*Jackanapes*": An ape, a monkey, thus, a person whose antics or behavior resemble a monkey's (*OED*).
8. "*bowels of the Lord*": A variant of the traditional oath "by the heart of Christ," from the archaic

and biblical sense of *bowels* referring to the interior or heart of anything, the site of emotions such as pity and compassion (*OED*).

Chapter 1

1. "northern part of this united kingdom": Scotland formally united with England in 1707.
2. "highland seer": "One to whom divine revelations are made in visions"; "one who has the power of second sight" (*OED*). The prophetic powers of seers were widely credited in Scotland, especially among Highlanders, a connection that Smollett emphasized by amending the phrase from "seer" to "highland seer" in the fourth edition of *Roderick Random*. For Smollett's detailed description of the second sight in Highland Scots culture and his gentle mockery of the superstition, see *Present State*, 1:432, 460–63. Matthew Bramble also recounts an episode of Scottish second-sight prophecy in *Humphry Clinker* (M. Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Manchester, September 15, pp. 260–61).
3. "tennis-ball": Smollett may have drawn on various sources for his tennis-ball metaphor to forecast Roderick's wildly adventurous career: see John Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi* (c. 1613), "We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and bandied / Which way please them" (5.4.64–65); John Locke, *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (London, 1690), which reads in part, "A tennis ball, whether in motion by the stroke of a racket, or lying still at rest, is not by anyone taken to be a *free agent*" (2.21.9); and Samuel Richardson, *Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded* (London, 1740), in which Pamela describes herself "a mere Tennis-ball of Fortune" (ed. Thomas Keymer and Alice Wakely [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001], 245).
4. "whence immediately sprung up a goodly tree": A story was handed down in the Smollett family that Tobias's mother suddenly went into labor while walking in the grounds of Dalquhurn and gave birth to him under a plane tree. The anonymous visitor who scribbled the story into a copy of Smollett's *Plays and Poems* in the late eighteenth century reported that "A. Smollett" (probably Smollett's nephew Alexander Telfer Smollett) had shown him the specific tree under which Smollett was born, adding that the tree was later "blown down & cut." See *English Books 1450–1900*, Bernard Quaritch Rare Book Catalogue no. 1054 (London, 1985), item 183. Later in the chapter, however, Roderick is born in a garret.
5. "happiness and reputation": Smollett's dream-prophecy of his hero's fate may allude to a passage in the first number of the *Spectator* (1 March 1710) by Joseph Addison: "There runs a story in the family that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to the Bed of a Judge. . . . I am not so vain as to think it presaged any Dignity that I should arrive at in my future Life, though that was the interpretation which the Neighborhood put upon it."
6. "grand tour": "A tour of the principal cities and places of interest in Europe, formerly supposed to be an essential part of the education of young men of good birth or fortune" (*OED*). Though familiar with the custom and born into a class that valued it, Smollett himself was not able to make the grand tour until the age of forty-two, as documented in his *Travels*.
7. "laws of the Medes and Persians": An allusion to Daniel 6:8, meaning unalterable laws.
8. "innocent fruit of her womb": Smollett's phrase draws on biblical language to heighten the sense of evil being done to Roderick's poor mother (see, e.g., Psalm 127:3, "Children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward").
9. "flock-bed": A cheap mattress stuffed with wool or cotton refuse and rags.
10. "third day after her delivery": Customarily the day on which newborns were baptized, thus emphasizing by contrast the unchristian behavior of the old judge in evicting mother and child.

11. "languishing disorder": Probably melancholia or depression, regarded as a serious physical and psychological affliction in the eighteenth century. A few lines later, Roderick's father also suffers from "melancholy" and, like one of Roderick's shipmates later in the novel (see chap. 29), is assumed to have committed suicide.

Chapter 2

1. "Latin tongue": Latin was the centerpiece of the curriculum in the best Scottish and English schools, especially those that sought to prepare young men for university and careers in the church, law, or medicine. Roderick takes particular pride in his proficiency in Latin, as it was the mark of a literate or properly educated person.
2. "age of Methusalem": Alluding to Methuselah, the oldest man in the Bible, who lived 969 years (Genesis 5:27).
3. "hurted": Past tense of "hurt," a Scotticism and possibly a slip on Smollett's part, for he was usually at pains to eliminate traces of his Scottish origins from his writings. For a fuller discussion of Smollett's ambivalence about his Scottish roots, see James G. Basker, "Scotticisms and the Problem of Cultural Identity in Eighteenth-Century Britain," *Eighteenth-Century Life* 15 (1991): 86–91.
4. "usher": Assistant schoolmaster.
5. "nine-pins": A game in which nine skittles, or pins, are set up to be knocked down by a ball or bowl thrown at them (*OED*). Smollett lists ninepins as one of the traditional games played in Lowland Scotland in his *Present State*, 2:14–15.
6. "Roderick Random": "Roderick" was used in Scotland to render the Gaelic name "Ruadhri," meaning, most appositely given the color of Roderick's hair, "the red," the Irish equivalent being "Rory." The name also occurred frequently in medieval romances, sometimes associated with the legendary Rodrigo or Roderick of Spain, the "last of the Goths," who fought and was defeated by the Muslims c. 710–11. The unpredictable, erratic connotations of "Random" prove appropriate to the episodic pattern of his life and ironically undercut any grand overtones the name "Roderick" might carry over from the tradition of romance.
7. "play-day": "A school holiday" (*OED*).
8. "Acteon": In Greek mythology, the hunter Actaeon incurred the displeasure of the goddess Artemis, who changed him into a stag; he was torn to pieces by his own hounds.
9. "incapacitated him for doing the office of a clerk": A joke at the expense of his cousin, whose lost teeth would impair at least two clerical functions: speaking intelligibly and sharpening quill pens (which clerks usually did with their front teeth).

Chapter 3

1. "man of war": A generic term for any battleship in the Royal Navy (*OED*).
2. "japanned": Varnished to a black and glossy finish, as in japanning (*OED*), here done with pitch to make his breeches waterproof.
3. "bob wig": As opposed to a full-bottomed wig, a bob wig had the bottom locks turned up into "bobs," or short curls, also called "buckles." The stylish bob wig is a dandyish touch in Bowling's rather motley attire.
4. "hanger": "A kind of short sword, originally hung from the belt" (*OED*).
5. "oak plant": A cudgel, probably used also as a walking stick.

6. "severed Jowler's head from his body": Similar to an episode in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, in which a country squire's pack of hunting dogs attacks Joseph and Parson Adams; two of the dogs they club are also called Jowler and Caesar (bk. 3, chap. 6).
7. "fox-hunter": For Smollett, a term of derision. Foxhunting was by custom and law reserved for the social elite, but Smollett emphasizes its aura of idle self-indulgence to mark the contrast between the parasitic nephew, who inherits and later dissipates the family wealth, and Roderick, whose merits are ignored but whose talents and exertions eventually earn him his own fortune. Smollett takes up the theme of foxhunting as degenerate and luxurious again in chapters 39 and 69, and he comments at length in his *Present State*: "Those whom the world distinguish by the appellation of fox-hunters can attend to no other avocation. . . . Their whole lives are spent in following the hounds, riding, leaping, and hollowing, as if they were mad, and after the chace, in carousing and riot; so that they are become as savage as the beasts they pursue" (2:217).
8. "lubberly son of a w——e": That is, "whore," a strong insult that combines seaman's slang for a lazy, clumsy, stupid lout, or "lubber" (*OED*), with the age-old aspersion on his maternity.
9. "ginger-bread-work": A reference to Roderick's cousin's fancy appearance, after the gilded scrollwork and carving that sometimes decorated the stern and quarters of large ships in the eighteenth century, so called for the fancy decorations typical of gingerbread cake. In Smollett's *Reprisal* (London, 1757) the honest sailor Ben Block insults a Frenchman for his false finery, or "ginger-bread work" (*Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 213). The term was still in use as late as the mid-nineteenth century to refer to decorative features on a naval ship; see Herman Melville, *White-Jacket, or, The World in a Man-of-War* (New York, 1850), chap. 22.
10. "foul of your quarter": Seaman's jargon for one ship sailing into or getting entangled with another, thus, a threat to attack Roderick's insolent cousin.
11. "swab": Or swabber, originally a ship's sweeper, used as a term of contempt for a useless seaman.
12. "trim your lac'd jacket . . . oaken towel": These two slang phrases are synonymous and mean "to give a good beating."
13. "Tom Bowling": The lieutenant's name may refer either to a ship "bowling along" or to a bowline, a rope used to keep a sail taut and steady. For a discussion of Tom Bowling's literary forebears stretching back through Swift and Defoe to antiquity, see George M. Kahrl, *Tobias Smollett, Traveler-Novelist* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1945), 14–15. The character Smollett created became so much the symbol of the honest British seaman that Charles Dibdin (1745–1814) composed a ballad entitled "Tom Bowling" (1789) that enjoyed widespread popularity well into the nineteenth century. Washington Irving, in his sketch of a retired British sailor, mentions a print of this ballad hanging on the wall of the old tar's cottage (see "The Angler," in *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* [1819–20]). Dibdin's song romanticizes Bowling as the rough-hewn but virtuous British seaman with a heart of gold. For a modern recording, see the version by Sarah Walker on *The Sea* (Hyperion 66165, 1987, compact disc). A further measure of the enduring popularity of "Tom Bowling" is that Melville's seamen sing these lines aboard an 1840s man-of-war in *White-Jacket* (chap. 3).
14. "gout": A metabolic disease caused by an excess of uric acid that forms painful crystals in the joints; it is traditionally associated with a high consumption of rich food and drink. For a fuller discussion of this disease in eighteenth-century social history, see Roy Porter and G. S. Rousseau, *Gout: The Patrician Malady* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1998).
15. "Moors in Barbary": The coast of North Africa, from Morocco to what is now Libya, famous in the eighteenth century for piracy. The Moors, or Muslim peoples of North Africa, had periodically warred against Christian Europe since the eighth century and were regarded in the popular imagination as terrible barbarians.

16. "fair-weather Jack": Seaman's jargon for an inexperienced sailor, presumed to be competent only in mild weather; by contrast, there were others nicknamed "Foul-weather Jack" for their skill in stormy weather, among them Sir John Norris, admiral of the fleet in the 1740s.
17. "tarpaulin": A nickname for a sailor; the term applies to canvas coated with tar to make it waterproof, a material widely used aboard ship (*OED*).
18. "tar": A common nickname for a sailor during the eighteenth century, derived from "tarpaulin" (see previous note).
19. "keel-hauled": A brutal punishment whereby a person is dragged under the keel or bottom of a ship, combining the terrors of submersion with the abrasions from scraping against barnacles on the hull.
20. "thof": Though.
21. "taylor": Or journeyman tailor, a common term of abuse for a lowly, sycophantic tradesman; the old proverb held that "nine tailors make a man." Smollett quotes the proverb in *Humphry Clinker* (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, July 18, p. 205).
22. "tack about": A nautical term meaning to change direction or turn around.
23. "tester": Slang for sixpence.

Chapter 4

1. "distemper": Undoubtedly dropsy, a disease "characterized by the accumulation of watery fluid in the serous cavities or the connective tissue" (*OED*).
2. "brought up the old hulk": Nautical term meaning to have brought the vessel to a stop, used here by Bowling to mean that Roderick's grandfather was about to die.
3. "a-weigh": Said of an anchor when raised as the ship sets sail, here again alluding to Roderick's grandfather being on the verge of death.
4. "porpuss": Variant of "porpoise."
5. "anchor's a-peak": Another nautical term for being on the point of departure, that is, at death's door.
6. "Odd's fish": Derived from the quasi oath "God's fish," itself a corrupt form of the oath "By God's wounds," among others.
7. "foul of": Nautical term for lying across or athwart, with an apparent pun on the foulness of the dead shark on which the crows are feeding. Smollett uses the term again in chapter 25.
8. "sprit-sail-yard": A spar slung under the bowsprit of a ship to support a sail.
9. "lug out": "To draw one's sword" (*OED*, which cites this passage).
10. "None of your tricks upon travellers": A proverb meaning "do not try to take advantage." A variant appears in Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, 2.2.59 ("Do you put tricks upon's with salvages and men of Inde?"), but the exact phrase first appears in about 1707; see the *OED* under "trick." Smollett uses the expression again in chapter 41.
11. "worth 700 l. per annum": The total annual revenue generated from tenants' rents and the produce of the landed estate. In more contemporary terms, £700 is roughly equivalent to £98,400 in 2008 currency (per www.measuringworth.com).
12. "six or seven thousand pounds at interest": Capital funds invested in a bank or other secure loan, which, at a time when the interest rate was set at a maximum of 5 percent, would have generated an income of about £300 to £350 per year. That the old man's wealth was divided between a landed estate and money invested in a bank reflects the transitional state of the eighteenth-century British economy, as the residual land-based feudal economy gave way to the money-based commercial and stock-market economy.

13. "groupe": Or group, an eighteenth-century artistic term for "an assemblage of . . . figures or objects forming in combination either a complete design, or a distinct portion of a design" (*OED*). Invoking a genre that William Hogarth made famous, Smollett shows his tendency to conceive scenes and characters with a painter's eye. In the dedication to *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, Smollett elaborates on this painterly trope as the organizing principle of the novel as a genre: "A Novel is a large diffused picture, comprehending the characters of life, disposed in different groupes, and exhibited in various attitudes" (4).
14. "wainscot": Wooden paneling used to line the walls of a room (*OED*).
15. "succubus": A demon in female form supposed to ravish men in their sleep, hence, a strumpet or low woman (*OED*).
16. "hunting a black badger": Perhaps an oblique reference to the "Hunting Adventure" in Fielding, *Joseph Andrews* (bk. 3, chap. 6), in which a gentleman hunter releases his pack of hounds to attack Parson Adams.

Chapter 5

1. "*Why should we quarrel for riches, &c*": Bowling is whistling lines from "The Sailor's Ballad"—later known as "The Sailor's Rant"—a tune adapted by J. C. Pepusch (1667–1752) for *Persius and Andromeda*, a popular entertainment written by Roger and John Weaver, first performed in 1717 and frequently thereafter. The lines quoted here are from the chorus:

> Then why should we quarrel for riches
> Or any such glittering toy?
> A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
> Goes through the world brave boy.

   The song was reprinted in the Scottish poet Allan Ramsay's anthology *The Tea-Table Miscellany* (London, 1740), 1:364–65; Smollett refers to Ramsay's works in *Humphry Clinker* (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Morpeth, July 13, p. 193 and n. 31).
2. "Bear a hand": A set phrase meaning "make haste," "hurry up."
3. "bring to": To bring a sailing vessel to a stop with her sails still set; see Peter Kemp, ed., *The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1976), 110.
4. "*A light heart . . . brave boys*": Lines from "The Sailor's Ballad," the tune of which Bowling had been whistling before he began to speak (see above, n. 1).
5. "a town . . . famous for its colleges": Glasgow, where Smollett himself may have attended university in the 1730s and to which he remained loyal all his life. For details about Smollett's time at Glasgow, see Knapp, 10–23; for his later defense of Glasgow University, see *Critical Review* 13 (February 1762): 161–63, and Basker, 268; for other passages of praise for Glasgow, see *Humphry Clinker* (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Argyleshire, September 3, p. 231) and *Present State*, 2:104.
6. "Gawky": The name signifies a simpleton or lout (*OED*); a tall, thin, awkward young man (Francis Grose, *A Provincial Glossary, with a Collection of Local Proverbs, and Popular Superstitions* [London, 1787]). Gawky seems to have been based on James Buchanan, who later became provost of Glasgow (see Knapp, 101, 325–26, 329).
7. "Strap": The name is relevant both to the young man's origins as a poor cobbler's son and to his future trade as a barber, "strap" being a dialectal form of "strop." For a discussion of the five people who at different times have been claimed as the original for Strap, including Robert Foulis (the Glasgow printer) and Hugh Hewson (a London hairdresser), see Knapp, 102, 326, 329.

8. "bound apprentice": Apprentices typically served seven years in exchange for room, board, and training in a craft or trade, after which they were free to seek employment for regular wages.
9. "Z——ds": An oath derived from "God's wounds."
10. "shew him the fore-top-sail": A phrase denoting an intention to attack, used again by Smollett in *The Reprisal* (*Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 207).
11. "gang-way": A narrow walkway connecting two decks on a large ship, here used metaphorically to mean a place where miscreants would be brought before the captain for punishment.
12. "Stentor": A Greek warrior in the Trojan War whose voice, according to Homer, "is as the voice of fifty other men" (*Iliad* 5.785–86), hence, a man with a powerful voice (*OED*, which cites this passage from *Roderick Random*). See also the aptly named Sir Stentor Stiles in *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, 100–106 and n. 1.
13. "trembled all over like an aspen-leaf": He was quivering, quaking, timorous; an Old English saying, used also by Shakespeare in *II Henry IV*, 2.4.44, and *Titus Andronicus*, 2.4.113.
14. "son of a b——ch": That is, "son of a bitch," a phrase as rude in the eighteenth century as it is today and an example of the kind of language that earned Smollett the imputation of lewdness or obscenity.
15. "Syntax": A name comically suggestive of the assistant schoolmaster's calling, as it is the formal term for word order and suits the pedantic quality of his work drilling schoolboys in their grammatical exercises.
16. "frantic bedlamite": A mad person, so called after the famous London mental asylum, the Hospital of St. Mary Bethlehem, founded during the Middle Ages and known colloquially as Bedlam. Roderick uses the phrase again near the beginning of chapter 58 to describe his own state of mind. For a famous and graphic depiction of the inmates of Bedlam, see Hogarth, *A Rake's Progress* (1735), plate 8.
17. "public house": An inn or bar open to the general public, as opposed to a private house or club; the origin of the modern British term *pub*.
18. "ship . . . schoolmaster": Large naval ships often carried so many young midshipmen, most scarcely in their teens, that a shipboard schoolmaster would be hired or designated among the officers to give them academic lessons while at sea.

Chapter 6

1. "natural philosophy": Originally one of the three branches of philosophy (with moral and metaphysical philosophy) studied in the medieval university. By the eighteenth century, the term was commonly used to designate what are now called the natural sciences.
2. "*Belle Lettre*": Variant of *belles lettres* (Fr.), fine letters or literary studies, especially the lighter branches of literature such as poetry, fiction, and criticism. The term's connotations of high culture, as distinct from popular culture, were significant to Smollett, who used it in describing his ambition to found a British academy—"a sort of Academy of the belles Lettres"—in 1756 (Smollett to John Moore, 3 August 1756 [*Letters*, 46]). For more detail on Smollett's views on the importance of the belles lettres in British culture, see Basker, 17–28, 31–32.
3. "complexion": Temperament or personality rather than the quality or color of one's skin (*OED*); compare Smollett's usage in chapter 7, where he describes Crab as having "the complexion of a mulberry."
4. "my poetical capacity subservient to their malice": Enlisting Roderick to write poems on their behalf. The practice of engaging a skillful writer, whether Roderick or another "poor colle-

gian," to compose poems of praise or satire that circulated and promoted one's interests within a social set was common in the early eighteenth century. As a young apprentice in Glasgow, Smollett was a member of a group that circulated such poems, including one poem of which Smollett himself was the subject and perhaps also the author (the poem is reprinted and discussed in Knapp, 10–12). Smollett's friend and fellow novelist Samuel Richardson (1689–1761) engaged in similar practices as an adolescent, and several essays in the *Spectator* make clear how widespread the practice was (see *Spectator*, nos. 16 [19 March 1711], 20 [23 March 1711], 224 [16 November 1711], 296 [8 February 1712], 451 [7 August 1712]).

5. "Potion": Another of Smollett's reflexive character names, the term means "a dose of liquid medicine" and thus refers to his profession.
6. "for killing my captain": Having killed the ship's captain, even in a fair duel on the beach, Bowling could not rejoin his ship for fear of prosecution. His fear was well founded: just months after *Roderick Random* was published, a British officer was brought back to England and tried for murder for having killed Capt. Thomas Gregory "in a duel . . . in Holland" (see *British Magazine* 3 [August 1748]: 364).
7. "cape Tiberoon, in the island of Hispaniola": A jut of land that forms the southwest tip of Hispaniola. Then the French colony of Saint Domingue (or Santo Domingo), Hispaniola is the second largest of the Caribbean islands, now divided into the Dominican Republic (east) and the Republic of Haiti (west), where Cape Tiberoon (or modern Cape Tiburon) lies. The beach chosen for a duel would have been remote from any settlement to avoid detection. In chapter 24 a sailor calls the adjoining harbor "Tuberoon bay," thus suggesting variant pronunciations of the name.
8. "Oakhum": Fiber from worn-out ropes used to caulk seams. Unpicking oakum was a menial task traditionally used as a naval punishment and therefore suggests the severity of the captain's temperament.
9. "Deal": A seaport in East Kent about seventy-two miles from London, formerly of great importance to the navy because of its strategic position near the entrance to the Downs, an extensive area of safe anchorage in the Thames estuary.
10. "Port Louis": During the eighteenth century a small port on the west coast of Hispaniola, today the city of Port-au-Prince. It was apparently the first settlement Bowling could reach from the beach on Cape Tiberoon where he was deserted; as a French colony, it offered safety from prosecution by British authorities.
11. "quarter-day": The fixed day, every three months, on which rents and other accounts are settled (*OED*).
12. "the news": Newspapers (*OED*).

Chapter 7

1. "Launcelot Crab": Another suggestive character name, the romantic "Launcelot" ironically applied to the grotesque surgeon whose work calls for him to use a lance extensively; "Crab," whether from the crustacean or the cudgel made of crab-apple wood, suits his shape and disposition, with possible overtones of the venereal crabs or crab-lice infestations that he might be called upon to treat and of "crab's eyes" (stones from crawfish bellies), which were used in various treatments of the time. The original of Crab, long thought to be a Dr. John Crawford of Glasgow (see Knapp, 14, 101), has been shown by subsequent scholarship more likely to be John Johnstoun, professor of medicine at Glasgow, who had held the chair since 1714. An early recollection of Johnstoun describes him as "a free liver, and, what was in those days still

more rare, a free thinker" whom people "regarded . . . as a sort of heathen" but was "most sagacious and successful in his practice" and "a most delightful companion over a bottle." For more detail on Johnstoun and on Smollett's early medical training, see Henry L. Fulton, "Smollett's Apprenticeship in Glasgow, 1736–1739," *Studies in Scottish Literature* 15 (1980): 175–86.

2. "*pop-in*": Also called pap-in, a Scottish beverage composed of light ale and oatmeal, with a touch of whisky or brandy added (*Scottish National Dictionary* [Edinburgh, 1931–75], which cites this passage as the earliest instance).
3. "quartern": "A quarter of a pint" (*OED*). The usage here predates Smollett's use of the term in *Sir Launcelot Greaves* (131), cited in the *OED*.
4. "small beer": An inexpensive beer with a relatively low alcohol content, commonly drunk with meals.
5. "gossips": Godparents or sponsors at a baptism, derived from the Old English term *godsibbas*, a usage dating to the eleventh century but now archaic (*OED*).
6. "surgery": "The art or practice of treating injuries, deformities, and other disorders by manual operation or instrumental appliances" (*OED*). The term then had neither the connotations of the modern British usage to designate a place where a doctor sees patients and practices medicine of all kinds nor the modern American definition of a specialty limited to operating on the body with sharp instruments.
7. "muscular motion . . . brain and nerves": Points of controversy in contemporaneous medicine, in which neurology was still an emerging field. Smollett prided himself on his own medical training and stayed abreast of medical research and controversies even after his own medical practice had lapsed. See, for example, his coverage of neurological experiments in *Critical Review* 1 (June 1756): 409, 416; and for a fuller discussion of his critical attention to medical issues and a list of his articles on medical topics, see Basker, 118–25, 146–47, 220–29.
8. "bleed": Drawing quantities of blood was a standard treatment for many diseases in the eighteenth century, a practice that Smollett apparently followed, as did most physicians of his time.
9. "clyster": A glyster; an enema or a suppository, "a medicine injected into the rectum, to empty or cleanse the bowels" (*OED*). See also chap. 21, n. 3.
10. "plaister": Obsolete for "plaster," a bandage filled with a substance that adheres to the skin, used for the local application of a medicine or for cleansing a wound.
11. "choler": Anger, irascibility, thought to arise from an excess of choler (or bile), which, according to traditional medical science, was one of the four humors in the body.
12. "ragamuffin": A ragged, dirty, disreputable boy or man (*OED*).
13. "rendering her some christian offices": Doing her a kindness, particularly, seeing her safely to bed when she is overcome by drink.
14. "Nabal": An Old Testament figure, the rich man who refused any gifts to David (1 Samuel 25:2–39), hence, a churlish miser.
15. "perquisites": Casual fees or benefits attached to an office or accruing from a position in addition to salary or wages.
16. "uncleanness": "The quality or state of being morally or spiritually unclean," sinful (*OED*). The term dates back to the ninth century in this sense, though it has become archaic: this passage from *Roderick Random* is second only to one from 1865 as the most recent of fifteen cited by the *OED*.
17. "procure abortion": To induce a miscarriage. According to some eighteenth-century medical authorities, this procedure was prohibited as unchristian.
18. "broiling on the coast of Guinea": Working on a trading ship or in a trading post on the Afri-

can coast, almost certainly in the slave trade; Guinea, which included the infamous Gold Coast, was the stretch of West Africa on which the slave trade centered during the eighteenth century. Smollett's apparent revulsion at Crab's boast of working in the slave trade becomes ironic when Roderick later engages in the slave trade himself (chaps. 65 and 66); for studies of Smollett's complex attitude toward slavery, see James P. Carson, "Britons, 'Hottentots,' Plantation Slavery, and Tobias Smollett," *Philological Quarterly* 75 (1996): 471–99; and James G. Basker, "Smollett's Racial Consciousness in *Roderick Random*," *1650–1850: Ideas, Aesthetics, and Inquiries in the Early Modern Era* 6 (2001): 77–90.

19. "war . . . against Spain": The so-called War of Jenkins' Ear, which was declared by Britain against Spain in October 1739 and lasted through 1741 before becoming subsumed in the larger War of the Austrian Succession (1740–48). For the British, the War of Jenkins' Ear consisted chiefly of naval battles for control of the Caribbean. Roderick sets out for London on 1 November 1739, a "few weeks" after this conversation with Crab, and, as Smollett himself did, finds his life taken up with shipboard service in this war for the next two years (chaps. 24–37).
20. "surgeon's mate": Official rank of the assistant to a ship's surgeon, a medical officer whose actual training might vary considerably.
21. "prize-money": Funds awarded by the Navy Office for the capture of enemy ships and their cargoes, chiefly to the captain but with shares also to the officers and crew.
22. "my whole fortune": Roderick's account of his wardrobe here momentarily concretizes the distinction between his story and Smollett's own life: when young Smollett set out for London in 1739, as Knapp shows in detail (23–26), he owned a larger wardrobe of much more expensive clothing than the fictional character Roderick.
23. "two pair of worsted . . . thread stockings": The latter were stockings made from fabric woven of fine material, as opposed to the coarser weave of worsteds, which were made from wool and might even be homespun. The distinction underscores the generosity of Thomson's gift to Roderick in chapter 36, which includes "twelve pair of new thread-stockings" among many other articles of fine clothing.
24. "Wiseman's surgery": A standard guide to surgery by Richard Wiseman (bap. 1620?, d. 1676), first published as *Several Chirurgical Treatises* (London, 1676) and regularly reprinted; the sixth edition appeared in 1734.
25. "5 *per cent*.": The legal rate fixed by the statute 12 Anne, c. 16, called "the statute against Excessive Usury." Contrast with the exorbitant rate of 100 percent ("cent per cent") that Jenny accuses Isaac Rapine of charging in chapter 11. See "Usury" in Giles Jacob, *A New Law-Dictionary* (1729; 5th ed., London, 1744).

Chapter 8

1. "waggon": A large, slow-moving freight vehicle that traveled on regular schedules from town to town and offered an inexpensive means of transportation.
2. "first day of November 1739": 1 November is All Saints' Day, though, as a Presbyterian, Smollett personally may not have attached special significance to the date.
3. "Newcastle upon Tyne": A town on the northeast coast of England, forty to fifty miles south of the Scottish border, known since the 1600s as a port from which coal was exported in large quantities.
4. "collier": A cargo ship that carried coal from northern cities such as Newcastle to ports in the south of England.

5. "Hugh Strap": Formerly a schoolmate, Strap reappears here and becomes Roderick's faithful sidekick, a literary descendant of Sancho Panza. According to some sources (e.g., the anonymous *Habbakkuk Hilding* [London, 1752], now attributed to Smollett), Strap was imitated by Fielding a year later in the shape of Partridge in *Tom Jones*. For a discussion of the details in Partridge's character that coincide with Strap's and of the possibility that Fielding borrowed them from *Roderick Random*, see Buck, 116–18. Another character Fielding may have borrowed from *Roderick Random* is the Irishman Fitzpatrick (*Tom Jones*, bk. 10, chap. 2), apparently modeled on Smollett's Rourk Oregan (see chap. 49 and n. 3). Perhaps these apparent borrowings were what was troubling Smollett when, shortly after *Tom Jones* was published in 1749, he wrote to Carlyle: "If I should pretend to set up in Defence of Tom Jones, in those particulars where he is affected by your Censure, you would easily discover my affectation and be justly offended at my feigned Candour. I will therefore own that the same observations occurred to me which you have communicated, and are indeed obvious to every reader of discernment" (1 October 1749 [*Letters*, 11]).
6. "journey-work": "Work done for daily wages or for hire" (*OED*).
7. "keels": Low, flat-bottomed river vessels used to convey coal from Newcastle down the Tyne River to the port of Shields, where it was loaded onto oceangoing colliers. The burgeoning coal industry was creating jobs of the sort that Strap's companions were going to Newcastle to seek.
8. "wastband": A variant of "waistband," a wide belt or band of cloth worn about the midriff in which money or other valuables might also be carried.
9. "proper stages": The regular intervals on a main road, approximately one day's journey apart, at which inns and other facilities were located.
10. "hedge ale-house": A rude or rural alehouse, so called because located apart from any town and often built into a roadside hedge.
11. "strong iron screw": A piece of hardware used as an impromptu lock or fastener.
12. "Smack": From "smacking cove," a slang term for a coachman; see Francis Grose, *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (1796; reprint, London: Routledge, 1963).
13. "under articles": A wry metaphorical use of the term for a clerk's indenture to a lawyer or other professional, here applied by the highwayman Rifle to the criminal service he coerces from his gang members.
14. "Bett": Or Betty, a generic name for a servant girl during the eighteenth century; compare Betty the sportive domestic in Swift, "A Description of the Morning" (1709); Betty the chambermaid in Fielding, *Joseph Andrews* (bk. 1, chaps. 17–18); and Betty Broom the servant in Johnson, *Idler*, nos. 26 (14 October 1758) and 29 (4 November 1758). Smollett uses the name again for other servant characters in chapters 9 and 38.
15. "Rifle": Another instance of a tag that suggests the character's occupation, from the verb "to rifle," that is, to plunder or rob someone after a thorough search; the weapon of that name had not yet been invented.
16. "purchased a commission in the army": Throughout the eighteenth century, officers' commissions had to be bought for large sums of money.
17. "pops": Slang for pistols (*OED*, which cites this passage).
18. "Portugal pieces": Gold coins minted by the Portuguese government and widely circulated in the Atlantic world of the eighteenth century; here most likely the moydore, valued in England between £1 7s. and £1 10s. See "Sir Isaac Newton's Mint Reports [of 1711–12]," in *Select Tracts and Documents Illustrative of English Monetary History 1626–1730* (London, 1896), 178.
19. "quaker": A member of a pious sect of dissenting Protestants known for their quiet and ascetic way of life. The Quakers had emerged in the 1650s, and they flourished in Britain and the

colonies (notably Pennsylvania) throughout the eighteenth century. Officially called the Society of Friends, Quakers were famous for their unorthodox religious meetings at which individuals spoke out as the spirit moved them. The intensity of these testimonials produced physical manifestations, including trembling or quaking (whence their nickname) and speaking in tongues. Satirizing their reputation for piety, Rifle mocks the Quaker he robbed in terms typical of the era as one "whom the spirit moved to revile me with great bitterness and devotion."

20. "I'll send them all to hell in an instant": Rifle's dramatic language momentarily falls into the cadences of blank verse, and its diction is later echoed in a line of Narcissa's aunt's verse tragedy in chapter 40: "Thus have I sent the simple king to hell." That Smollett uses the metrics and manner of verse tragedy in such a scene suggests how deeply imbued he was with the conventions of contemporary drama.
21. "presbyterian pedlar": A wry dig at Scottish stereotypes, as Presbyterianism was a distinctively Scottish denomination, and peddlers, known for their mercantile craftiness and thrift, evoke the reputation of Scots for being penny-pinchers.
22. "put about the glass": Began drinking.
23. "Dulcinea": The name of Don Quixote's beloved, a swineherd whom he views as a lovely damsel, hence a mistress or sweetheart, often used ironically.
24. "Ods bobs": A minced form of the oath "God's blood."
25. "Sawny Waddle": Another of Smollett's reflexive character names. Sawny, derived from Alexander, a popular name among Scots, was a general nickname, often used derisively, for a Scotsman. Waddle is a variant of *wattle*, which in peddlers' jargon was a rough tent made of branches and covered with a tarpaulin (*Scottish National Dictionary*), with an additional play on his ungainly gait laboring under his pack of merchandise.
26. "obstropulous": An obsolete form of "obstreperous," that is, noisy, turbulent (*OED*, which cites this passage), used again in *Sir Launcelot Greaves* (127). Here it suggests that Sawny was flatulent.

Chapter 9

1. "holiday captain": Impostor; a poseur or pretender.
2. "Sorrel is not resty": The horse was not restive or fidgety. "Sorrel" is an appropriate name, as it means bright chestnut or reddish brown and is often applied generically to horses of that color.
3. "exciseman": A tax collector. Excisemen collected duties on everything from liquor to salt, soap, and glass and were highly unpopular.
4. "rusty": Not the familiar reddish-brown color but, with regard to dark clothes, "shabby, worn, or faded" (*OED*).
5. "curate": An assistant clergyman paid by the parish incumbent to perform pastoral offices and duties.
6. "Bumpkin": "An awkward country fellow, a clown" (*OED*), another of Smollett's mocking character names.
7. "assizes": Periodic court sessions held in outlying areas and presided over by a judge dispatched from a superior court who ruled on a backlog of cases and prisoners bound over by local magistrates or justices of the peace.
8. "You see how the world wags": A reference to the proverb "I wot well how the world wags, he is best loved that hath most bags," which dates at least to the mid-1500s and appears, among

other places, in Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, 2.7.23. See *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, 3rd ed., rev. F. P. Wilson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970).

9. "two livings . . . 20 *l.* a year": Livings were salaried clerical appointments, often subcontracted to needy curates by higher-ranking clergymen. Smollett here satirizes the widespread practice of accumulating multiple appointments in absentia and then exploiting curates to do the actual work. By statute (13 Anne, c. 11), curates were to receive a stipend of not more than £50 nor less than £20 a year. In *Joseph Andrews* Fielding remarks ironically that Parson Adams, at the age of fifty, "was provided with a handsome Income of twenty-three Pounds a year" (bk. 1, chap. 3). The curate in Smollett's scene openly resents being paid the twenty-pound minimum by the vicar, who holds livings worth a total of £400.
10. "Shuffle": Alluding to the manipulation of cards; the name suggests deceit or sleight of hand.
11. "*valet de chambre*": Fr., "manservant." Smollett is echoing the common saying, "No man is a hero to his valet"; Smollett's usage here predates that in *Humphry Clinker*, which is cited by the *OED*.
12. "good stick": Fiddlestick or violin.
13. "make the ballance kick the beam": A figurative expression meaning to be greatly outweighed, from the expression "to kick the beam," referring to the rapid tipping of a scale when one side is heavily overbalanced by the other, causing the arm to fly up and strike the beam (*OED*, which cites this passage).
14. "under the rose": In strict confidence; a rendering of the Latin phrase *sub rosa*, the rose having become the emblem of silence.
15. "Boniface": A generic name applied to innkeepers, for instance, in George Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* (1707).

Chapter 10

1. "return-horses": Horses for hire that, having been left to rest after an outward stage of travel, must be returned to their home base and might therefore be available at a discounted rate.
2. "bolster": An elongated pillow, often stuffed or rolled up, placed at the head of a bed.
3. "Blood and wounds": An oath, originally "by Christ's blood and wounds."
4. "halbert": That is, a halberd, a weapon that combines a spear and battle axe in one (*OED*).
5. "naked": Partially undressed, wearing only a night-shift or shirt.
6. "in *cuerpo*": Undressed; from the Spanish phrase *en cuerpo*, "in the flesh."
7. "landlord": Identified by Knapp as Richard Cooper of West Aukland, a village thirty miles south of Newcastle on the main London road (102).
8. "*Salvete Pueri—ingredimini*": Lat., "Welcome boys! Come in." For details on the Latin and Greek quotations that Smollett includes throughout *Roderick Random*, see Charles Knapp, "The Classical Element in Smollett's *Roderick Random*," *Classical Weekly*, 14 October 1929, 9–11.
9. "*Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco,—large reponens*": "Thaw the cold by piling logs generously on the hearth" (Horace, *Odes* 1.9.5–6).
10. "*Fili mi delectissime! unde venis!—a superis, ni fallor*": Lat., "Dearest son! whence do you come? from above, unless I am mistaken." The schoolmaster probably intends a learned joke in that "from above" (*a superis*) could refer either to the heavens or to some northerly region, that is, Scotland.
11. "*Deprome quadrimum . . . merem diotâ*": "Thaliarchus, . . . serve the four-year-old wine more lavishly than usual from its Sabine jar" (Horace, *Odes* 1.9.7–8). Throughout this scene, Rod-

erick and the publican exchange Latin quotations to establish their shared superiority as learned men, as Latin was the hallmark of the education of a gentleman.

12. "*amphora*": A two-handed vessel used by the ancients to hold wine or oil.
13. "large edition of Horace": Horace seems also to have been Smollett's favorite: nine of the Latin quotations exchanged in this chapter are from Horace.
14. "Flaccus": Short for Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or Horace.
15. "*Tu ne quæsieris scire . . . credula postero*": "Do not inquire (we are not allowed to know) what end the gods have assigned to you and what to me. . . . Pluck the day, trusting as little as possible in tomorrow" (Horace, *Odes* 1.11.1–2, 8).
16. "*permittens divis cætera*": "Leave the rest to the gods" (Horace, *Odes* 1.9.9).
17. "hasty-pudding": A pudding made of flour or sometimes oatmeal stirred in boiling milk or water; it is similar to porridge, a very modest food, commonly eaten by poor people.
18. "*Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam*": "As money grows, it is attended by worry" (Horace, *Odes* 3.16.17).
19. "Eight shillings and seven pence": As a measure of how egregiously this provincial landlord overcharges Roderick and Strap, compare the prices they pay for London food and lodging in chapter 13. There Roderick and Strap hire a room for two shillings per week (versus two shillings for one night here), and they dine on "shin of beef most deliciously . . . bread and small beer included" for a total of five pence (versus three shillings for the meal here, six times as much).
20. "*contentus parvo*": "Content with little" (Horace, *Satires* 2.2.110).
21. "*importuna pauperies*": "I am free from nagging poverty" (Horace, *Odes* 3.16.37).
22. "*Semper avarus eget*": "The covetous is ever in want" (Horace, *Epistles* 1.2.56).
23. "*Animum rege, qui, nisi paret, imperat*": "Rule your passion, for unless it obeys, it gives commands" (Horace, *Epistles* 1.2.62–63).

Chapter 11

1. "fools and their money are soon parted": Proverb dating, in variant forms, to the sixteenth century, standardized into this form by the late seventeenth; see Morris P. Tilley, *A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1958), 227.
2. "sign of the periwig": A shop sign that hung outside to indicate that wigs were made and sold within.
3. "Joey": Joseph was a generic name for a male servant, the familiar diminutive emphasizing his low status. The best-known example is Fielding's Joseph Andrews, who is referred to as "Joey" in the early chapters of the novel.
4. "Waunds . . . poor waggoneer": Joey's provincial lower-class accent, spelled phonetically for comic effect, is typical of Smollett's linguistic play with dialects, accents, and marginal or eccentric idioms. In addition to the many characters with nonstandard accents who appear in his novels, his one successful comedy, *The Reprisal*, was built largely on such dialect humor. For valuable modern studies of Smollett's use of idiolectal and dialectal forms in *Roderick Random*, see Gary N. Underwood, "Linguistic Realism in *Roderick Random*," *Journal of English and Germanic Philology* 69 (1970): 32–40; T. K. Pratt, "Linguistics, Criticism, and Smollett's *Roderick Random*," *University of Toronto Quarterly* 42 (1972): 26–39; and Pratt, "A Study of the Language in Tobias Smollett's *Roderick Random*" (PhD diss., University of London, 1975).
5. "Blood and thunder": An oath meaning "by God's blood and thunder."

6. "Anak": A giant, from the biblical Anak, who was the progenitor of the Anakim, a race of giants; see Numbers 13:22, 33; Deuteronomy 2:10–11.
7. "I never travelled so before": A group of social poseurs putting on airs in the anonymity of a public stagecoach was becoming a set piece of eighteenth-century satire; see Fielding, *Joseph Andrews* (bk. 2, chap. 12), and Johnson, *Adventurer*, no. 84 (25 August 1753).
8. "*Diligence*": French for a fast stagecoach, used ironically here.
9. "Isaac": The Old Testament name suggests that the moneylender is a Jew, a common assumption at the time and the basis for a stock anti-Semitic character type. For Smollett's use of Jewish characters in his novels, see Frank Felsenstein, *Anti-Semitic Stereotypes: A Paradigm of Otherness in English Popular Culture, 1660–1830* (Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1995), 151, 210, 274, 309–10, 314.
10. "*cent. per cent*. fornicator": "A hundred for every hundred; interest equal in amount to the principal" (*OED*). Jennie accuses Isaac of both avarice and lust. Smollett also cites "*cent. per cent*." interest rates to attack usury in his poem *Advice* (1746), line 215.
11. "old fumbler": A widely used term of derision for the stereotypical lecher who proves impotent. See such examples as "The Old Fumbler" (c. 1695), a broadside song with music, set by Henry Purcell, in which a rich old man who has "wedded a Juicy brisk Girl of the Town" fails to perform (reprinted in *Merry Songs and Ballads*, ed. John S. Farmer [privately printed, n.p., 1897], 1:167); and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's poem of 1734, "The Reasons that Induced Dr. S[wift] to write a Poem call'd The Lady's Dressing Room," in which the impotent Swift is rebuked by Celia: "Fumbler see my Face no more" (Montagu, *Essays and Poems and "Simplicity, a Comedy,"* ed. Robert Halsband and Isobel Grundy [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1993], 275).
12. "stuff": Any woven textile, especially worsted wool. Stuffs are distinguished from other woolen cloths by the absence of a nap or pile (*OED*).
13. "surtout": A man's greatcoat or overcoat, often made of oiled cloth to repel mud and rainwater.
14. "mumped": Mumbled or spoke softly.
15. "emblem of winter, famine, and avarice": Until the eighteenth century, an emblem was a fable or allegory such as might be expressed pictorially (*OED*); Smollett's habit of thinking visually was influenced by the work of his friend William Hogarth. As Jerry C. Beasley has observed, "Smollett apparently was so steeped in Hogarth that he turned naturally to him for specific visual models. . . . [I]f we would read Smollett's novels well we must approach them very much as we would *The Rake's Progress* or *Marriage à la Mode*" (*Tobias Smollett, Novelist* [Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1998], 23–24). See other Hogarthian parallels in *Roderick Random* (chap. 17, n. 12, chap. 18, n. 4, chap. 19, n. 17) and the extended discussion of *Roderick Random* in Beasley, *Tobias Smollett, Novelist*, 35–74.
16. "Pistol's": Pistol is a character in *II Henry IV*, *Henry V*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, though the allusion here is to Theophilus Cibber, an actor famous for his depiction of Pistol in the 1730s and 1740s but of whom a contemporary said that he "mixed so much absurd grimace and ridiculous tricks in playing his part, that although the galleries laughed and clapped their hands, the judicious part of the spectators was displeased" (Thomas Davies, *Memoirs of the Life of David Garrick, Esq.* [London, 1780], 1:54–55). Smollett apparently found the image appealing, as he refers to it again in chapter 46 of *Roderick Random*, in Letter 6 of the *Travels*, and in *Humphry Clinker* (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, London, June 10, p. 126). Smollett and Cibber were friends in the 1750s, and Cibber's works were treated favorably in the *Critical Review* (see Basker, 24–28).
17. "extension without substance": This dehumanizing absurdity may be derived from Locke's

well-known concepts of extension and substance in his *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690); see especially II, xiii, §§ 11–25 and xxiii.

18. "*vox & preterea nihil*": Lat., "All voice and nothing else." A common Latin phrase sometimes attributed to Seneca but that Smollett quotes here from Plutarch, *Moralia* 233A.
19. "bear-skin": A shaggy, woolen cloth used for overcoats (*OED*).
20. "Hussar waist-coat": A vest or underjacket of brilliant color cut in the dashing style originally worn by the light cavalry troops for whom they are named, here a comic touch in Weazel's pretentious costume.
21. "lady's woman": A maidservant to a noblewoman; a personal servant who, because of her intimacy with the nobility and her high status relative to other servants, might affect (or be perceived to affect) the manner and self-importance of her "betters."
22. "miss Jenny": A name apparently associated with loose women; see Jenny Private in Charles Shadwell's *The Fair Quaker of Deal; or the Humours of the Navy* (1710) and Jenny Diver in John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* (1728).
23. "Creature": A colloquial insult of the time mocked by Fielding in *Covent-Garden Journal*, no. 4 (14 January 1752) as "A Quality Expression of low Contempt, properly confined to the Mouths of Ladies who are Right Honourable."
24. "Mrs. Abigail": A slightly derogatory but conventional name for a maidservant, originally derived from the loyal and resourceful handmaid to King David in 1 Samuel 25 and quite common in literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. See, for example, the waiting gentlewoman in Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher's *The Scornful Lady* (1610).
25. "no ten pound sneaker—no quality coupler": Colloquial insults. The first implies one who would "sneak off" with, or steal, £10; Jenny here appears to be varying the epithet to accuse Abigail of being a kept woman for the price of £10. Similarly, the second, cited in the *OED* under "coupler," signifies someone who "couples" with men of quality. Smollett later uses "coupler" in the sense of madam of a bawdy house (chap. 25).
26. "trencher-scraping, pimping curler": Another pair of colorful insults. A trencher is a flat piece of wood or platter on which meat was served and carved (*OED*); by accusing him of "trencher-scraping," Jenny suggests that, like a parasite, the captain eats the leftovers of others. A curler is one who curls hair (*OED*, which cites this passage), here suggesting a barber or hairdresser who also procures for his customers.
27. "'Sdeath": An oath, contracted from "by God's death."
28. "flea him, carbonado him": Synonyms for slash or cut; "flea" is a variant of "flay," and "carbonado" refers to the preparation of meat by scoring across it before broiling or grilling. Smollett uses "flea" again in *The Regicide* (1749; see *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 141) and in the *Briton*, no. 35 (22 January 1763): 412.
29. "to go backward": To go to the privy to move his bowels; an obsolete sense of the phrase, entered in the *OED* under *backward*, quoting this passage.
30. "Miss Jenny's bed instead of his own": The "wrong bed gag" is a stock device as old as literary comedy; see, for example, similar episodes in Boccaccio, *Decameron* 9.6, and Fielding, *Joseph Andrews* (bk. 4, chap. 14).
31. "hop o' my thumb coxcomb": A miniature fop; a tiny, vain person.
32. "man of lath": A man as thin as a strip of wood, with the added connotation, given the context, that, like a lath, he is sapless or sexually impotent.
33. "cockatrice": A whore. The term derives from a biblical reference to a venomous viper; see Isaiah 11:8, 14:29, 59:5.
34. "at logger-heads": Colloquial phrase for arguing or coming to blows, probably derived from

an iron instrument called a loggerhead, the long handle and bulbed end of which made it a useful weapon.

Chapter 12

1. "Ods bodikins": Oath, derived from "by God's body."
2. "sharps": Razors and blades, such as swords, knives, and daggers.
3. "Tarquin": An allusion to Tarquinius Sextus (d. 496? BC), son of Tarquinius Superbus, infamous in Roman legend for the rape of Lucretia.
4. "Jezabel": A bold woman of loose morals, derived from the infamous biblical Jezebel, wife of Ahab; see 1 Kings 21:23–25 and 2 Kings 9:22–37.
5. "Rapine": Isaac's surname, here revealed for the first time, suggests a thieving and ruthless character appropriate to a moneylender.
6. "Minories": A major street leading from White Chapel Street to the Tower; it was adjoined by the Old Jewry, once a Jewish neighborhood. The area was known for a high density of tradespeople, including pawnbrokers.
7. "rather than be prosecuted for a rape": Isaac seems to feel vulnerable to Jenny's opportunistic threat of a rape charge. English law required two eyewitnesses to prove a rape charge in court; with a room full of witnesses seeing Isaac in her bed (whether there by invitation or not), Jenny had a strong position from which to prosecute him and cover her embarrassment. For background on the legal status of rape during the eighteenth century, see Roy Porter, "Rape—Does It Have a Historical Meaning?," in *Rape*, ed. Sylvana Tomaselli and Roy Porter (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1986), 216–36; and A. Simpson, "Masculinity and Control: The Prosecution of Sexual Offenses in Eighteenth-Century London" (PhD diss., New York University, 1984).
8. "drawer": One who draws liquor for customers; a waiter.
9. "Gobble": A name suggesting greed; a "justice Gobble" appears in *Sir Launcelot Greaves* (chap. 11).
10. "ortolans": Small birds, also known as garden buntings, highly esteemed by gourmets. Smollett mentions ortolans again in Letter 18 of his *Travels*; Fielding mentions them twice in *Tom Jones* (bk. 7, chap. 6).
11. "Diddle": The name suggests time wasting, trifling.
12. "Jenny Ramper": Another suggestive name: *ramp*, as a verb, means to engage in bold and wanton play (*OED*).
13. "Jack Rattle": The surname suggests empty noise; a vacuous character.
14. "a common girl upon the town": A streetwalker, the lowest order of prostitute, considered more indiscriminate and desperate than a courtesan, a kept woman, and even a bordello worker. For a fuller depiction of the various ranks and modes of prostitution, see John Cleland, *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (London, 1748–49), also known as *Fanny Hill*, in which Fanny experiences every level from expensive mistress to lowly streetwalker.
15. "Frizzle": A name suggestive of vanity and superficiality; to frizzle is to curl or to adorn with frills (*OED*).
16. "poltroon": A spiritless coward; a mean-spirited, worthless wretch (*OED*).
17. "lord Trippit's table . . . Tom Rinser . . . John Trotter": Three more playful names suggestive of the frivolity and fraudulence of high society. Trippit derives from trip, a dance step; Rinser denotes one who rinses, that is, a scullion; Trotter suggests a horseman, perhaps a stable hand.

18. "carnal weapons": An allusion to 2 Corinthians 10:4: "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds."
19. "worked out his salvation with fear and trembling": An allusion to Philippians 2:12: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."
20. "bound over to the peace": Placed under legal obligation to refrain from violence; a person fearing bodily harm from another might petition a magistrate to bind his would-be assailant to keep the peace.

Chapter 13

1. "house of office": The privy, a small outbuilding with a toilet in it. This detail is typical of the scatological references and episodes in Smollett's fiction that shaped his reputation in his own time and since.
2. "morrice bells": Small bells worn by participants in morris dancing, a traditional style of folk-dance practiced in rural England since the fifteenth century. Brought over from Spain in the fourteenth century, it was originally a military dance performed by the Moors or Moriscoes, hence its name.
3. "I had dressed myself . . . narrowness of the brims": Roderick's unfashionable dress would have marked him out to the sophisticated Londoner; for example, he wears his own shoulder-length hair, rather than a wig, and a rustic, narrow-brimmed hat, rather than the fashionable tricorn.
4. "crop-eared wig . . . Scrub's in the play": A reference to the character Scrub, a servant in Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem*, indicating how old-fashioned Strap's hat seems.
5. "phiz": Face; a colloquialism for "physiognomy."
6. "carman": A man who drives a car or cart; a carrier.
7. "Cringer": A name suggestive of a fawning, obsequious person; the implications are obvious, as Cringer is a member of Parliament.
8. "Anan": A Scottish interjection in reply to a question or call for attention, meaning "In a moment" or, here, "What did you say?" meant as a taunt. Smollett's sensitivity to anti-Scottish prejudice and to the stigma of Scottish accents was particularly acute in the late 1740s; see Basker, "Scotticisms," 86–89.
9. "lousy Scotch guard": An insult, referring to the desperately poor Scots who, especially in the wake of reprisals against Scotland after Culloden, sometimes sought subsistence by enlisting in one of the underpaid loyalist Scottish regiments.
10. "kennel": The gutter in the middle of London streets, filled with runoff, sewage, and every kind of garbage.
11. "oat-meal or brimstone": A double swipe at the Scots, "oats" being jocularly supposed (see, e.g., Johnson, *Dictionary*) to be their staple food, whereas "brimstone" refers to Presbyterian fire-and-brimstone sermons.
12. "according to the manner of my own country": No holds barred. In attempting to climb onto his opponent and hit him while he is down, Roderick reveals his ignorance of the newly gentrified art of boxing, which in stylish London had its own rules and etiquette. For the recent interest in boxing, see Paul Whitehead, *The Gymnasiad, or Boxing Match* (London, 1744); John Godfrey, *A Treatise upon the Useful Science of Defence* (London, 1747); and John Broughton's rules for boxing, codified in 1743.
13. "party-coloured fraternity": Footmen wearing livery.
14. "sign of the Thistle and three Pedlars": A fictitious pub sign, described as bearing two symbols of Scotland. The thistle is the traditional symbol of Scottish heraldry, adopted by James III in

the fifteenth century and bestowed in 1687 on the Order of the Thistle, founded by James VII to recognize service to the Crown. Meant to represent the toughness and resilience of the Scots, the symbol originates in the apocryphal story that the Scots were alerted to a Viking attack when the invaders stepped on the thistle, causing them to cry out. The peddler, on the other hand, is a pejorative stereotype of Scots that circulated in eighteenth-century England, suggesting a seedy, itinerant trader.

15. "encouraged by the sign of the highlander": A shop sign suggesting Scottish ownership and, with the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745 in recent memory, a hint of political defiance; significantly, Roderick meets his first honest Londoner in the shape of its proprietor, a Scotsman.
16. "St. Martin's Lane": Now known as St. Martin-le-Grand, running between Newgate Street and Aldersgate, in a slightly shabby area known for tradesmen and debtors seeking sanctuary from creditors and bailiffs.
17. "eating-house": A restaurant or other public establishment in which prepared meals are served, as distinct from a pub or alehouse, in which the primary offering would be drink.
18. "diving": A cheap way to eat; the term refers to plunging a fork into a large pot containing portions of meat and then paying a small sum for the privilege of taking whatever the fork brings up. The *OED* cites this passage as its only example of this usage. By extension, it means to lower oneself, literally and socially, by descending into an underground, grubby eatery.
19. "cook's shop": The cheapest kind of public eating house and distinct from an inn, a tavern, or a brandy shop, as it primarily served cooked meals to a relatively homogeneous clientele of servants, coachmen, and other laborers.
20. "draymen": Men who drive horse-drawn carts, or drays, usually referring to those who deliver barrels of beer from the brewery.
21. "out of place": Unemployed or between jobs.
22. "on board-wages": A small cash stipend paid in lieu of providing meals in-house to apprentices and other workers whose compensation included room and board.
23. "ordinary": An eating house or tavern where public meals are provided at a fixed price (*OED*).
24. "foot guards": The infantry division of the household troops of the English army (*OED*).
25. "poultice": Ironically used here, as it is supposed to be a soft mass of specially treated material applied to the skin to supply moisture or warmth and to act as an emollient for sore or inflamed flesh (*OED*).

Chapter 14

1. "pronunciation of the English tongue": The stock type of a Scotsman or Irishman teaching elocution in England was a commonplace of ethnic satire in the midcentury. For Smollett, with his double sensitivity to correct English and to Scottish national pride, this Scottish pedagogue and his unintelligible accent constitute a complex satiric commentary. A similar figure appears in the Sunday literary party in *Humphry Clinker* (see Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, London, June 10, pp. 124–25 and n. 7).
2. "in the fashion of king Charles the second's reign": Old-fashioned, more than sixty years out of date, as Charles II reigned from 1660 to 1685.
3. "fat a saight is here": Smollett's phonetic rendering of the Scottish pedagogue's accent both clinches the joke about his competence to teach the pronunciation of English and gives some evidence of the actual sound of an artificially correct pronunciation of English during the mid-eighteenth century. Smollett's rendering of this accent struck some readers as memorable: Coleridge, in trying to describe the stilted English accent of a Hanoverian he met in

1798, said it "forcibly reminded me of the Scotchman in Roderic [*sic*] Random, who professed to teach the English pronunciation" (*Friend*, no. 14 [23 November 1809]).

4. "St James's market": A market noted for its butchers' stalls, located near the Haymarket; the implication is that Roderick's clothes are as unkempt as if they were besmeared with blood and offal.
5. "cousin-german of Ouran Outang": First cousin to an ape indigenous to Borneo and Sumatra (*OED*); orang-outangs (British) or orangutans (American) are striking for their long reddish-brown hair, and thus the insulting comparison alludes also to Roderick's "carroty locks."
6. "caul": The netted substructure of a wig to which the hair is attached (*OED*).
7. "dead hair": Hair obtained from cadavers, regarded as inferior to hair acquired from living people.
8. "dropt half a crown": A well-known con artist's trick, dating from at least the late seventeenth century and described as "guinea-dropping" or "sweetning" in *The Tricks of the Town Laid Open* (1746; 2nd ed., London, 1747), 61–63.
9. "whet": A small draught of liquor, taken as a light refreshment before a meal.
10. "Douglasses, Gordons, Campbels, Hamiltons": Four of the most distinguished families in Scottish history, used by the speaker to ingratiate himself with the homesick and proudly nationalist Roderick and Strap; significantly, none of these four clans fought on the Jacobite side in the 1745 war and thus avoided the stigma of disloyalty to the British Crown.
11. "you are all very well educated": The stranger's flattery is well-founded, as the Scottish educational system was renowned. According to Smollett in *Present State*, "Learning flourishes in Scotland to a very eminent degree. There are free-schools established throughout every part of the country, in which children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and even the classics, at a very small expence" (2:18).
12. "purl": Hot beer with gin, to which ginger and sugar might be added; generally, a morning drink.
13. "egg flip": Eggnog, made of hot beer, cider, wine, and whole eggs.
14. "put the cann about": To drink freely in a social setting.
15. "whist": English name for "piquet," a card game similar to the game known today as hearts, played by two persons with a pack of thirty-two cards, in which points are scored on various combinations of cards and on tricks.

Chapter 15

1. "brought our pigs to a fine market": Got a bad deal, a colloquialism derived from farmers having to sell at an inopportune time.
2. "*Bray a fool in a mortar, and he will never be wise*": A quotation adapted from Proverbs 27:22, another in Strap's series of platitudinous complaints about his and Roderick's folly.
3. "*Nemo omnibus horis sapit*": Lat., "No one is wise all the time" (Pliny, *Natural History* 7.40.131). Also used in similar circumstances by Partridge in *Tom Jones* (bk. 12, chap. 13).
4. "scout": A pun on the two senses of this Scottish term, meaning both "squirt" or "a mean, contemptible person" and, in colloquial usage, "cobbler" (*Scottish National Dictionary*).
5. "m——b——r of p——m——t": Member of Parliament; the dashes were an effective, if transparent, convention to prevent prosecution for libel or sedition.
6. "swarm of Scotch surgeons": The abundance of Scottish-trained doctors coming to London was widely acknowledged. "Scotland is really fruitful of Surgeons, they come here like flocks of Vultures every day," wrote the Scottish poet James Thomson from London to a friend in

Scotland in 1725; see Alan Dugald McKillop, *James Thomson (1700–1748): Letters and Documents* (Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, 1958), 12–13.

7. "navy-office": In Aldgate Ward, with its main entrance from Crutched Friars. It was removed in 1788. It was described by Maitland as "a large modern Building, very commodious for Business. . . . This Office has another Entrance into Seething Lane, and another by Tower-hill" (2:787).
8. "Staytape": A kind of lace binding used by tailors (*OED*) and hence a slang term for a tailor, the implication being that Cringer is fawning over a mere tradesman. See also the tailor Staytape, a character in Susanna Centlivre's *A Bold Stroke for a Wife* (1718).
9. "spencer wig": Type of man's wig fashionable in the mid-eighteenth century, named for Charles Spencer, 3rd Earl of Sutherland (1674–1722).
10. "clouded cane": A fancy walking stick, decorated in variegated tones, with dark veins. Alexander Pope mocks the vanity of Sir Plume's "nice Conduct of a *clouded Cane*" in *The Rape of the Lock* (1714; 4.124).
11. "surgeon's second mate": "Mate" being a general naval term for assistant, "second mate" designates the assistant second in line by seniority, qualifications, and responsibility. See Grant Uden and Richard Cooper, *A Dictionary of British Ships and Seamen* (New York: St. Martin's, 1981), 292.
12. "s——t——y": Secretary of the navy; again Smollett uses the dashes as a conventional protection from prosecution, in this case for libel.
13. "Broad-street": Location of the Pay-Office of the Royal Navy, where all payments were made.
14. "devoirs": Fr., "homage," "respects."
15. "Surgeon's-Hall": A building in Monkwell Street, Cripplegate, which until 1745 housed the Barber-Surgeon's Company, where would-be surgeons were examined by a board of ten or more. (In chapter 17, Roderick faces "about a dozen" on his committee.) Smollett, writing in 1747–48, may not have been aware that it was moved to the Old Bailey in 1745.
16. "the board": Board of the Admiralty.
17. "third rate": One of the six divisions into which men-of-war or warships were grouped, according to the number of guns they carried and the number of sailors needed to man them. Carrying between seventy and eighty-four guns, a third rate was the smallest of the frontline battleships (second rates had eighty-four to one hundred guns, first rates one hundred guns or more).
18. "three pound twelve piece": A gold coin, perhaps the Portuguese dobrão, worth £3 12s. in English money.
19. "the city": The traditional term for the financial district of London, where the banks were (and are still) located.

Chapter 16

1. "broad Scotch": A heavily accented Scots dialect.
2. "'Change": The Royal Exchange, located between Threadneedle Street and Cornhill, near the Bank of England, served as the trading center for currencies, stocks, and other financial instruments; according to the *Connoisseur*, no. 1 (31 January 1754), "Brokers, Insurers, Scriveners, and the whole fraternity of Stock-Jobbers" gathered there.
3. "Wapping": An area southeast of London on the north bank of the Thames, chiefly inhabited and frequented by seafaring men and the tradesmen who supported the shipping industry. In *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, Smollett makes Wapping the favorite neighborhood of Captain Crowe,

who provides an extensive description of its attractions, including the "sweet sound of mooring and unmooring ships in the river" and "the oozy docks and cabbage gardens" visible on the opposite bank (153).

4. "against the Spaniards": The British had declared war against Spain on 19 October 1739, the War of Jenkins' Ear, news of which may have partly influenced Roderick's decision to leave for London on 1 November 1739 (chap. 8). Ironically, Strap's horrified foreboding that Roderick might face Spanish gunfire comes true when Roderick fights at the Battle of Cartagena, though as a naval officer rather than as a soldier (chaps. 32–33).
5. "no respect of persons": An echo of a common biblical phrase; see, for example, "there is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons" (2 Chronicles 19:7).
6. "in the very flower of one's age": Another biblical echo; see, for example, "all the increase of thine house shall die in the flower of their age" (1 Samuel 2:33).
7. "What signify riches . . . as the wise-man saith": An allusion to Proverbs 23:5, in which Solomon, the supposed author, says "riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven."
8. "*Non domus aut fundus . . . non animo curas*": Lat., "No house or estate, no heap of bronze or gold, has ever expelled fevers from the owner's sick body or cares from his mind" (Horace, *Epistles* 1.2.47–49).
9. "Therefore I pray you . . . better tidings": Strap echoes Horace on "the virtue of frugal living" (*Satires* 2.2.1) and "the blessings that simple living brings" (*Satires* 2.2.70).
10. "boiling cellar": A cook's shop or underground eatery.
11. "sanguine complexion": A physiological and characterological allusion to Roderick's dominant humor, supposed to be characterized by "a ruddy countenance and a courageous, hopeful, and amorous disposition" (*OED*).
12. "five thousand pounder": A prospective bride with a dowry worth £5,000, an attractive prospect to fortune-hunting men in Thompson's situation.
13. "Drury-Lane": The Theatre Royal at Drury Lane, one of the two licensed playhouses, was located in St. Giles's parish, an area notorious for prostitution, suggesting that Thompson's inamorata was actually an actress and/or a prostitute.
14. "Deer Kreeter . . . Clayrender": Smollett's first sustained attempt at malapropistic humor and characterization; Clarinda's illiterate text foreshadows his use of the technique in later novels, including the garbled but revealing language of Mrs. Hornbeck in *Peregrine Pickle* (1751; chap. 45), Justice Gobble in *Sir Launcelot Greaves* (chaps. 11–12), and especially Tabitha Bramble and Winifred Jenkins in *Humphry Clinker*. Among Clarinda's malapropisms are several of particularly charged irony, sexual innuendo, or unintended self-disclosure: "deer" (for "dear," hinting that Thompson is really her innocent prey); "animable" (for "amiable," suggesting her desire to stir his animal or sexual nature); "infernally" (for "eternally," revealing the unholy implications of her designs); "merrydying" (for "meridian," echoing the Elizabethan slang use of "dying" for sexual climax); "whorie time" (for "hoary time," again suggesting the sexual undercurrent); "propose" (for "repose," revealing what she desires from him, not for him); "harms" (for "arms," suggesting the true consequences to him of her embraces); "faithfool to commend" (for "faithful to command," indicating his folly in succumbing to her charms); "Clayrender" (for "Clarinda," a name often associated with the ideal female lover in eighteenth-century song and story, here playing on her power either to reduce Thompson to his baser nature, i.e., render him clay, or to tear him apart, i.e., rend his clay, or perhaps both). "Wingar-yeard" refers to Vinegar Yard, one of the most disreputable addresses near Drury Lane.
15. "as describ'd by the poets": Several classical poets recommended the country life over the city, among them Horace, Virgil, Juvenal, Martial, and Claudian.

16. "Chatham": Seaport in Kent, adjoining Rochester, on the Medway River; one of the principal stations of the Royal Navy during the eighteenth century; "recal" refers to the announcement of a follow-up payday for those who had served on the ship.
17. "sign of the three blue balls": A pawnshop. Three balls was the sign of the medieval guild of pawnbrokers and by extension represented also moneychangers and early bankers (including the Medici of Florence); metal balls were used in their balances to weigh goods and assess their value. "Three wooden balls painted blue" are the sign of a London pawnshop in the *Connoisseur*, no. 117 (22 April 1756).
18. "Ecod": An oath, a variant of "egad" or "egod."
19. "sheep's eyes": Amorous glances.
20. "fulling mill": A mill where woolen cloth was cleansed of oil or grease by beating earth into it with hammers; see also Smollett's translation of *Don Quixote*, in which a whole episode is built around the frightening din made by a fulling mill (*The History and Adventures of the Renowned Don Quixote*, trans. Smollett [1755]; ed. Martin C. Battestin and O M Brack, Jr. [Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2003], 134–35).
21. "*Omen haud malum*": Lat., a "not-bad omen."
22. "barber uses it for the head": Flour was also used to powder wigs.
23. "smart shaver": A slang term for a cunning fellow, joker, or wag and thus a pun on Strap's work as a barber.

Chapter 17

1. "beadle": Messenger and announcer (*OED*).
2. "dozen . . . at a long table": Roderick's examination before the board is undoubtedly drawn from Smollett's own experience; Smollett passed his examination at Barber-Surgeons' Hall in Monkwell Street on 4 December 1739 and, like Beau Jackson in chapter 15, qualified as second mate of a third rate. The *Chichester*, on which Smollett served, mounted eighty guns, with a complement of 600 to 650 men. See John Chamberlayne, "A List of His Majesty's Ships . . . Oct. 10, 1747," in *The Present State of Great-Britain* (1748), pt. 2, bk. 3, p. 165. From the records of the Company of Barber-Surgeons, it appears that Smollett's medical examiners included William Petty (1673–1753), master of the company; James Ferne (d. 1740); Claudius Amyand (d. 1740); and the eminent William Cheselden (1688–1752). For details on Smollett's qualifying examination, see Jessie Dobson, "Smollett the Surgeon," *Annals of the Royal College of Surgeons* 20 (1957): 260–64. It is a grim irony that three of the medical crises that the examiners raise hypothetically and half-jokingly—amputation, decapitation, and intestinal wounds—are three of the first real emergencies Roderick actually experiences in combat (see chaps. 28 and 29).
3. "as the locusts did Egypt": Like a curse; see Exodus 10:12–15.
4. "trepan": Surgical instrument used for boring holes in the skull.
5. "*animal risibile*": Sense of humor; literally, an animal capable of laughter. Smollett may have picked up the phrase from Le Sage's *Gil Blas*, a translation of which he had finished by September 1748; there Smollett renders *animal risibile* as "a buffoon" (bk. 2, chap. 3).
6. "plethoric habit": A superfluity of blood; thus, a body given to redness and fleshiness. In the context of eighteenth-century medicine, the question posed here is an elementary one, and Roderick's answer—to bleed the patient—is correct.
7. "chirurgical writers": Surgical writers; authors of medical treatises.
8. "*Nullius in verba*": Lat., a shorthand reference to the quotation "nullius addictus jurare in verba

magistri," meaning "I do not feel bound to swear as any master dictates," from Horace, *Epistles* 1.1.14.

9. "I stand upon my own bottom": An appropriately nautical phrase meaning "independent."
10. "give me ocular demonstration": An echo of *Othello*: "Give me the ocular proof" (3.3.360).
11. "smoaked tye-wig": A man's wig with a queue, tied with a ribbon and powdered to give it a smoky or grayish color.
12. "crape": A kind of scarf or neck cloth made of a thin, loosely woven, inexpensive material, mostly worn by old men.
13. "Bridewell": A house of correction on the north bank of the Thames near the east end of Fleet Street where "night-walkers, pick-pockets, vagrants and idle Persons" were "forced to beat Hemp in publick View, with due Correction of whipping according to their Offence" (Maitland, 2:979–81). See also Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress* (1732), plate 4, showing female inmates pounding hemp.
14. "the Elizabeth": A ship of this name served in the fleet under Adm. Edward Vernon at Puerto Bello in November 1739 (for more on Vernon, see the introduction, xlvii–l; "Carthagene," below, 372 and n. 21; and below, chap. 33, n. 7).
15. "so much elevated": Apparently, a lewd pun on the double sense of being drunk, or "elevated" on alcohol, and of being sexually aroused, or having an erection, typical of the sexual explicitness that earned Smollett's novels a reputation for licentiousness.
16. "arrack punch": An alcoholic hot drink flavored with a liquor distilled from rice and sugar or from coconut juice; slightly exotic, it represents the increasing material influence of Caribbean mores and economic forces on English life during the eighteenth century.
17. "Round-house": A place of temporary detention.
18. "Newgate": A prison in the northwest section of Faringdon Ward, at the corner of Newgate Street, that extended down the east side of the Old Bailey Sessions House in which the criminal courts convened. The county jail for felons and lesser offenders as well as debtors, Newgate was notorious for poor conditions and overcrowding. It was burned down in the Gordon Riots of 1780.
19. "Old-Baily": Shorthand for the central criminal courts, which were located in the Old Bailey Sessions House, where crimes committed in London, Westminster, and the county of Middlesex were adjudicated.
20. "certain justice . . . Covent-Garden": Almost certainly not Henry Fielding, who famously served as a justice in the Covent Garden Magistrate's Court from October 1748 until 1754, but more likely one of Fielding's predecessors in that court: either Sir Thomas de Veil, who served on the bench from 1729 until his death in 1746 and who had a reputation for gruffness in court; or John Poulson, Esq., who, according to his obituary in *Gentleman's Magazine* 18 (December 1748): 572, served as a justice of the peace for thirty-seven years, dying at age seventy-eight, and who, according to a modern commentator, was "hopelessly unfit for the job" (Patrick Pringle, *Hue and Cry: The Story of Henry and John Fielding and Their Bow Street Runners* [New York: William Morrow, 1955], 80; for more detail on de Veil, see John H. Langbein, "Shaping the Eighteenth-Century Criminal Trial," *University of Chicago Law Review* 50 [1983]: 58–64). Covent Garden was notorious for nightlife, prostitution, and petty crime; therefore, the court handled a high volume of business. In *Peregrine Pickle*, Smollett did caricature Fielding as Mr. Spondy, "a trading Westminster justice" (chap. 103); Fielding struck back in *Covent-Garden Journal*, no. 2 (7 January 1752) with mockery of "Peeragrin Puckle" and "Rodorick Random." Their rivalry continued until Fielding's death in 1755; Smollett deleted the attack on Fielding from his revised edition of *Peregrine Pickle* in 1758.
21. "scouring": Clearing out, getting rid of, especially something undesirable; but the justice may

also be playing on the eighteenth-century slang sense of a scourer, "one who made a practice of roistering through the streets at night, beating the watch, breaking windows, etc." (*OED*).

22. "Harridan": An aging prostitute; "a decayed strumpet" (Johnson, *Dictionary*).
23. "transportation": The penalty imposed on many criminals in lieu of execution or imprisonment, a mandatory deportation to a penal colony such as Georgia or to a term of indentured servitude in one of the other colonies.
24. "surgeons . . . at their expence": An offender returning from transportation "before the end of his term shall be liable to be punished as a person attainted of felony" (Richard Burn, *The Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer* [London, 1755], 1.475) and thus liable to be hanged. Cadavers were in short supply in the eighteenth century, so medical instructors and surgeons bought the bodies of executed criminals for dissection.
25. "that northern accent": Scottish accent.
26. "too far north for you": Too cunning or clever, punning on their origins in the north of Britain. The saying dated from the late seventeenth century, although Smollett's usage here is the earliest cited in Eric Partridge, *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* (New York: Macmillan, 1950), 569.
27. "*mittimus*": A standard legal instrument, defined as "a Precept in Writing, under the Hand and Seal of a Justice of Peace directed to the Gaoler, for the Receiving and safe Keeping of an Offender, until he is delivered by Law" (Jacob, *New Law-Dictionary*).

Chapter 18

1. "second mate of a third rate": Roderick takes pride in what is a relatively advanced initial certification (his friend Thomson had only qualified as a third mate) on a category of ship that could expect to see combat and the chance of prize money. Indeed, third rates like the *Chichester* on which Smollett served were the largest ships in the fleet that assaulted Cartagena in 1741. For details, see Smollett, "An Account of the Expedition against Carthagene"; and see Uden and Cooper, *Dictionary of British Ships*, 412. Smollett's narrative was initially published in his edited collection, *The Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages* (London, 1756), 5:312–42; subsequent references to this work, as "Carthagene," are to the text that appears in the present edition.
2. "C—— went snacks": The naval commissioners split the gifts or bribes with the secretary; here, having accused government officials of such corruption, Smollett and his publisher again resort to the dashes that obscure the title and protect against libel.
3. "Scotch walk": One of the several sections into which the Royal Exchange was divided, the Scotch-walk was situated on the left-hand side of the Threadneedle Street entrance and probably took its name from the preponderance of Scottish business transacted there. See Maitland, 2:901.
4. "Towards Tyburn in a cart": The celebrated gallows permanently set near the present site of Marble Arch between 1571 and 1759. The image of a young criminal being carried in the back of a cart to Tyburn for execution was made famous by William Hogarth in plate 11 of his series *Industry and Idleness*, *The Idle 'Prentice Executed at Tyburn*, which appeared in October 1747, just as Smollett was finishing *Roderick Random*.
5. "London is the devil's drawing-room": A colloquial saying, obviously decrying the evils of the big city.
6. "penny brick": A cheap, lower-quality loaf of bread.
7. "be the event what it would": Smollett inserted this phrase in the fourth edition in place of the

French saying "Coûte que coûte" (at whatever cost), which had appeared in the first edition, a revision perhaps indicative of his concern not to appear affected or pretentious.

8. "whose brims would have overshadowed a colossus": Another unfashionable hat, this one as ridiculous to style-conscious Roderick for its broad floppy brim as his original hat from the provinces had been for its narrow one (see chap. 13, n. 3).
9. "*humanum est errare*": To err is human. A proverbial Latin phrase adapted by many authors, including Pope; see his *Essay on Criticism*, "To err is human; to forgive, divine" (line 525).
10. "gentle": Of a higher class; a gentleman.
11. "rabbit it": Probably a variation of "damn it" or "drat it" but essentially a meaningless imprecation. Used only by Strap, the phrase is another marker of Smollett's gift for individualizing characters with unique idiolects.
12. "*dubio procul dubio nil dubius*": The translation is given by Strap. Attributed to Archimedes in some sources, among them Nicholas Ling's *Wits Commonwealth* (London, 1722), which gives another translation of the same aphorism, "There is nothing more troublesome than doubtful thoughts" (137), and which went through many editions intended "for the Use of Schools" between its first publication in 1597 and Smollett's era.
13. "*penetralia*": "The innermost parts or recesses of a building . . . the sanctuary or inner sanctum of a temple" (*OED*). Here the term's hint of lewd double entendre is reinforced by the next phrase, "in bed with my wife."
14. "den of Cacus, or *Sanctum Sanctorum*": An inner chamber within a larger structure. Cacus was a half-human monster living in a cave in the *Aeneid* (8.185–280). Sanctum sanctorum, "holy of holies," refers to the innermost part of the Temple in the Vulgate Exodus (26:34).
15. "Lavement": Fr. for the act of washing; also, in medicine, for a clyster or enema, and therefore here possibly a scatological pun in the sense of "cleaning one out." The word also carried a sense, in eighteenth-century popular French usage, of a tormentor, or one who imposes himself excessively on those in his charge (Emile Littré, *Dictionnaire de la langue française*, 7 vols. [Paris: 1956–58], 4:3470–71).
16. "alforjas": Sp., "saddlebags"; used to refer to the cheek pouches of a baboon.
17. "Mons. Concordance": A comic name that, like Syntax in chapter 5, suggests the pedantic character of a typical schoolmaster.
18. "Oho . . . shew you de way": Lavement's ludicrous Franglais idiolect is a typical phonetic and syntactic rendering of the broken English spoken by French people during the eighteenth century. Smollett invents a similar dialect for the laughable M. de Champignon in his comedy *The Reprisal*.
19. "*Ma foy! . . . ce'st un galliard*": Fr., "Faith! He's a fine, lusty lad!"
20. "acquired the French tongue": The ability to speak French was a marker of education and class in eighteenth-century Europe; Roderick's pride in bearing this sign of a gentleman is coupled here with the irony that it helps him work as the assistant to the decidedly crude Lavement.
21. "moiety": "A half"; one's share or portion (*OED*).

Chapter 19

1. "the grey mare was the better horse": A proverbial phrase, here meaning that Mrs. Lavement dominates her husband. For the origin of the saying, which dates to the sixteenth century, see George Latimer Apperson, *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases: A Historical Dictionary* (London: Dent and Sons, 1929), 274.
2. "*Mardy! c'est un bon garçon*": Fr., "Mother of God! He's a good boy!" "Mardie" is a contraction

of *mère de Dieu*, "mother of God"; this same minced oath is used again by Champignon in Smollett's *The Reprisal*.

3. "fellow refugees": Huguenot refugees were French Protestants who had fled from France during various periods of persecution during the late seventeenth century and particularly after the repeal in 1685 of the Edict of Nantes, which had granted them official protection. Many Huguenots were apothecaries, Huguenot names appearing in significant numbers on the lists of the British Society of Apothecaries between 1667 and 1713; many settled in and around St. Martin's parish, Westminster. See Leslie G. Matthews, "London's Immigrant Apothecaries, 1600–1800," *Medical History* 18, no. 3 (1974): 262–74.
4. "succedaneum": A substitution; a substitute drug, often of inferior quality; "anything substituted in the room of another" (Quincy, 436). The fraudulent substitutions that Roderick detects Lavement making are all designed to profit by using cheaper ingredients instead of more expensive ones.
5. "crab's eyes": Little stones found in the stomachs of crawfish, "often prescribed in nephritic Pains, Pleurisies, Asthmas and Colics; they are also proper for cleansing the Teeth" (Robert James, *Pharmacopoeia Universalis: or, A New Universal English Dispensatory* [London, 1747], 485).
6. "oil of sweet almonds": A widely prescribed medicine that was expensive by virtue of the cost of almonds and the difficult process involved in preparing it.
7. "balsamic syrup": An aromatic, oily, or resinous medical preparation, usually made from extract of tolu (a tropical South American tree) and used as a cough syrup.
8. "aqua cinnamomi": Cinnamon water, sometimes mixed with wine. It was used as a remedy for a variety of ailments, especially of the stomach and bowels; it was also drunk as a cordial. See Tobias Smollett, *The Devil upon Crutches*, ed. O M Brack, Jr., and Leslie A. Chilton (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2005), app. B, 207.
9. "capivi": Copahu or Copaiba, a resinous juice of Brazilian origin, used mostly to cure venereal diseases and urinary infections.
10. "*materia medica*": The healing substances used in the practice of medicine; the branch of medical science that employs these substances (*OED*).
11. "cochineal": A scarlet dye made from the dried bodies of *Coccus cacti* (insects native to Mexico), principally employed in giving a crimson color to tinctures.
12. "nostrums": Special remedies made from secret formulas, usually jealously guarded by the inventor; later termed "patent medicines," they often bore the stigma of quackery. The term is appropriated from the Latin *nostrum*, the neuter form of *noster*, "our own."
13. "salivation": A common treatment for venereal disease that used mercury to stimulate an excessive flow of saliva and thereby "evacuate humors"; it was a painful treatment that, together with other side effects of the mercury, could confine a patient at home for six weeks or more. James Boswell, who treated his recurrent venereal disease with mercury, joked about its effects on the salivary glands: "I resolve to take London as one takes mercury; to intermit the use of it whenever I should feel it affect my brain, as one intermits the use of mercury when it affects the mouth"; see *The Private Papers of James Boswell*, 21 vols. (Mt. Vernon, N.Y., 1932), 13:107. For a full graphic description of salivation, see John Atkins, *The Navy Surgeon: or, Practical System of Surgery* (1734; 3rd ed., London, 1742), 239–47. Already in Smollett's time, some medical authorities attacked salivation as a treatment; see John Douglas, *A Dissertation on the Venereal Disease*, 3 vols. (London, 1737–39); and John Profily, *An Easy and Exact Method of Curing the Venereal Disease* (London, 1748), esp. 126–203.
14. "Trinity . . . good Hugonot": As a Huguenot or French Protestant, Lavement's professed creed included a belief in the Christian three-personed God (Father, Son, and Holy Spirit).

15. "vegetable diet": Possibly an allusion to George Cheyne's *The English Malady* (London, 1733), in which the celebrated physician advocated a diet of milk and vegetables, which would have cooled "the natural warmth" of Mrs. Lavement's constitution.
16. "*Mort de ma vie*": Fr., "death of my life," an oath meaning "by my life." Smollett may have been echoing Shakespeare, who uses the phrase twice in *Henry V* (3.5.11, 4.5.3).
17. "grinning like the head of a bass viol": It was a fairly common practice to carve a human face onto the scroll of a bass viol; see Hogarth's *A Chorus of Singers* (1732).
18. "Ah traitresse": Fr., "Ah, traitor!" Lavement is accusing his wife of being deceptive or unfaithful.
19. "ventre bleu": A minced oath for *ventre de Dieu*, "by God's belly."
20. "Pardieu": Fr., "By God!"
21. "*Oh serviteur monsieur . . . sans doute*": Fr., "Your servant, Captain, you are a gallant man—my wife feels most obliged," to which as a sotto voce innuendo, Lavement adds, "And, doubtless, damn obliging too." The pun on oblige/obliging, with its double sense of politeness and of sexual accommodation, conveys Lavement's tense mixture of propriety and (well-founded) suspicion.
22. "politesse of a Frenchman": A double-edged phrase in Roderick's (and Smollett's) lexicon because, while the social elite tended to view French courtly demeanor as an elegant model, Smollett sometimes voiced the stereotypical British view of the French as effeminate, artificial, and corrupt.
23. "Richmond": A country village in Surrey on the Thames, then about twelve miles from London, now a suburb of greater London.

Chapter 20

1. "Chelsea": A village about two miles from London, though now part of the London borough of Kensington and Chelsea. Smollett resided in Chelsea from 1750 to 1763 in what is now Lawrence Street; in *Humphry Clinker*, he locates Chelsea "in the skirts of the town" (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, London, June 10, p. 123).
2. "common footpad": Highway robber.
3. "chair": A private conveyance, an enclosed box carried on poles by two servants that could be hired in the streets like a modern taxi.
4. "undress": Informal clothes; out of uniform.
5. "Bagshot": A village three miles south of Ascot in Surrey, more than twenty-five miles from London. The adjacent Bagshot Heath was notorious for highwaymen and other criminals during the eighteenth century, thus explaining the criminal characters named Bagshot in both Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* and Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* (1728).
6. "watch": A constable or night guard who patrolled the streets from sunset to sunrise; until the Police Act of 1839 watchmen were the only law enforcement in the streets overnight.
7. "Hibernian . . . fortune-hunters": Impoverished Irish adventurers seeking to marry into wealth, a stock type of eighteenth-century literature. Examples appear in the *Spectator*, no. 311 (26 February 1712) and in Defoe's *Moll Flanders* (1722). Smollett mentions the type again in chapters 47 and 58, portrays it in the character of Rourk Oregan in chapter 49, and revisits it yet again in the figure of Sir Ulic Mackilligut in the Bath section of *Humphry Clinker*.
8. "certain female author": Perhaps referring to Eliza Haywood, famous for her slightly risqué novels of the 1720s to the 1740s; her *Fortunate Foundlings: Being the Genuine History of Colonel M——rs and his Sister Madam Du P——y* had appeared in 1744.
9. "scarf skin": Outer layer of the skin; epidermis.

10. "fashionable distemper": A euphemism for venereal disease, which among young rakes and other sexual adventurers was sometimes treated as a perverse badge of honor.

Chapter 21

1. "My prejudice . . . was so strong": Roderick's Scottish patriotism resembles Smollett's own in its depth and volatility. In 1746 Smollett responded to news of the brutality with which the English suppressed the Scots after the Battle of Culloden by writing a defiantly nationalistic ballad, "The Tears of Scotland," containing these lines:

> Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
> And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
> Resentment of my country's fate,
> Within my filial breast shall beat.

   Contemporary anecdotes portray Smollett as openly indifferent to the dangers of publishing such a poem in the anti-Scottish political climate of the moment. See the text of the poem and commentary by Byron Gassman in *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 5–6, 23–26. One modern critic reads Scottish nationalism as the underlying principle of *Roderick Random*, calling it "a small act of historical vengeance for the harsh treatment [Smollett] and his countrymen suffered in England" and concluding that "his plot articulates a minor constitutional insubordination that restores a domestic independence to Scotland." See Andrew Varney, "From Tennis-Ball to Fruit Tree: Smollett's Story of the Scottish Self," in *Writing Region and Nation*, ed. James A. Davies and Glyn Pursglove (Swansea: University of Wales, 1994), 559.
2. "Captain": A title that could be applied, or ironically misapplied, to an officer of any rank, including a lieutenant, as is Gawky's official rank here; the practice was most virulently denounced by Doll Tearsheet in Shakespeare, *II Henry IV*, where Pistol is addressed as "Captain Pistol" (2.4).
3. "emollient glyster": Or clyster, a medicine made of milk, chamomile, olive oil, brown sugar, and other ingredients, injected by enema or suppository, used to soften stool (Quincy, 632). See also chap. 7, n. 9.
4. "paregorick draught": An anodyne or soothing remedy composed of camphorated tincture of opium, invented during the early eighteenth century. The adjective applied to any medicine that could assuage pain.
5. "ferment of his spirits": Subtle, highly refined substances or fluids believed to circulate in the blood and chief organs of the body (*OED*). Emotional shock or trauma was thought to disrupt their circulation, causing a "ferment," and was conventionally treated by bloodletting. For a discussion of Smollett's articulation of the eighteenth-century medical view that "emotions were physical phenomena in a physical system," see John McAllister, "Smollett's Semiology of Emotions: The Symptomatology of the Passions and Affections in *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*," *English Studies in Canada* 14 (1988): 286–95.
6. "veracité": Fr., "truthfulness," "veracity."
7. "diablement sage": Fr., "devilishly wise," meaning "sly." The irony arises from a second sense of *sage*, which when applied to a young lady means "chaste"; Lavement's insinuation that his daughter is devilishly or wickedly chaste touches the hidden truth, for in the next sentence her illicit affair with the lodger Odonnel is revealed.
8. "fanfaron": Fr., "coward"; also, during the early eighteenth century, with connotations of "one who claims to be more licentious than he is" (Littré, *Dictionnaire*, 3:2401). Smollett's subtlety

with French and his attention to the nuances of Lavement's idiolect become evident in this chapter as his Franglais evolves from predominantly French to English interspersed with Gallicisms. In chapters 18 and 19 Lavement speaks complete sentences in French; in chapter 21 he has only one complete sentence in French and the rest primarily in English, peppered with French substantives.

9. "Fleet": A prison located on the east side of Farringdon Street, Ludgate Hill, in a precinct designated as a liberty or refuge where municipal authority did not apply; it became notorious for runaway or coerced marriages performed there by unscrupulous clergy until such practices were proscribed by the Marriage Act of 1753.
10. "coupled": Married, probably illicitly, as the Fleet was a prison in which one might find accommodating but unauthorized clergymen to perform such a hasty marriage.
11. "bagnio": A public bathhouse that often served as a brothel or assignation house as well; the term came to be applied to any house of ill repute.
12. "By gar, your vord . . . Oui, foutre, I charge you rendez le clef of your coffre": Fr., "By God, your word does not give me satisfaction—I find it necessary to look for my medicine, excuse me—I must look—I demand the key to your chest right now. . . . Yes, fuck, I request you give over the key to your chest." The infinitive *foutre*, meaning "to do," was also an extremely vulgar slang term, equivalent in modern usage to "to fuck."
13. "moi—si, moi qui vous parle": Fr., "me, yes me, speaking to you."
14. "He bien, nous verrons—nous verrons": Fr., "Very well, we'll see, we'll see."
15. "Ah ha! vous etes bien venus": Fr., "You are welcome." Lavement is here addressing the "things that were missing," which he sees inside Roderick's trunk.
16. "mardie . . . fort innocent": Fr., "mother of God, Monsieur Roderick, you be really innocent." Lavement's sarcasm is evident in his use of "Monsieur," usually a polite term of address.
17. "cost and trouble of a prosecution": Criminal charges were often pressed through private suits paid for by the offended party.
18. "Restez mon fils! restez": Fr., "Wait, my son[-in-law]! wait." Lavement intermingles French phrases in the rest of his garbled sentence as follows: "veritablement" for "veritably," "pauvre diable" for "poor devil" or "rascal," and "peutetre" for "maybe."
19. "mauvaise": Fr., "evil."
20. "big look": Haughty look (*OED*).
21. "coquin": Fr., "scoundrel."
22. "distemper contracted in the course of an amour": Venereal disease.
23. "Daniel": Old Testament prophet renowned for his wisdom, goodness, and love of truth; see the book of Daniel and Susanna in the Apocrypha. Hence, an oblique but apt reference to Roderick's innocence.
24. "genius of truth": The spirit or personification of truth.
25. "Jonathan Wild": Notorious criminal (1683–1725) and ringleader of a band of criminals in the 1720s whose life and exploits entered the popular culture of the time; see especially *A True and Genuine Account . . . of the Late Jonathan Wild* (1725), often attributed to Defoe, and Fielding's *Life of Jonathan Wild the Great* (1743).
26. "cinder-wenches": Women "whose trade is to rake in heaps of ashes for cinders" (Johnson, *Dictionary*), thus the lowest and filthiest of street workers, widely thought to use gin to escape their misery.
27. "cloaca": Lat., "privy" or "sewer."
28. "St. Giles's": The area around the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields at the east end of Oxford Street had become notorious for its thieving, prostitution, drunkenness, and general wretchedness. See the gruesome street scenes in Hogarth's *Gin Lane* (1751).

29. "truckle bed": "A trundle-bed"; "a low bed running on truckles or castors," usually stored beneath a regular bed when not in use (*OED*).
30. "advertising doctor": One neither recognized by the Royal College of Physicians nor licensed as a surgeon; in effect, a quack. So called because such "physicians" advertised their services in the newspapers, gazettes, and pseudomedical pamphlets as well as handbills posted in apothecaries' shops and public houses.

Chapter 22

1. "*The History of Miss* Williams": The prostitute's life story, here an interpolated first-person narrative, was becoming a staple of midcentury fiction: see Mr. Wilson's cast-off mistress in Fielding, *Joseph Andrews* (bk. 3); Cleland, *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*; and Johnson, *Rambler*, nos. 170 (2 November 1751) and 171 (5 November 1751). These tales as well as Smollett's may all be originally indebted to Hogarth's paradigmatic story of a country innocent's descent into prostitution, *The Harlot's Progress*, first published in 1732.
2. "presbyterian": A Calvinist denomination of Protestantism, widely practiced in Scotland and noted for its severity.
3. "Shaftsbury": The 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury (1671–1713), whose *Characteristicks of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times* (London, 1711) expressed a benevolent and optimistic view of humanity and morality and thus departed from a strictly scriptural and gloomy Calvinist view of human nature.
4. "Tindal": Matthew Tindal (1657–1733), whose *Christianity as Old as the Creation* (London, 1730) expressed the deist view that God had created the world in perfect form, which humanity could comprehend through reason alone.
5. "Hobbs": Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679), whose *Leviathan, or, The Matter, Form, and Power of a Common-wealth Ecclesiastical and Civil* (London, 1651), with its emphasis on civil society as a rational human product rather than a divine creation, departed from traditional Christian teaching and influenced Locke, Rousseau, and many subsequent political theorists.
6. "Free-thinker": In general, the term refers to anyone "who refuses to submit his or her reason to the control of authority in matters of religious belief," a designation claimed especially by the deistic and other rejecters of Christianity at the beginning of the eighteenth century (*OED*). For Smollett and others of traditional leanings, the term was decidedly negative; see, for example, Johnson, *Dictionary*, on a freethinker as "a contemner of religion." Smollett's implication that a woman might be particularly susceptible to unorthodox and faddish teachings was not unique to him; see, for example, Johnson's *London* (1738) with its complaint "Here falling houses thunder on your head, / And here a female atheist talks you dead" (17–18).
7. "I addicted myself too much to poetry and romance": Although the idea that a rational mind could be addled by overindulgence in fanciful literature dates at least to Cervantes's *Don Quixote*, during the eighteenth century it became an increasingly gendered issue. Concerns about female vulnerability to unguided or self-indulgent reading habits were expressed repeatedly; see such important examples as Gay, *Beggar's Opera*, 1.10; Hogarth, *Before and After* (1736), plate 1; Mary Wollstonecraft, *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (London, 1792), chaps. 5 and 13; and the whole of Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey* (London, 1818).
8. "Oroondates": The chivalrous hero of *Cassandra* (1642–45), a ten-volume romance by La Calprenède (1609?–63). Translated into English in 1676 and again in 1705, it was well-known in eighteenth-century England. Aimwell refers to Oroondates as "all that Romance can in a

Lover paint" in act 3 of *The Beaux' Stratagem*; *Cassandra* is among the romances in the "Lady's Library" described in *Spectator*, no. 37 (12 April 1711).

9. "for the qualities of my mind": An ironic inversion of the more prevalent idea that women were vulnerable to flattery based solely on appearances (see, e.g., Johnson's "Bellaria" in *Rambler*, no. 191 [14 January 1752]). The story of Miss Williams's seduction is perhaps indicative of Smollett's darker sense of the predicament women faced in a society rife with male sexual predators.
10. "Lothario": A character in William D'Avenant's *The Cruel Brother* (1630) and in Nicholas Rowe's *The Fair Penitent* (1703) whose name had become synonymous with rake, seducer, or libertine. In *Peregrine Pickle* Smollett has a college of authors discuss a recent production of *The Fair Penitent*, with special attention to Garrick's performance in the role of Lothario (chap. 102).
11. "poignard": Or poniard, a short, stabbing dagger, considered especially dangerous as it was small enough to be concealed on one's person; Smollett uses the word elsewhere, notably, three times in *The Regicide* (*Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 144, 148, 162).
12. "Bedlam": Bethlehem Hospital for the insane in Moorfields; for a striking image of Bedlam and its inhabitants, see Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* (1735), plate 8.
13. "I dreamed Lothario . . . bloody": An echo of Macbeth's nightmarish vision of the murdered Banquo (3.4.45–106); lines and images from *Macbeth* surface frequently in Smollett's writings, especially in his own tragedy *The Regicide*, which was partly modeled on it.
14. "Horatio": A stock romantic name, perhaps originally borrowed from the character in Rowe's *Fair Penitent* who discovers the heroine Calista's affair with Lothario; later used by Fielding in *Joseph Andrews* for the character who discovers Leonora's affair with Bellarmine.
15. "other kept mistresses": Members of this class of courtesans, who enjoyed steady financial support, often formed shadow or mock social groups that imitated the norms of mainstream society; see Cleland, *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, for example, where Fanny describes her inclusion in such a set of kept mistresses: "We visited one another in form, and mimick'd, as near as we could, all the miseries, the follies, and impertinences of the women of quality, in the round of which they trifle away their time" (ed. Peter Sabor [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985], 67).
16. "Gray's-Inn": One of the four Inns of Court, situated on the north side of High Holborn, where aspiring lawyers could apprentice.
17. "prodigal son": An allusion to the parable in Luke 15:11–32.
18. "hundred guineas": The exorbitant price some men were willing to pay to deflower a virgin; for a contemporary depiction of a similar ruse, in which a prostitute sells her "virginity" to a wealthy lecher for four hundred guineas, see Cleland, *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, ed. Sabor, 128–38.

Chapter 23

1. "*bailiff*": An officer empowered to serve writs and to make arrests when authorized by a sheriff's warrant.
2. "*Marshalsea*": A prison, mostly for debtors, in Southwark, adjoining the King's Bench; mentioned also in *Humphry Clinker* (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, London, June 10, p. 126 and n. 12).
3. "catchpole": A derisive term for an inferior bailiff; originally medieval slang for a tax collector, from the Latin *cacepollus*, "chase-fowl."

4. "my house": Private jail or detention center; sometimes called a spunging-house. Bailiffs often operated private facilities, which, if prisoners could afford their fees, provided more comfortable confinement than the public prisons. See also chap. 61, n. 1.
5. "myrmidons": A pejorative term for inferior legal officials such as bailiffs; originally the name of Achilles' faithful soldiers at Troy, applied ironically during the eighteenth century to mindlessly loyal attendants or servants (*OED*). Smollett uses the term again in *Ferdinand Count Fathom* (96 and n. 17).
6. "Elizabeth Cary": Apparently a reference to a well-known prostitute or minor criminal of the time, although Smollett may have borrowed the name from the Renaissance playwright Elizabeth Cary, the Viscountess Falkland (1585–1639).
7. "lodge": An alehouse or taproom located at the entrance to the Marshalsea Prison.
8. "Bridges-street": Ran parallel to Drury Lane between Russell Street and the Strand; a disreputable location, mentioned in *Tom Jones* (bk. 7, chap. 12) as the site of the most notorious taverns in London.
9. "laws": Perhaps a reference to habeas corpus; more likely a general invocation of the idea of the "freeborn Englishman [or woman]," which was grounded as much in popular culture as in common law.
10. "Vulture": Another of Smollett's emblematic names, suggestive of the low, predatory nature of bailiffs. Other eighteenth-century authors used the vulture symbolically; see, for example, Johnson, *Idler*, no. 22 (9 September 1758).
11. "mulcted": Fined; here, the cash equivalent of all the liquor and travel expenses, plus two guineas.
12. "Charing-cross": The intersection of the Strand, Whitehall, and Cockspur Street.
13. "drunkenness, brutality and disease": Smollett's sympathetic depiction of the plight of street prostitutes contrasts with his reputation as a raucous, even obscene, novelist and links him with the growing current of more enlightened attitudes toward these exploited women. For a similarly sympathetic first-person account, see Johnson, *Rambler*, no. 171 (5 November 1751), where the dying prostitute Misella describes herself as "the drudge of extortion and the sport of drunkenness," lying in the street with her fellow prostitutes, "crowded together, mad with intemperance, ghastly with famine, nauseous with filth, and noisome with disease."
14. "posset": A hot drink composed of milk curdled with ale, wine, or any other liquor, with sugar and spices often added; formerly regarded as a delicacy and a remedy for colds.
15. "infernal regions": Smollett's description of the hellish conditions of Bridewell parallels many details of Hogarth's picture of the prison in plate 4 of *The Harlot's Progress*: the cruel jailer demanding work and threatening punishment, the endless beating of hemp, the thefts by fellow prisoners, and the general atmosphere of "rage, anguish, and impiety."
16. "hundreds of Drury": A colloquial term for the district of Drury Lane, borrowed, with a hint of irony, from the formal designation for an administrative subdivision of a county or shire, probably so called because it described the area occupied by a hundred freeholding families. By Smollett's time it was routinely applied, half mockingly, to this tiny neighborhood: see the "hundreds of Drury" in the *Grub-Street Journal* (6 August and 24 September 1730) and in Fielding's *Journey from this World to the Next* (1743; bk. 1, chap. 3).
17. "quarter-sessions": Courts that covered minor criminal and civil cases held four times a year.
18. "Coupler": Another of Smollett's suggestive character names, here denoting a madam or procuress.
19. "unsound": Infected with venereal disease.
20. "fire-ship": Slang for a diseased whore, derived from the nautical meaning of "an old vessel filled with combustible materials and fitted with grappling-irons to hook and set fire to ene-

mies' ships" (William Falconer, *An Universal Dictionary of the Marine* [1769; 4th ed., London, 1780]). The sexual-nautical slang is continued in the next sentence, when the lieutenant uses the double entendre "boarded" to accuse the villain of having had sexual intercourse with her.

21. "bilboes this bout": Be clapped in irons this time. Bilboes—taking their name from the steel made at Bilbao—were long, padlocked bars with sliding iron shackles in which the ankles of prisoners were confined on board ship. The sailors called them "iron-garters."
22. "hove down": To turn a ship on its side to be cleaned of barnacles, seaweed, and other material that fouled the hull, here another instance of bawdy nautical wit, suggesting she get proper treatment for the venereal disease that infects her.
23. "clubbed": Combined her wardrobe with that of Mrs. Williams.
24. "Park-street": West of Grosvenor Square, apparently named for Hyde Park, at that time an aristocratic playground, complete with royal hunting, thus a very fashionable area, known today as Mayfair.
25. "Ludgate-hill and Charing-cross": Her route follows a main commercial thoroughfare, running from St. Paul's Cathedral down Ludgate Hill along Fleet Street and the Strand, an area known for its taverns and nightlife.
26. "cully": A man picked up by a prostitute; more generally, a dupe, a gull, anyone who is cheated or imposed upon.
27. "equipage": Accoutrements, personal ornaments.
28. "expence of her nose": A well-known manifestation of tertiary syphilis was the ulceration of the nose, leading ultimately to its mutilation, hence, a diseased or deformed nose could have bawdy connotations. The Parisian procuress in *Ferdinand Count Fathom* has also "lost her nose in the course of her ministration" (93).
29. "come up in a waggon, as a fresh girl for service": This is reminiscent of Moll Hackabout's arrival from the country in Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress* (1732), plate 1; at the beginning of her adventures, Cleland's Fanny Hill also comes to London in the "slow conveyance" of a wagon and seeks any sort of servant's post that "such a country-girl as I might be fit for" (*Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, ed. Sabor, 4, 6).

Chapter 24

1. "*press-gang*": A group of sailors empowered to draft men into the navy, by force if necessary. Throughout the century the navy relied heavily on press-gangs to fill its growing need for seamen. Gangs looking for experienced men were common in port towns and the waterfront areas of London. In chapter 67 thirty of Bowling's crew are impressed upon their arrival in Spithead. Press-gangs were lawfully allowed to take only sailors, but at times they captured any male they could find. Smollett's opposition to the whole business of press-gangs, even some of their legally authorized activities, emerges forcefully in his discussion of the 1740 "Seamen's Bill." Calling it "a plan of tyranny" and "a large stride towards despotic power," Smollett protested that "searchers were vested with authority to force open doors, in case of resistance; and encouraged to this violence by a reward for every seaman they should discover; while the unhappy wretches so discovered were dragged into the service" (*Complete History*, 4:602).
2. "coasting-vessel": A ship that traded among the coastal ports and did not venture on to the open seas.
3. "Tower-wharf": The dock in front of the Tower, near Tower Hill and the Navy Office, and a rich hunting ground for press-gangs because "in that neighborhood there were always plenty

of disembarked sailors—the favourite prey of the press-gang—who had just collected their back pay from the navy Office" (Boucé, 263).

4. "pressing tender": A small vessel used to convey impressed men to receiving ships.
5. "flip": A favorite drink of sailors, made of beer mixed with spirits and sugar, heated with a red-hot iron.
6. "forecastle": "A short raised deck at the fore end of a vessel. In early use it was raised like a castle to command the enemy's decks" (*OED*).
7. "guinea pigs": Midshipmen in the East Indian service but, more generally, a term of contempt, as such midshipmen were often very young and inexperienced. There is perhaps an additional note of disdain for the fleet's role in protecting the slave trade of West Africa. The term is used again by Commodore Trunnion in *Peregrine Pickle*: "I was none of your Guinea-pigs" (chap. 2).
8. "taught": That is, taut.
9. "Rattlin": The name derives from "ratlines" or "ratlings," which were small, horizontal lines traversing the shrouds and thus forming rope ladders to the mastheads.
10. "Block": In a sailing ship "block" is the name for a pulley or a system of pulleys, usually made of elm. Smollett also gives the name Ben Block to a sailor in *The Reprisal*.
11. "to hand, reef and steer": Fundamental skills of the sailor: "to hand" the sails is to furl them, "to reef" is to reduce the surface of a sail exposed to the wind and thus "steer" or change the direction of the ship. The same phrase is used by Ben Block in the last scene of *The Reprisal* (*Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 214).
12. "best bower anchor": A nautical set phrase: the "small bower anchor" and the "best bower anchor," slightly different in size, were both carried at the bow of the ship.
13. "rope's end": A piece from the end of a rope sometimes used as an instrument of punishment but otherwise useless, here suggesting that the experienced and stoical Rattlin pays little heed to the anger even of high-ranking officers like Oakhum.
14. "baron knight's brother": Younger sons of aristocratic families commonly pursued careers in the military; as such, Captain Oakhum arrogantly maintains more than the normal distance from his fellow officers.
15. "d'ye see me": A dialect tag characteristic of nautical speech.
16. "a strait arm": A colloquialism indicating haughtiness, the keeping of others at arm's length.
17. "Tuberoon bay": Or Tiberoon Bay, adjacent to Cape Tiberoon in Hispaniola, where Bowling had his duel with the captain (chap. 6, n. 5).
18. "middle watch": The second of the three shifts into which the captain, first mate, and second mate divided every twelve-hour cycle, by turns taking chief responsibility for the ship; in this instance, 4:00 a.m. to 8:00 a.m.
19. "steerage": An apartment adjacent to the great cabin of a ship, from which (according to Falconer, *Universal Dictionary*) "it is separated by a thin partition."
20. "fore and aft": Back and forth, in Jack's nautical parlance.
21. "rattan": A switch or stick made from rattan, a species of pliable Malaysian palm, used by officers as an instrument of punishment in supervising the crew. Captain Oakhum is guilty of a breach of decorum by using it to strike a fellow officer, Lieutenant Bowling, who justifiably resents such humiliating treatment.
22. "pinnace": A ship's boat, resembling a barge, rowed with eight oars.
23. "cutter": A boat smaller than a barge or pinnace used to carry provisions or passengers to and from the ship.
24. "run on the ship's books": Listed as a deserter. A ship's captain placed an *R* for "run" on the log next to the name of anyone reputed to have deserted, thereby removing him from the payroll

(see *Regulations and Instructions Relating to His Majesty's Service at Sea* [1731; 2nd ed., London, 1734], 28). In chapter 41 Bowling plans to petition to have the *R* removed from the record.

25. "the Nore": A naval anchorage that takes its name from a sandbank lying off the entrance to the river Medway, more famous today as the site of the great naval mutiny of 1797.
26. "gang-boards": A narrow platform made of planks that connects the quarter deck to the forecastle, usually referred to as the gangway.
27. "Newgate galley": Another gruff piece of sea wit that plays on the name of the famous London prison, here referring to Roderick's appearance in handcuffs as if he had been pressed from a ship stocked with convicts. Smollett may have been alluding jokingly to the ships that had been transporting convicted criminals to the colonies of the New World since the late seventeenth century or simply extending the contemporary play on "Newgate" found in such examples as John Gay's poem "The Newgate Garland" (1724) or his subtitle for *The Beggar's Opera: A Newgate Pastoral*.
28. "new payed": Made whole or restored to good condition; "to pay" means to smear the bottom and sides of a ship with a substance such as tar, turpentine, or resin in order to protect them from the injuries of the water and the weather.
29. "red ropes": Sailor's term for man-ropes, usually covered with red baize, on either side of the officers' gangway. In *The Reprisal* Ben Block uses the same image to describe Champignon's queue with red ribbons: "the red ropes hanging over the stern" (*Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 213).
30. "my yards square": Another joke in nautical jargon, meaning essentially to keep his hat, hair, and general appearance in order; from the technical term for keeping the spar (or yard), and thus the sails, at right angles to the axis of the ship.
31. "cock-pit": Situated near the after hatchway, under the lower gun-deck, it was the space allotted to the surgeon and his mates as living quarters, and during combat it was used as the emergency operating room.
32. "your officer": The midshipman pulls rank on Roderick, who, as a surgeon's mate, is apparently his subordinate. The scene highlights, however, the disparity between official regulations, on the one hand, and real conditions aboard various ships, on the other. According to rates of pay, which for a surgeon's second mate was £2 and for a midshipman £1 17s. 6d. per month on a third-rate man of war, Roderick was his superior (*Regulations and Instructions*, 146–48).
33. "supple Jack": A tough, pliant stick, a rattan, often carried by officers as a sign of authority and used to inflict summary punishment.
34. "master at arms": A warrant officer responsible for disciplinary matters on board.
35. "quarter-deck": That part of the upper deck between the mainmast and the stern, traditionally reserved for the exclusive use of the captain and the officers. Warrant officers and ordinary sailors were summoned there to receive orders and to be assigned specific duties.
36. "putrified cheese and rancid butter": The unpleasant fictional detail is true to historical conditions. *Regulations and Instructions* provided that condemned provisions were not to be thrown overboard: rancid butter, for example, was to be either returned to the victualing agent or supplied to the boatswain for the ship's use as grease or lubricant. According to the manuscript journal kept by Robert Watkins, a lieutenant on Smollett's own ship, the *Chichester*, a survey of provisions was carried out on 22 December 1740, and "Eighteen Hundred and Ninety five pounds of cheese" were condemned (see Knapp, 32).
37. "chandler's shop": Where candles were made and similar supplies vended; chandlers' shops were notoriously unclean and noxious because of the residue of animal fat from which candles were largely made.
38. "ship's steward": The officer in charge of a ship's stores, provisions, and meals.

39. "quarter-masters": Petty officers who attend to the steering of the ship, the stowing of the hold, and signal making (*OED*).
40. "cable tiers": Shelves on the orlop deck, the lowest deck on a ship with four or more decks, where the cables are stowed.
41. "boy of the mess": A cabin boy waited on the officers in each of the ship's dining areas, or messes.
42. "merchant's ship . . . slaving trade": Suggestive of the low repute in which the slave trade was held during the eighteenth century. Thomson's note of disgust at being reduced to this extremity is particularly appropriate to a surgeon's mate, for whom there was a high demand but who worked under the most repugnant and dangerous conditions, as he ministered to the miserable and disease-ridden slaves as well as to the crew. Historically, medical personnel working on slave ships had a higher rate of mortality than any other category of the crew or officers; records show, for example, that their mortality rate was double that of first mates. For details, see Stephen D. Behrendt, "Crew Mortality in the Transatlantic Slave Trade in the Eighteenth Century," *Slavery & Abolition* 18 (1997): 49–71.
43. "Gravesend": A riverport in Kent on the south bank of the Thames, about twenty-four miles from London.
44. "tilt-boat": "A large rowing boat having a tilt or awning, formerly used on the Thames, especially as a passenger boat between London and Gravesend" (OED).
45. "tide-coach": A public conveyance that met arriving ships and whose timetable therefore varied with the tides.
46. "Rochester": A port town in Kent about thirty miles southeast of London at the mouth of the river Medway.
47. "clerk of the checque": Officer supervising a royal port or dockyard.

Chapter 25

1. "strange dialect": Welsh.
2. "Mounchdenny": Variously spelled "Monachdeny," "Monuchdenny," "Mounth-Denny" on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century maps of Wales, a mountain located by James Brome in his *Travels Over England, Scotland, and Wales* (1694; 3rd ed., London, 1700) as three miles from Brecon; modern authorities identify it as Pen-y-Fan, the main peak of the Brecon Beacons (2,906 feet). In *Peregrine Pickle* Morgan asserts that "there was not a mountain in Wales, which had not been in his memory the scene of necromancy and witchcraft" (chap. 38).
3. "blue as a pell . . . green as a leek": Dialectal and cultural touches of Morgan's Welsh identity: the stereotypical Welsh accent aspirated the consonant *b* as *p*, and the leek was the national symbol of Wales.
4. "part his cable": Sea jargon, meaning to die.
5. "fore-top-sail is loose": He is delirious, out of his mind; a play on the nautical term for the top sail nearest the bow, or front, of the ship, thus, the head.
6. "over-haul": To examine and treat, another nautical play on words.
7. "Splutter and oons": A minced oath for "Christ's blood and wounds," first corrupted into "'sblood" and then further into "splutter"; usually associated with Welshmen. *OED* attributes this version of the oath to Smollett and cites this reference as its earliest occurrence.
8. "Atkins": An especially appropriate name for a naval surgeon: the naval surgeon John Atkins (1685–1757) wrote *The Navy Surgeon* (see above, chap. 19, n. 13), with which Smollett and his fellow doctors would have been familiar; moreover, although Smollett rarely borrowed the

names of actual people for his characters, the name of the *Chichester*'s surgeon during Smollett's time aboard was Atkinson (Knapp, 33).

9. "Mr. Morgan": A typical Welshman, displaying the characteristics traditionally associated with the Welsh temperament all the way back to Shakespeare's Fluellen in *Henry V*: "valiant / And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder / And quickly will return an injury" (4.7.179–81). For a detailed comparison of Morgan and Fluellen, see George M. Kahrl, "The Influence of Shakespeare on Smollett," in *Essays in Dramatic Literature: The Parrott Presentation Volume*, ed. Hardin Craig (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1935), 413–14. Smollett was obviously fond of the character and brought him back to appear briefly in chapter 38 of *Peregrine Pickle* and to be invoked, through the mention of "Morgan's widow," in *Humphry Clinker* (Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Gloucester, April 2, p. 7 and n. 5).
10. "scot and lot": Paid his local taxes fully and punctiliously. The term derives from a tax levied by a municipal corporation in proportional shares on its members and occurs at least as early as 1640 in the *Journal of the House of Commons*: "The Election was free to every one that paid Scot and Lot" (2:14). Morgan's use of the term here seems to assert that he is both a man of means and a man of civic responsibility.
11. "Glamorganshire": On the southern coast of Wales, Glamorgan had been a post–Roman era settlement that became the chief port and commercial center of the county, known locally as Glamorganwyn.
12. "menstruum": Any liquor used as a solvent or as an ingredient in infusions or concoctions (Quincy, 278).
13. "Caractacus": Welsh name for Caradoc, king of the Britons, who led energetic resistance to the Romans for nine years before being vanquished in AD 50, when he was sent as a captive to Rome but was spared by the Emperor Claudius Caesar. Morgan's national and genealogical pride foreshadows the rise of British nativism during the next decade, as evidenced in such works as William Mason's dramatic poem *Caractacus* (1759) and its Scottish counterpart, *Fragments of Ancient Poetry* (1760) by James Macpherson.
14. "yard arm and yard arm these three glasses": So close together that their yardarms, or spars, were nearly touching for at least an hour and a half of battle; the "glasses" here may have been hourglasses but more probably were half-hourglasses.
15. "haulyards": Or halyards, rope or tackle used for raising or lowering a sail or flag. The 1971 print edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary* cites Smollett's usage in *Peregrine Pickle* (chap. 2).
16. "Cambro-Briton": A Latinate phrase for "Welshman" derived from Cambria, the Latin term for Wales.
17. "struck": Died, from the military term for lowering or striking the flag as a token of surrender.
18. "close quarters": Had conquered his innermost defenses, a play on the nautical term for the strong wooden barriers, fitted with loopholes, that were placed on deck and used by the crew of a merchant ship to take cover and defend itself when boarded by the enemy.
19. "Scaldings": A traditional warning cry to give way, issued by those carrying hot food or water from the galley.
20. "gallipot": An earthen pot used by apothecaries for various ointments and medicines.
21. "banyan day": A meatless day on which fish or cheese only was issued; so called, as Roderick correctly points out further along, after the Banians, a Hindu sect that abstained from eating flesh. Such borrowings from exotic cultures, for which Smollett had a keen ear, are an important linguistic marker of the expansion of the British Empire during the eighteenth century.
22. "fourteen inches space": The regulation space in which to sling a hammock aboard a ship, though Smollett sympathetically implies that it is not enough for the comfort or hygiene of sick men in a hospital berth.

Chapter 26

1. "homely proverb": Probably "Shitten luck is good luck." See William George Smith and Sir Paul Harvey, eds., *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1948), 582. This is one of the few instances in which Roderick shows a modest reluctance to use an obscene or vulgar term.
2. "stink-pot": "A hand-missile charged with combustibles emitting a suffocating smoke, used in boarding a ship for effecting a diversion while the assailants gain the deck" (*OED*); the term appears earlier, in chapter 11, without the nautical pun that Morgan adds here.
3. "good cheese . . . Glamorgan": Wales was already famous for its cheese and dairy products, a reputation on which Smollett again touches in *Humphry Clinker* (Henry Davis to the Reverend Jonathan Dustwich, London, August 10, p. 5 and n. 11).
4. "salmagundy": "A dish composed of chopped meat, anchovies, eggs, onions with oil and condiments" (*OED*). The memory of Morgan's preference for this dish is raised in *Peregrine Pickle*, where the Welshman makes a cameo appearance and mentions that Roderick has recently sent him "a barrel of excellent herrings for salmagundy, which he knew to be his favorite dish" (chap. 38).
5. "some guests": Lice, a professional hazard for doctors working in such quarters.
6. "larboard watch": Crew to man the port, or left, side of the ship whose shift was beginning.
7. "lay my account with": Expect, learn to make do with; a colloquial saying, originally Scottish.

Chapter 27

1. "*Loblolloy Boy*": Or "loblolly," of unknown origin, from an old country word for a kind of porridge or gruel that came to mean the surgeon's drafts for the sick on board and thus extended to the lowly attendant who dispensed them. The insult, of course, ignores Roderick's proper rank as a second mate, not a simple attendant.
2. "a song": Probably an anti-Scottish ditty carried over from the recent Jacobite Rebellion, perceived by Roderick as an insult to his nationality.
3. "Hockley in the Hole": A site of popular public entertainment near Clerkenwell Green that featured bear and bull baitings, boxing matches, and other rough sports. It is recommended by Mrs. Peachum in Gay's *Beggar's Opera* as a school of valor (1.6). Again, as in chapter 13, Smollett exhibits a sensitivity to the distinctions between genteel fighting and the lawless tactics of lower-class brawling.
4. "Tottenham-Court": Another location in central London known for boxing matches.
5. "cross-buttocks": A wrestling throw over the hip, proscribed in boxing.
6. "pegs": Thrusting blows with a straight arm.
7. "bleeding him in the jugular": A standard medical treatment designed to relieve the "violent influx of the blood" to the head (Robert James, *A Medicinal Dictionary*, 3 vols. [London, 1743 45]).
8. "luxation of the *os humeri*": A dislocation of the upper arm.
9. "same people": Morgan's conjecture that the Scots and Britons descended from common ancestors reflects Smollett's own beliefs and antiquarian interests. For his continuing discussion of the links between the "Britons or Cumbrians" and the "Caledonians," or ancient Scots, see his letter to his cousin James Smollett of 9 March 1756 (*Letters*, 43–44) and his articles on Ossian in *Critical Review* 12 (December 1761): 405–18, and 15 (March 1763): 200–209.

10. "his own country": Ireland. Roderick repeats the identification of Oakhum as Irish more explicitly in chapter 30, with the added suspicion that he and Macshane are Roman Catholics.
11. "bashaw": Variant of the Turkish *pasha*, or petty tyrant. Fielding in *A Voyage to Lisbon* (1755) uses the word to describe the tyrannical sway of a ship's commander (see the entry for Thursday, 27 June).
12. "gill": A measure of liquid, generally equaling one-fourth of a pint. However, in some regions it referred to a half-pint; Johnson, for example, uses gill to refer to a half-pint in Boswell, *The Journal of the Tour of the Hebrides* (London, 1785; see the entry for 20 September 1773). Weights and measures would not be standardized until the 1780s.
13. "Welch song": Another invocation of national stereotypes: the Welsh were (and are) famous for their singing. Morgan may have resorted to a song in his native language as an act both of self-consolation and of defiance.
14. "Cadwallader's": Morgan's first name is also typically Welsh, taken from the Welsh hero (d. 1172) who led the Britons in their resistance against the Saxon invaders under Henry II.
15. "Macshane": A characteristically Irish name; used, for example, by Father Foigard as part of his Hibernian disguise in *The Beaux' Stratagem*.
16. "quartan ague": "An intermitting Fever, where the Fit returns every third Day, the two sick Days being reckoned, and the two intermitting ones making four" (Quincy, 396).
17. "pleuretic stitch": An acute pain in the side caused by pleurisy, for which contemporary authorities recommended "Evacuation, Suppuration, or Expectoration, or all together" but not—as Macshane does here—exercise (Quincy, 369).
18. "ascites or dropsy": A disease caused by a collection of serous fluid in the peritoneal cavity of the abdomen. Tapping or draining the fluid was the common, and painful, remedy. See also chap. 4, n. 1 and *Humphry Clinker*, where Matthew Bramble discusses this malady with a doctor in Bath (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Hot-well, April 18, pp. 19–20 and n. 15).
19. "boatswain's driver": Probably the boatswain's mate, who was responsible for administering punishments under the direction of the ship's commander.
20. "puttoc shrouds": The short links of hemp or chain connecting the lower and topmast shrouds, the implication being that the sick sailor managed to get midway up the rigging. In modern usage the term is more often rendered *futtock shrouds*, a corruption via seamen's pronunciation of the original term *foot-hook shrouds*; the latter is the term Smollett used in the first edition of *Roderick Random* but amended in the fourth to "puttoc."
21. "mad as a March-hare": A proverbial expression dating to the sixteenth century derived from the hyperactive behavior of rabbits during the spring breeding season.
22. "gin-shop in Rag-Fair": A location in Rosemary Lane (now Royal Mint Street) notable for its squalid reputation and its trade in cheap and used clothing; gin shops were notorious as the cheapest and most degenerate of alcoholic dives until they largely disappeared after the passage of the third "Gin Bill" in 1753. See Hogarth's *Gin Lane* (1750), in which the inscription above the door of the infernal gin shop reads "Drunk for a Penny / Dead drunk for two pence / Clean Straw for Nothing."
23. "mizen-shrouds": Short links of hemp or chain connected to the mizzen, or foremost, mast.

Chapter 28

1. "*Sir C——n——r O——le*": Sir Chaloner Ogle (1681?–1750), knighted in 1723, appointed rear admiral of the blue in 1739, commanded the reinforcement fleet sent to Vice Admiral Vernon, and was promoted to admiral and commander in chief in 1749.

2. "embrocation": A liniment; "a liquid used for bathing or moistening any diseased part," especially for massaging bruised muscles (*OED*, which cites this passage).
3. "the Downs": A convenient naval anchorage off Deal in the Thames estuary on the east coast of England, lying inside the Goodwin Sands and between the North and South Foreland.
4. "the head": The ship's privies, so called for their location in the fore part, or head, of a ship, where the private facilities were positioned on either side of the stem.
5. "Spithead": A traditional anchorage and assembly point for the fleet in the east Solent between Portsmouth and Ryde, Isle of Wight.
6. "St. Hellens": Or St. Helens, a bay on the east coast of the Isle of Wight often used as a rendezvous point by the Royal Navy during the eighteenth century.
7. "Carthagena": Or Cartagena, the fortified port located on the island of Cabamani off the coast of modern-day Colombia that served as the commercial and administrative center of the Spanish transatlantic trade and thus was the natural objective of a British expeditionary force. On 26 October 1740 Smollett, as surgeon's second mate on board the *Chichester*, sailed with Ogle's fleet, which joined Admiral Vernon's squadron in Jamaica on 9 January 1741 in preparation for the assault on Cartagena. By February 1741 this large expeditionary force numbered 124 ships and 15,000 sailors, along with 12,000 soldiers under the command of Brig. Gen. Thomas Wentworth. The various unsuccessful attacks and the siege of Cartagena had ended by 7 May 1741. Smollett recounted and analyzed the failed expedition in "Carthagene," in which work the phrase "the ever memorable expedition of Carthagena" is repeated verbatim (387). Smollett offered a briefer account of the expedition in the *Complete History* (4:607–10). *A Journal of the Expedition to Carthagena* (London, 1744), a pamphlet in defense of Wentworth's land forces, has sometimes been attributed to Smollett but with little certainty. For a summary account of Cartagena in Smollett's life and work, see Louis L. Martz, "Smollett and the Expedition to Carthagena," *PMLA* 56 (June 1941): 428–46. For more detailed treatment of the history of this military fiasco and the effort to apportion responsibility for it (which continues in modern military history), see the introduction, xlvii–liii; and the notes to "Carthagene," 485–506.
8. "fifty leagues . . . the Lizard": 150 nautical miles (a league equals precisely three nautical miles) west of the Lizard Head, a promontory in Cornwall fifteen miles southwest of Falmouth.
9. "main-top-sail": The higher (or middle) sail on the mainmast.
10. "trumpets": An instrument similar to a small horn through which spoken orders were amplified, especially during tempestuous weather.
11. "I was wakened . . . clanking of the chain-pumps": This passage contains many close echoes of Smollett's own description of the storm in "Carthagene," as the italicized phrases in the following excerpt demonstrate: "The author of this account . . . says *he was waked* early in the morning, *by a dreadful concert* produced from *the clanking of chain-pumps*, *the creaking of gun-carriages*, *the cracking of cabins* strained by the violent motion, the dashing of the sea, *the howling of the wind*, the rattling of the rigging, and *the confused clamours of six hundred men*" (373). Such phraseological parallels recur in the rest of his description of the storm in this paragraph of *Roderick Random*, down through masts that "quivered like twigs"—a phrase that Smollett carries over almost verbatim from his "Carthagene." The juxtaposition of these texts suggests that, although Smollett's "Carthagene" was not published until 1756, its composition predates that of *Roderick Random* and that Smollett was adapting from and elaborating on the nonfictional text to create these sections of the novel. For details on the composition of and relationship between these texts, see the introduction, xlix–li; and "Carthagene," 373, n. 56. The term "chain-pump" refers to a long, vertical chain, equipped with a number of valves, working on a sprocket wheel, by which the water is pumped out of the ship's hold.

12. "topmast head": Not to be confused with the top of the mast: topmast is the name of the middle section of a three-piece mast, the lowest being the lower mast and the highest the topgallant mast.
13. "main-braces": The braces attached to the yard on the mainmast, thus, those that supported the largest sail on the ship, which explains the force that would fling two sailors overboard.
14. "church of Rome": The Roman Catholic Church. Roderick hesitates to make the accusation ("this I will not insist upon") because it carried such a stigma and some danger: Roman Catholics were suspected of disloyalty, in part because of the connection with Jacobitism and with France, and could suffer repercussions such as being stripped of positions or qualifications unless they professed at least a nominal Anglicanism.
15. "go by the board": Snap and fall overboard.
16. "capital instruments": Surgical tools for amputation. Smollett may intend a subtle pun on other senses of "capital": Macshane values these tools as excellent or first-rate, while Jack, Morgan, and Roderick think they are mortal or death-dealing.
17. "dock'd": Amputated.
18. "road of heaven": Haven or gathering point in the afterlife; from the nautical term for a harborage or safe anchorage where ships gathered before sailing out onto the high seas.
19. "old junk": Nautical term for worn or frayed cable or rope.
20. "eighteen-tailed bandage": A standard dressing "peculiarly adapted to a compound Fracture, with eighteen Heads [ends] or Leaves," that was placed under the limb and the ends wrapped obliquely around it (James, *Medicinal Dictionary*).
21. "*secundem artem*": Lat., "according to the rules of the art," a motto current among self-consciously up-to-date eighteenth-century physicians.

Chapter 29

1. "the poop": The lowest deck and thus the one that would most frequently receive seawater over the stern.
2. "cuteau": Fr., *couteau*, "knife"; commonly used in eighteenth-century English to mean a large hunting weapon, although not a sword.
3. "cleared for an engagement": "To prepare for battle by securing everything on board, testing all communications in connection with the ship's armament, rigging fire hoses, [and] piping the ship's company to their action stations" (Kemp, *Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea*, 170).
4. "sternmost chace": Hindmost ship, the one farthest in the rear.
5. "on board of": Alongside.
6. "head of the officer . . . shot off": The second of the three medical emergencies—amputation, decapitation, and intestinal wounds—that Roderick's examiners had raised hypothetically during his qualifying exams (see chap. 17 and n. 2), here experienced in bloody detail and tactile immediacy. Smollett was probably also drawing on his personal experience aboard the *Chichester* in 1741, when he witnessed the grisly death of Capt. Thomas England of the marines, who was beheaded by a cannonball. The episode was reported in *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 (April 1741): 223. See also "Carthagene," 375 and n. 83.
7. "he believed them Spaniards": France was not officially at war with England (although it would be from 1744), and thus an attack on a French ship was illegitimate.
8. "gone over-board . . . certainly the case": Thomson's apparent suicide is reminiscent of an

event Smollett witnessed aboard the *Chichester* in November 1740: "On Tuesday the 25th, a man belonging to the *Chichester*, jumped overboard and drowned himself in resentment for having undergone the shameful discipline of the ship for vermin" ("Carthagene," 374).

Chapter 30

1. "tennis-ball": Morgan repeats Roderick's own earlier metaphor (chap. 1 and n. 3) for a life in which one is bandied about randomly but here with decided antipathy to such a fate. Unlike Roderick, who at the beginning of the novel seems almost to rejoice in the colorful metaphor, Morgan here seems to resent its negative implications, especially as developed in Locke's discussion of it: "A tennis ball, whether in motion by the stroke of a racket, or lying still at rest, is not taken by anyone to be a *free agent*. If we inquire into the reason, we shall find it is because we conceive not a tennis ball to think, and consequently not to have any volition, or preference of motion to rest, or *vice versa*; and therefore has not *liberty*" (*Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, 2.21.9).
2. "trudge": A servant or underling who carries out the most tedious tasks; derived from the verb "to trudge," to walk laboriously, with a connotation of abject servitude. *OED* cites this passage as its earliest example of the noun, which seems to be Smollett's ingenious coinage via Morgan's idiolect (pronouncing *t* for *d*), "trudge" for "drudge."
3. "tuck'd up": Hanged.
4. "*a priori*": Lat., "that which is before," here suggesting a premeditated crime.
5. "grub": "A person of mean abilities" (*OED*, which cites this passage).
6. "Cook and Littlejohn": Sir Edward Coke (1552–1634), whose name was often pronounced and spelled as Cook or Cooke, was the author of the widely used legal book *Institutes of the Lawes of England*, 4 vols. (London, 1628–48), a commentary on Sir Thomas Littleton's (1422–81) earlier anonymous and untitled treatise on tenures, widely known as "Littleton" (c. 1481). Coke's work was frequently reprinted during the eighteenth century and commonly referred to as "Coke on Littleton," a reference that Oakhum garbles here.
7. "Taffy": Term of derision for a Welshman, from the Welsh for David or Dafydd, with a particular mockery of the Welsh habit of aspirating hard consonants, here *t* for *d*.
8. "Great Mogul": The title used by Europeans for the ruler of the Mohammedan Tartar or Mogul Empire in India, thus, a colloquialism applied to those who wielded absolute despotic power.
9. "tyger": Morgan expresses a rationale for using various animals to signify a typology of human characters; Smollett himself employed this same rationale in the apologue that he added to the fourth edition of *Roderick Random* (see 7 and n. 1).
10. "Baptism and the Lord's supper": This is Roderick Random's (correct) response when asked to prove his Protestantism, these being the two sacraments explicitly authorized in the Bible and therefore the only two accepted by the most radical Protestant sects and, since the Elizabethan Settlement (1563), by the Anglican Church. The Book of Common Prayer lists these two explicitly in article 25. That the legitimacy of these two sacraments had long been the cornerstone of Protestant belief is evident, for example, in John Bunyan's children's poem of 1686 "Upon the Sacraments": "Two sacraments I do believe there be, / Baptism and the Supper of the Lord." Oakhum's ignorance of Protestantism and his closet Catholicism are revealed here: he is aware that non-Catholics recognize only two sacraments, but he does not know which ones, as indicated by his response: "And so you would explode confirmation and

marriage altogether?" (The five additional sacraments that Catholics recognize are confirmation, matrimony, holy orders, penance, and extreme unction.)

11. "transubstantiation": The Roman Catholic belief that the substance of the wine and bread is transformed into the actual blood and body of Christ (to which Roderick refers in the next line as the "doctrine of the real presence"). Belief in transubstantiation was condemned by all Protestant denominations, including the Anglican Church.
12. "cypher": A handwritten code. During the eighteenth century not only spies but also military officers regularly devised codes to protect their secret communications.
13. "caught a Tartar": Tackled "one who unexpectedly proves to be too formidable" (*OED*), probably from the fierce fighting reputation of the Tartars.
14. "cock-loft": A small space awkwardly situated, usually reached by a ladder; not specifically a nautical term.
15. "fore-mast-men": Ordinary sailors; technically, those below the rank of petty officer.
16. "the Levant": The eastern extreme of the Mediterranean Sea, since ancient times a crossroads of trade.
17. "Morea": The peninsula at the southern extreme of Greece, called by the Greeks Peloponnese.
18. "Hengist": The legendary Saxon leader who, together with his brother Horsa, invaded England in about AD 449 and established the kingdom of Kent.
19. "Pindar": Greek lyric poet (522?–443 BC), highly esteemed and widely imitated during the eighteenth century.
20. "Evangelists": The writers of the four Gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—whose texts were transmitted to posterity in Greek.
21. "Gothic dialect": A degenerate or barbaric vestige of the original language. Demotic, or modern, Greek would have been almost unintelligible to someone educated in classical Greek, although Roderick is further outmaneuvered when the sailors resort to Irish Gaelic. Smollett's sensitivity to the inexorable decline of great languages from their classical purity surfaces in many of his other works with regard to Latin and English; see, for example, his lament in Letter 21 of the *Travels* about the modern patois of Nice as the "language that rose upon the ruins of the Latin tongue, after the irruptions of the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Burgundians, by whom the Roman empire was destroyed" (181).

Chapter 31

1. "two modern Greeks": The two sailors who claimed to speak Greek in the preceding chapter, with perhaps a hint that they were homosexual lovers. Roderick's disapproval of homosexuality emerges more fully later in the novel. See chapter 35, in which he mocks the effeminate Captain Whiffle, who is thought to maintain a "correspondence with his surgeon [Simper]" that is "not fit to be named," and chapter 51, in which he resists the homosexual overtures of Earl Strutwell, who defends his sexual preference by citing its prevalence in ancient Greece as practiced by Achilles and other heroes.
2. "court-martial": A formal court composed of officers used to try criminal cases in the military; on occasion, however, a court-martial could be requested by someone wanting to clear his name of an imputation. See Uden and Cooper, *Dictionary of British Ships*, 102–4.
3. "there is a time . . . to gather them up again": A paraphrase of Ecclesiastes 3:1 and 3:5, long attributed to "the wise man," Solomon, but now thought to belong to the post-Solomonic era.
4. "Port-Royal": The principal port on the south coast of Jamaica, which served as the main

military port and gathering point for the British fleet during the West Indies campaign of 1739–41 and for most of the century.

5. "West-Indian squadron": The fleet that regularly patrolled the Caribbean.
6. "beat up": To tack, necessary when sailing into the wind and, as the phrase implies, more laborious than sailing straight before it.
7. "isle of Vache": From the French for "cow," a small island off the port city of Les Cayes on the southwest coast of Saint Domingue (Haiti).
8. "advice-boat": A small, swift vessel used to carry dispatches from one ship to another or from ship to shore.
9. "ministry": Sir Robert Walpole's government, which had initiated a naval war, known as the War of Jenkins' Ear, against the Spanish in the Caribbean and southern Atlantic at the instigation of the South Sea Company in 1739. Smollett's satiric undertone throughout this passage conveys his criticism not only of the expedition leadership's disregard for the well-being of ordinary sailors and soldiers but also of the government ministers and their policies back home.
10. "secrets of the deep": An echo of Shakespeare, *Richard III*: "Had you such leisure in the time of death / To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?" (1.4.34–35). See also Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 12.578.

Chapter 32

1. "fascine battery": A heavy gun emplacement set behind a protective bank of tightly bound bundles of wood two to three feet thick and four feet long, covered with earth.
2. "cohorns": Small mortars, named after the Dutch military engineer who invented them, Baron van Coehoorn (1641–1704).
3. "redoubts": Fortifications built at some distance from any covert area, so anyone wanting to approach within shooting range must come into the open.
4. "after-hold": An inner storage chamber at the rear of the ship.
5. "instructions": *Regulations and Instructions*, the official manual that governed shipboard procedures (see above, chap. 24, n. 24); in spite of his cowardice, Macshane is technically in the right and flourishes the book to insist on his point.
6. "our signal was thrown out": The order to begin the attack was sent throughout the fleet.
7. "castle of Boca Chica": Fort San Luis, the largest of the fortresses that guarded the narrow passage called Boca Chica (Tiny Mouth) running between the islands Tierra Bomba and Baru, leading from the sea into the outer harbor of Cartagena.
8. "spring upon our cable": Rope from the ship's stern attached to the anchor cable when a ship lies at anchor, used to swing the ship around to aim its broadside guns at a target.
9. "Fort St. Joseph": The second largest fortress guarding Boca Chica, located on the southern side of the passage.
10. "land battery": Altered, perhaps for clarity, from "bomb battery" in the first edition: the land-based group of mortars and cohorns.
11. "chew of tobacco": "A quid (of tobacco)" (*OED*, which cites this passage).
12. "Golgotha": Graveyard or place of interment, from the Aramaic form of the Hebrew for "skull"; in scripture, the place of Christ's crucifixion (see Matthew 27:33).
13. "*Pater-noster*": Lat., the Our Father (or Lord's Prayer), the fundamental Christian prayer, first uttered by Christ in the New Testament (see Matthew 6:9–13). That Macshane uses the Latin title rather than the English is another hint of his Roman Catholicism.

Chapter 33

1. "slip our cables, and sheer off": To let the cable run out and quickly move the ship farther away, usually in an emergency or during battle, when there is no time to weigh anchor.
2. "outward harbour": The outer harbor at Cartagena, surrounded on three sides by the Colombian mainland and on the other by the islands of Baru and Tierra Bomba, leaving only the two passages Boca Grande and Boca Chica to connect it with the sea. The inner harbor was tucked into a smaller bay that led off the northern extremity of the outer.
3. "purser's quart": A quart that was short of full measure. Pursers, whose duty on board was to distribute the provisions to officers and crew, were notoriously dishonest. Smollett uses the term again in "Carthagene" (380).
4. "Torrid Zone": "The region of the earth between the tropics" (*OED*).
5. "Irish horse": A variant of "salt horse," sailors' slang for cured beef, alluding to the inferior, notoriously tough meat and its suspected origins among the overworked, skin-and-bones horses of Ireland.
6. "train-oil": "Oil obtained by boiling from the blubber of whales" (*OED*).
7. "*Necessity*": The daily liquor allowance of what came to be known as grog or the tot, instituted by Adm. Edward Vernon in his famous order of 21 August 1740 at Port Royal and continued as a practice throughout the Royal Navy until 1970. "Grog" derived from the admiral's nickname, "Old Grogram," after his grogram cloak. For more on Vernon, see the introduction, xlvii–lii; and "Carthagene," 372 and n. 21.
8. "But of all the consequences . . . on board": This passage includes close verbal parallels to phrases in the corresponding section of Smollett's "Carthagene," such as "expence of the animal fluid" (380); "to repair the waste of four and twenty hours" (380); "the sun, which was vertical" (380); "putrid beef" (380); and "Nor could this restriction be owing to the fears of scarcity" (380).
9. "great mortality": Again Smollett's fictional detail corresponds to historical conditions, with no exaggeration. By May 1741 only 1,500 of Wentworth's original force of 8,000 soldiers were fit to fight; in one three-week period during July, 2,260 men died. See Christopher Lloyd and Jack L. S. Coulter, vol. 3 of *Medicine and the Navy: 1200–1900* (Edinburgh: Livingstone, 1961), 104–6; and Boucé, 275–76. For more on Wentworth, see the introduction, xlviii–l; chap. 27, n. 7; and "Carthagene," 374 and n. 71.
10. "great many valuable lives . . . army and fleet": Again here Smollett repeats details and specific language from his "Carthagene"; see, for example, the following sentence: "Of all these refreshments the people were in the utmost want, tho' both army and fleet might have been plentifully supplied by employing some of the transports which lay inactive, to fetch turtle, live stock, and fruit from the neighbouring islands" (386).
11. "St. Lazar": The English name for a fort the Spanish called San Felipe, located on a small promontory overlooking Cartagena. Although it mounted eighteen cannons, the fort had weaknesses that made it vulnerable, and the Spanish engineers rushed to reinforce it before the British attack (see "Carthagene," 380).
12. "country mastifs . . . valour": A close echo of *Henry V*, in which Rambures says, "That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage," and Orleans responds, "Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples!" (3.7.141–45).
13. "second landing . . . La Quinta": This phrasing echoes exactly that in "Carthagene," in which Smollett describes "the second landing at La Quinta" (381). La Quinta is the name of an estate and surrounding area located at the eastern extremity of the inner harbor, beyond St. Lazar.

14. "our renowned general": Wentworth, who assumed command of the troops upon the death of Charles, 8th Lord Cathcart, on 20 December 1740. On Wentworth's and Vernon's responsibilities in the Cartagena expedition, see Harding, 83–122.
15. "hospital ships": Ships attached to a fighting fleet, specially equipped to provide medical services. As noncombatant ships carrying no arms, they were considered under the code of combat as illegitimate either in attacking the enemy's fleet or in being used strategically to defend their own. They could therefore be viewed as a burden to a fleet commander, which is apparently the case here, as the commanders declined to staff them with even minimal medical personnel.
16. "The sick . . . corruption of the sores": These sentences contain close verbal parallels with a passage in Smollett's "Carthagene," specifically echoing the following phrases from the latter: "the sick and wounded" (384); "vessels called hospital-ships" (384); "destitute of surgeons, nurses, cooks" (384); "pent up between decks" (384); "they had not room to sit upright" (384); and "myriads of maggots were hatched in the putrefaction of their sores" (384).
17. "his fellow-chief": Vernon, of whom Smollett was fiercely critical but of whom others had a more favorable opinion. Perhaps the most historically significant example of the latter is George Washington's older half brother Lawrence Washington, who served under Vernon on the expedition and who, when he returned to Virginia, renamed the family estate—later inherited and made famous by the future president—Mount Vernon, in honor of the admiral. Smollett mentions Colonel Washington favorably in his "Carthagene," a reminder that the then nine-year-old George might well have formed his ideas of military glory from the exploits of this older brother who fought at Cartagena. For more on Vernon, see the introduction, xlvii–lii; "Carthagene," 372 and n. 21; and chap. 33, n. 7.
18. "the Dæmon of discord": Discordia or Eris, the personification of conflict and the daughter of Nyx (Night). She appears in several Homeric battle scenes, and Hesiod makes her the mother of toil, pain, battles, bloodshed, lies, and ruin.
19. "Cæsar and Pompey . . . impatient of an equal": Julius Caesar (102?–44 BC) and Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus, or Pompey (106–48 BC), both famous Roman generals, contended for power in 49–48 BC. The passage is a verbatim translation of Lucan, *De bello civili* 1.125–26: "Nec quemquem iam ferre potest Caesarve priorem / Pompeiusve parem."
20. "This inhuman disregard . . . enterprize miscarried": In its order and tone, this passage parallels the paragraph in Smollett's "Carthagene" that begins "This picture cannot fail to be shocking" (385). One phrase in the latter is echoed almost exactly: "every ship of war in the fleet could have spared a couple of surgeons for their relief."
21. "Between two stools the backside falls to the ground": An old English proverb about the dangers of indecision that dates from the fourteenth century (*OED*).
22. "hang an a—se": That is, "arse," "to grumble or complain," an archaic sense of a colloquialism that Smollett revives here to extend the joke about one's posture when falling between two stools. Bowling uses the phrase in its more usual sense of "to hang back, to hesitate" in chapter 65.
23. "joint-stool or a close-stool": Two common pieces of wooden furniture, used here in a derisive sense. The former refers to a stool made of parts fitted or joined together, invoked colloquially to mock someone being overlooked, as in "Cry you mercy, I took you for a join-stool" (Shakespeare, *King Lear*, 3.6.52); the latter is a chamber pot enclosed in a box. Here Smollett builds on the double-stool metaphor and the jokes about posteriors to drive home his relentless mockery of Vernon and Wentworth, the "heroic leaders."
24. "one of the Spanish men of war we had taken": A well-known and controversial episode in which the *Galicia*, the flagship of the Spanish admiral Blas de Lezo y Olavarrieta, was used as

a floating battery to cannonade the town but, being moored too far from the walls, according to Smollett and other critics of the navy, could do little or no damage. After this final unsuccessful attempt, on 16 April 1741, the siege of Cartagena was virtually over. For more on Admiral Blas de Lezo, see "Carthagene," 378 and n. 146.

25. "Don Quixote to attack the windmill": This famous incident occurs in pt. 1, bk. 1, chap. 8; see *Don Quixote*, trans. Smollett, 62–68.
26. "winding sheet": "A shroud" (*OED*).
27. "bodies overboard . . . carrion crows": Again Smollett borrows phrases from his own "Carthagene," which in the corresponding passage reads: "the naked bodies of their fellow-soldiers and comrades floating up and down the harbour, affording prey to the carrion crows and sharks" (385).
28. "At the same time . . . by the illumination": This sentence is a close verbal parallel of one in Smollett's "Carthagene": "By *this time the rainy season had begun* with such violence that it was hardly practicable to keep the field, for *it poured down in a deluge* incessantly *from the rising to the setting of the sun*; and then *the lightning began to play in such continued flashing, that one might have read a small print all night long by the illumination*" (383, italics added).

Chapter 34

1. "bilious fever": Yellow fever. The passage echoes "Carthagene," 386. Smollett also describes the disease in *Present State*, 8:382.
2. "blown up": A phrase that Smollett carries over from his description of the same episode in "Carthagene" (387).
3. "unwholesome smell of decayed provision": It was commonly believed that stenches caused by heat, filth, and overcrowding in prisons and on board ships propagated illness (see Atkins, *Navy Surgeon*, 358). Contemporary inventors such as Stephen Hales and Samuel Sutton focused considerable effort on developing machines to ventilate ships properly (see Boucé, 272–73).
4. "halberdier": A soldier armed with a weapon that combines a spear and a battle axe, or halberd; by extension, any soldier, here a marine.
5. "resolution . . . refuse all medicine": Given the state of contemporary medicine, Roderick was probably wise to do so; indeed, according to one school of thought, in the case of fevers, medicines could interfere with the body's natural healing processes, which were best facilitated by sweating and following a liquid diet. Apparently, Smollett himself, however, did not always refuse medicines during his time aboard the *Chichester*. According to naval records, he ran up a hospital bill of 10s. 8d., a significant sum in relation to his monthly pay of £2 (Public Record Office Ad. 33/410; see also Knapp, 32, 35).
6. "diaphoretic boluses": Large pills prescribed to induce perspiration.
7. "water-gruel": A thin mixture of oatmeal or flour with water for simple nourishment; the water made it more easily digestible than the usual milk-based gruel (*OED*).
8. "blister": Plaster or ointment applied to the skin to raise a thin vesicle or blister on the surface through which the infected matter might be drawn out and drained.
9. "how a presbyterian . . . English government": As dissenters, Presbyterians were affected by the Test Act of 1673, which required that all civil and military officers, with a few minor exceptions, or persons getting pay from the Crown should take the oath of allegiance and supremacy, declare against transubstantiation, and receive the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. Although directed against the Roman Catholic Recusants, the Test Act

was equally crippling for Protestant dissenters. It was not repealed until 1828. The Toleration Act of 1689 made religious practice easier for the dissenters and opened municipal and other offices to them, but they still had to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and subscribe a declaration against transubstantiation. The provision in the Test Act that all persons in office or receiving pay from the Crown should receive the sacrament according to the usage of the Church of England remained valid, though not always enforced.

10. "bumbo": Previously a child's word for drink and a colloquialism for alcoholic mixtures in general; the drink's ingredients are specified here by Smollett, whose own note is cited by the *OED* as the earliest instance.
11. "kite": A bird of prey of the falcon family, formerly common in England but quite rare by the eighteenth century; used figuratively to connote extraordinary rapacity.
12. "great trump plows": Judgment Day. Morgan's Welsh accent somewhat obscures the reference to the prophesied end of the world, when "the trumpet call" will announce the fulfillment of "the mystery of God" (Revelation 10:7).
13. "Ochree": An exclamation of sorrow, originally Scottish but also used in Wales.
14. "lollop": "To lounge or sprawl"; this passage is quoted in the *OED*.
15. "heaved down": A variant of "hove down," a process in which a ship was turned on its side to have its hull cleaned of seaweed and barnacles; used metaphorically above in chap. 23 and n. 22.
16. "cambric": A fine white linen, originally made at Cambrai in Flanders, used frequently in making handkerchiefs.
17. "right Mechlin": True or genuine bobbin lace; so called for the excellent lace made at Mechlin (variously Mechelen or Malines), a town in modern Belgium.
18. "to meet his silk stockings": A fashion detail: stockings that rolled over the breeches were out of style; those that stopped short were in.
19. "Meroquin": Moroccan leather, from the French word *maroquin*.
20. "knot of ribbon": The sword knot had become an ornamental rather than a functional accoutrement to the weapon during the eighteenth century, a part of the fashionable costume—as in *The Rape of the Lock*, when Pope mocks the combat of the salon, "Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots Sword-knots strive, / Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive" (1.101–2).
21. "tossle": Tassel.
22. "mask": A face cover for preventing sunburn but also worn as a stylish affectation of delicacy. *Spectator*, no. 22 (26 March 1711) contains an advertisement for a doctor who received patients "in their masquing habits" and would pull teeth without removing the patients' masks. Masks were also evocative of masquerades, a common phenomenon of London social life, which was particularly redolent of sexual license.
23. "Whiffle": The name connotes fickleness and trifling insignificance with an added overtone of sexual deviance and self-indulgence; according to Grose, the slang meaning of "whiffles" was "a relaxation of the scrotum" (*Provincial Glossary*, new ed. [London, 1811]). Whiffle's most direct literary forebears are Lord Foppington in John Vanbrugh's *Relapse* (1696) and the "finical sea fop" Mizen in Charles Shadwell's *The Fair Quaker of Deal*. The latter anticipates Whiffle's olfactory sensitivity when he tells his servant: "Go you to the Perfumers, buy me a Gallon of Orange-Flower-Water, and a Pint of Jessamin-Oyl; let the Muslin Curtains, and furbelow'd Toylet be washed out of hand; Carry on Board a Bushel of Sweet-Powder, and tell the Purser I am resolv'd every Man on Board my Ship shall have a clean white Shirt at his Charge. . . . Will nothing please you, but what stinks with tar and tobacco?" (1.1; see Boucé, 267–68). Smollett had already attacked homosexuality in *Advice* (lines 91–114), which he quotes in yet

another disapproving depiction of homosexuality in the Strutwell episode in chapter 51 of *Roderick Random*. An Italian marquis and a German baron are also chastised for their unnatural practices in *Peregrine Pickle* (chap. 49). Smollett may also have been affected by an episode that occurred on the Cartagena expedition. In February 1741 Admiral Vernon presided at a court-martial in which Captain Hayes, of the fireship *Strombolo* (see "Carthagene," n. 52), was relieved of his command after being accused of sodomy by George Hedge, one of his purported victims. See the minutes of the court-martial in the British Library (BM, Add. MSS 40.831, fol. 53). One scholar suggests that Hayes is the original of Captain Whiffle; see Jean Bélanger, "Note sur *Roderick Random* et l'Expédition de Carthagène," *Études anglaises* 3 (1939): 250–51. In 1823 an anonymous journalist in the *Emmet* (5 April 1823) claimed that Smollett had been sued by the Earl of Bath for depicting him as Captain Whiffle but successfully defended himself (see Knapp, 326). In 1859 a rumor circulated that Whiffle represented Harry Paulet, 6th Duke of Bolton, but no proof ever emerged (see Knapp, 100–101 and n. 36).

24. "patron's disposition": Roderick's language here in describing the comportment of Whiffle and his entourage clearly suggests that he views them as homosexual in orientation and not merely as participants in same-sex practices, which were common aboard ships. Precisely this distinction—"sodomy" as a practice versus "homosexuality" as an orientation—is a point of contention among modern historians. One school, following Michel Foucault, asserts that while sodomitical acts were openly avowed in certain contexts in eighteenth-century society (including aboard ships), there was no homosexual identity in Europe until the later nineteenth century (see, e.g., Randolph Trumbach, "Sodomitical Subcultures, Sodomitical Roles and the Gender Revolution of the Eighteenth Century," *Eighteenth-Century Life* 9 [1985]: 109–21). A contrary school of thought posits a "definite awareness and language for a distinct homosexuality" since the Renaissance (see Joseph Cady, "'Masculine Love,' Renaissance Writing and the 'New Invention' of Homosexuality," *Journal of Homosexuality* 23 [1992]: 9–40). This latter argument, that "masculine love" was understood to imply not only sodomy but also a psychological and/or biological orientation exclusively toward men, would seem to be supported by Smollett's presentation of the "disposition" of Whiffle and his entourage. For a summary treatment of the homosexual subtext in the novel, see Steven Bruhm, "Roderick Random's Closet," *English Studies in Canada* 19 (1993): 401–15.
25. "Arabia Fœlix": Happy Arabia, one of the three parts into which the ancients divided the Arabian Peninsula. Arabia Felix was celebrated for its wealth and luxury items, especially perfumes.
26. "Spare to speak, and spare to speed": English proverb that dates from the fourteenth century, warning that one who is reluctant to speak misses opportunities. See *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs* and the *OED*, which cites this passage.
27. "chintz": Painted or stained calicoes imported from India, especially cotton fabrics printed with designs of flowers.
28. "conge's": That is, "congés" or "congees," from the French noun *congé*, "leave." A bow, originally at taking one's leave, afterward also in salutation (*OED*).
29. "Zauns": Foppish pronunciation for "zounds" (derived from "by Christ's wounds"), noted as early as Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle* (1699), 2.2.
30. "Hungary water": Distilled water made from rosemary flowers infused into rectified spirits of wine, used chiefly to perfume linen.
31. "Tawy": An allusion to one of two rivers in Wales: either the Tawe, which rises in the western part of the Brecon Beacons near Cray and enters the Bristol Channel at Swansea, or the Towy, which rises in the southeast of Cardiganshire and flows sixty-five miles south and west, emptying into Carmarthen Bay. Morgan echoes the phrasing of Fluellen's declaration to King Henry

in *Henry V*, 4.7: "All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody."

32. "cephalic": A remedy for distempers of the head.

Chapter 35

1. "Vergette": Another suggestive name from the French for a brush or clothes whisk, but also a pun on the sexual meaning of *vergette*, "small penis."
2. "quelque chose of de bonne mine": Fr., "something of a pretty face," with feminine overtones; the phrase was used, for example, as a standard description of actresses.
3. "fillet of silk": A ribbon, string, or narrow band of material, here silk, normally used to bind the hair or to wear as an ornament around the head and thus further suggestive of Whiffle's foppishness and effeminacy.
4. "twelve ounces": A standard amount to be drawn when bleeding a patient; Gawky was bled twelve ounces in chapter 21. Whiffle's squeamish limit of just over an ounce would have been regarded as medically insignificant and further evidence of his affected delicacy.
5. "drachms": Or drams, each one-eighth of a fluid ounce, hence, any small amount.
6. "obliged to art for the clearness of his complexion": That young Simper uses powder on his face suggests he may be concealing blemishes symptomatic of venereal disease and, by extension, of his moral degeneracy. For a famous contemporary depiction of cosmetic attempts to conceal venereal sores, see the philandering and degenerate Lord Squanderfield, who wears beauty patches on his throat in plates 1, 2, 3, and 5 of Hogarth's *Marriage à la mode* (1745).
7. "tincture of castor": An oily substance extracted from the anal glands of the beaver, usually prescribed as a stimulant in nervous disorders and reputed to correct "the virulence of Opium" (Quincy, 498–99).
8. "laudanum": A medicine compounded of opium, sometimes mixed with alcohol.
9. "sack-posset": Hot milk curdled with Spanish white wine, sugar, and spices, formerly much used as a restorative.
10. "Lizzard sloop": The name of a ship recently in the news: the June 1745 *Gentleman's Magazine* reported on the court-martial of "Captain Green, of the Lizzard sloop of war," who "was tried for not obeying the orders of capt. Bully of the Vulture, to engage a French privateer, which they met with May 1" off the coast of France. (Green was found guilty and sentenced to a year in the Marshalsea Prison.) Although Smollett does not include the *Lizzard* among the ships at Cartagena (see "Carthagene," 372–73), he may well have encountered or heard of it somewhere else during his naval years.
11. "on a footing with every first mate in the service": A surgeon's first mate earned £2 10s. per month, irrespective of his ship's rates (sloops were small and low rated), and Roderick's new rank was officially transferable throughout the navy, even onto vastly larger ships.
12. "ticket": An official discharge document or pay-warrant that a seaman was given at the end of a voyage to be used to collect his pay from the Navy Office. Sailors in a pinch or far from home could sell the ticket to a moneylender at a discount, as Roderick does later.
13. "Greenwich-hospital": An institution built to house disabled or superannuated seamen of the navy, established by Charles II in 1664 and maintained until 1873. For a detailed description, see Chamberlayne, "A List of His Majesty's Ships," pt. 1, bk. 2, pp. 136–38, pt. 2, bk. 3, pp. 186–90.
14. "to a Jew . . . 40 *per cent*.": Roderick here sells his ticket to a moneylender, presented once again—even in eighteenth-century Jamaica—as a stereotypical Jewish usurer. For details on

Smollett's treatment of the Jewish question in his works, see Felsenstein, *Anti-Semitic Stereotypes*, 151, 210, 274 n. 56, 309–10 n. 64, 314 n. 27. Although Roderick matter-of-factly accepts a deep discount off its face value (40 percent at a time when bank interest rates were 3 to 5 percent), the episode suggests both the injustice routinely suffered by seamen and the corrupt underground financial system in which pay-warrants circulated, ultimately to be presented for collection to the government. See also Smollett's attack in *Reproof* (1747) on "griping J[as]p[e]r," a moneylender said to charge 50 percent interest and to be "famous for buying poor seamen's tickets" (line 129; and see *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 449 n. 22).

15. "Spanish barcolongo": Or *barca longa*, a large Spanish fishing boat with two or three masts.
16. "Port Morant": East of Kingston and Port Royal on the extreme southeast coast of Jamaica.

Chapter 36

1. "Brayl": Another nautical name, taken from "brails," which were ropes used to gather in sails temporarily before furling.
2. "crazy": Weak or cracked and thus thrown overboard (*OED*).
3. "notions . . . severe and confined": Presbyterians, Catholics, and most Christian denominations regarded suicide as a grave sin.
4. "surgeon and overseer": The roles were often filled by the same man, as medical skills were useful in maintaining a plantation's chief productive asset, the slave labor force. For a contemporary physician's detailed account of the illnesses of plantation slaves, see book 4 of a long poem written by Smollett's literary enemy, James Grainger, *The Sugar Cane* (London, 1764). Grainger actually spent some years overseeing and treating the slaves on a Jamaican plantation before returning to London to write about his experiences.
5. "a couple of stout negroes": Although all of chapter 36 takes place in Jamaica, where blacks outnumbered whites by more than ten to one and where Roderick spends several days on a plantation as the guest of a slave overseer, these two are the only slaves mentioned or allowed to come into view in the course of Roderick's entire stay. Whether averting his gaze from the horrors of slave life or deliberately beautifying the image of a slave-based society, Smollett seems to be screening blacks out of his narrative.
6. "disclosed a passion": Like Thomson, Smollett himself wooed and later married a Jamaican heiress, Anne Lassells, whom he met during his stint in the Caribbean in the early 1740s. Given that almost nothing is known about Smollett's courtship of his future wife, the Thomson episode raises the question of which, if any, details of it are drawn from Smollett's own experience.
7. "pistoles": A Spanish gold coin worth between sixteen and eighteen shillings; Thomson's generous gift amounts to the equivalent of about four months' wages for Roderick.
8. "dryness": Bad feeling, "lack of cordiality" (*OED*, which cites this passage).
9. "transported for theft": Convicted criminals were often shipped or transported to penal colonies such as Georgia in lieu of being executed to serve the years of their sentence as indentured servants. It was a further crime to return to Britain before one had finished one's term. For a literary depiction of a transported criminal's experience, see Defoe's *Moll Flanders* (1722).
10. "infamous death": Summary execution for mutiny, which would be the result of any assault on the captain, regardless of provocation.
11. "four doubloons": Spanish gold coins, also called pistoles (see chap. 36, n. 7), worth two escudos, or about sixteen to eighteen shillings. Thomson's generosity is telling, for his gift here is the equivalent of more than £3 sterling, more than a month's pay for Roderick.

12. "hazard": A dice game.
13. "man turned of fourscore": Perhaps based on Captain Stapilton (or Staypleton) of Smollett's own ship, the *Chichester*. See Bélanger, "Note sur *Roderick Random*," 250–51; and "Carthagene," 372 and n. 33.
14. "reign of King William": William III (b. 1650), king of England from 1689 until his death in 1702.
15. "scrubbed her bottom": Scraped and cleaned off the accretions on the ship's hull that otherwise slowed its movement through the water, a regular practice that improved sailing speed. See also chap. 23, n. 22.

Volume 2

Chapter 37

1. "grave of so many Europeans": Jamaica, like all tropical regions, was rife with diseases such as malaria that were not common in Europe. The lack of prior exposure made them particularly deadly to Europeans.
2. "gravel": Like gout, a disease associated with high living and heavy drinking; it involves the formation and passage of many small concretions in the urinary tract.
3. "Holland-gin": Geneva or geneval, spirits distilled from juniper berries, originally made in Holland, hence its name. The English word "gin" derives from geneva and applies to a cheaper, harsher spirit distilled from barley or other grain, sometimes cut with juniper extract. Juniper derivatives have powerful diuretic properties, and thus gin was often taken for diseases of the urinary system.
4. "surgeon's hen-coops": The doctor's personal stock of fowls, which Thomson had given him in chapter 36 and which would have provided him with eggs and fresh poultry on the voyage home.
5. "service of the dead": The funeral liturgy could not be read for a suicide, as laid down in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer.
6. "soundings": Shallow waters, where water depth could be measured with the sounding lead, a handheld line of about twenty fathoms in length with a lead weight at the end.
7. "Scilly light": The lighthouse on St. Agnes Island, one of the Isles of Scilly, a cluster of islands, islets, and rocks located twenty-five to thirty miles off Land's End in Cornwall. See William Borlase, *Observations on the Ancient and Present State of the Islands of Scilly* (Oxford, 1756), 37–39.
8. "according to custom . . . officers": The episode of the sloop's wreck on the coast of Sussex is taken from the story of the *Wager*, one of Lord George Anson's ships, wrecked on the coast of Chile on 14 May 1741. Two of the survivors, the gunner John Bulkeley and the carpenter John Cummins, published *A Voyage to the South-Seas* (London, 1743); the account includes the looting of the wreck by and rampant drunkenness of the crew (13–15). While Smollett was writing *Roderick Random*, another survivor's account was published: Alexander Campbell's *The Sequel to Bulkeley and Cummins's Voyage to the South Seas* (London, 1747), which confirmed the specifics of the first account. Smollett may also have heard the story directly from Captain Cheap, who commanded the *Wager* and who afterward lived in London, where Smollett may have met him (see Kahrl, *Tobias Smollett, Traveler-Novelist*, 15–16; and Boucé, 269–70).
9. "one Jonas": Or Jonah, the Old Testament figure whose ordeal in the belly of the whale made him a symbol of bad luck to sailors (see Jonah 1:17 and Matthew 12:40).

Chapter 38

1. "handsomely rewarded": A reasonable expectation, not so much for doing a good deed but as compensation for the salvage value of the ship, which, once the captain and officers had abandoned it, could be claimed by anyone.
2. "clown": "A countryman, rustic, or peasant" (*OED*).
3. "beest thou besayd thyself": Sussex dialect for "Are you crazy, are you beside yourself?" For an analysis of the Sussex peasants' dialect in the passage that follows, see Pratt, "A Study of the Language," 350–56.
4. "christom": A conflation of "Christian" and "chrisom," the white robe used for a child's baptism and also for a burial shroud if the child dies within a month of baptism. See also *Henry V*, where the hostess describes Falstaff's death: "'A made a finer end, and went away and it had been any christom child" (2.3.10–12).
5. "good-man Hodge's": A traditional and condescending name for a rustic, adapted from Roger, here with the polite form of address "good-man," signifying a yeoman or other respected person below the rank of the gentry. A Goodman Hodge is mentioned in John Gay's *The Shepherd's Week* (1714) in both "Monday" (line 122) and "Wednesday" (line 15), and Grose records it as "a general name for a country booby" (*Classical Dictionary*).
6. "Hodge resembled the Jew more than the Good Samaritan": A reference to the New Testament parable in which a hapless victim lying by the road is ignored by passing Jews but taken up and cared for by a lowly Samaritan (Luke 10:30–37). A similar episode occurs in *Joseph Andrews* (bk. 1, chap. 12), with the significant difference that Fielding's representative lower-class figure (the postilion) rescues and helps the victim (Joseph), while Smollett's peasant (farmer Hodge) heartlessly passes the victim (Roderick) along to others, thus resembling the Jew in the parable rather than the Samaritan.
7. "pay his *quota* towards the maintenance of the poor": The Poor Law of 1601 (43 Eliz., c. 2) provided for a tax on the inhabitants of each parish to relieve the indigent and to fund apprenticeships for poor children. Compare this passage to that in *Humphry Clinker* (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, London, May 24, p. 80), where Smollett again suggests that the law enabled the selfish to rationalize their refusal to practice Christian charity privately.
8. "teized": Or teased, pestered.
9. "married him privately": Without public notice, without announcing the banns in advance, as would be required after the passage of the Marriage Act of 1753.
10. "Flanders": "The name of an ancient countship now divided between Belgium, France, and Holland" (*OED*); the region in which were fought many of the major battles of the War of the Spanish Succession (1709–14).
11. "battle of the Wood": Difficult to identify with certainty, as many battles in the Flanders theater of the War of the Spanish Succession were fought in woods, but probably either the Battle of Wynendale or, more likely, the Battle of Malplaquet. The former was fought in September 1708 "by the wood of Wynendale," according to Smollett in his *Complete History*, and was "the most honourable exploit performed during the whole war" (4:349–50). The latter was a larger and bloodier battle fought in September 1709, with some twenty-two thousand men killed or wounded, and was referred to in the *Tatler* (no. 77, 4–6 October 1709) as "the late Battle in the Woods." For Smollett's account of this battle, which he describes as having taken place "behind the woods . . . in the neighborhood of Malplaquet," see *Complete History*, 4:360–61.
12. "pension": A modest stipend paid to the widows and families of soldiers slain in battle.
13. "witch": Originally a female magician or sorceress, the term had come to mean a woman sup-

posed to have dealings with the devil or evil spirits and therefore able to perform supernatural acts; "a woman given to unlawful arts" (Johnson, *Dictionary*).

14. "my ship . . . in the news-paper": The roster of ships in and out of port (complete with name, captain, and ports of origin and/or destination) was published in the daily and monthly periodicals.
15. "entertainment": Not in the modern sense of pleasure but the older one of being accommodated, tolerated, supported.
16. "*virtuoso*": More correctly *virtuosa*, the feminine form of the Italian for a person accomplished in a particular art or skill; here an amateur or dilettante dabbling in the arts or sciences.
17. "principles of Rosicrucius": The "Rosicrucian Philosophy," briefly summarized here by Mrs. Sagely, was well known to eighteenth-century readers since Pope had taken his "machinery" from it in *The Rape of the Lock*. The Rosicrucian society or order had been supposedly founded by Christian Rosenkreuz in 1484 but was not publicly known until 1614. Smollett's eccentric heroine has embraced the Rosicrucian philosophy rather literally in the abstinent sense of Pope's enjoinder to Arabella Fermor: "Any Mortals may enjoy the most intimate Familiarity with those gentle Spirits, upon a Condition very easie to all true *Adepts*, an inviolable Preservation of Chastity" (dedication to *The Rape of the Lock*).
18. "familiar": A ghost or spirit, the companion of a witch, here thought to be embodied in her cat.

Chapter 39

1. "coif": A cap or close-fitting hat.
2. "plain Spanish": Snuff, the term here reflecting its origins as Spanish tobacco.
3. "never *washed but in Castalian streams*": An ironic allusion to her dirty linen, lifted from Pope's account of the mad poetical Sibyl in *The Dunciad, in Four Books* (London, 1743):

> A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
> In lofty madness meditating song;
> Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
> And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
> (3.15–18)

Pope and Smollett allude to Castalia, a sacred spring on Mount Parnassus that Horace mentions as the place where Apollo "laves his flowing locks" (*Odes* 3.4.61–62) and thus for the poetically obsessed a place of imaginary rather than literal washing. As the lines quoted suggest, other qualities of the eccentric lady poet are inspired by Pope's "slip-shod Sybil."

4. "Nor dare th' immortal Gods my rage oppose": The final line of a passage (printed in full in chapter 40) from the tragedy she is writing. In his rendering of a deliberately bad line of verse, Smollett may have taken one poetic flaw—awkward initial vowels—from Pope's mockery of bad verse in his *Essay on Criticism* ("Tho' oft the Ear the *open Vowels* tire," line 345), and he anticipated Johnson's assessment of the typical mediocre midcentury poet who "puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think . . . that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry" (Johnson, "Life of Collins," in *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. Roger Lonsdale [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2006], 4:122).
5. "on the back of a whale or a dolphin": A reference to various myths of seaborne deliverance. The whale harks back to the story of Jonas, who "was three days and three nights in the whale's

belly" (Matthew 12:40). The dolphin invokes Arion, the mythical poet of Lesbos who, after being thrown overboard by rapacious sailors, was carried to land by a dolphin; there may also be a glancing reference to the ancient belief that souls were transported to the afterworld on the backs of dolphins, as rendered by Milton: "Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth: / And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth" ("Lycidas," lines 163–64).

6. "Hellespont . . . Abydos": The narrows separating Europe from Asia Minor, now known as the Dardanelles in present-day Turkey. According to classical legend, Leander, a youth of Abydos (on the Asiatic side), would swim at night across the Hellespont to Sestos to visit Hero, the beautiful priestess of Aphrodite.
7. "Narcissa": Introduced as a temporary pseudonym for the heroine whose real name Smollett intended to disclose later but in fact did not. Remotely descended from the myth of Narcissus, the handsome youth whose beauty reflected in the water so mesmerized him that he died and was transformed into a flower, the name bore no negative connotations in the eighteenth century. Other writers, such as Colley Cibber in *Love's Last Shift* (1696), had used it for their heroines. Smollett may have knowingly drawn on the traditional reputation of the narcissus plant for its narcotic effects (alluded to by Pliny and Plutarch) to suggest the hypnotic power of his heroine's beauty.
8. "black as jet": An unconventional coloring for a literary heroine. Roderick's dark lady (like Shakespeare's) represents an ideal of beauty that departs from the predominant taste for fair (blonde) paragons dating back to the Renaissance and beyond.
9. "*Ma foy! le garçon est bien fait*": Fr., "Faith, the boy is well made!" The use of French mutes the unusual boldness of two proper ladies commenting on a young man's attractive appearance.
10. "Sir Timothy Thicket, Squire Bumper": Derogatory labels, rather than names, to designate these boorish squires. "Thicket," over which one might jump in the hunt, conveys the sense of an unsophisticated country sport–loving dullard. A bumper is "a cup or glass . . . filled to the brim," especially for a toast (*OED*), implying a strong proclivity to drink.
11. "extraordinary in a female poet": Smollett may not do full justice to the variety of women poets writing in the mid-eighteenth century (see, e.g., Roger Lonsdale, ed., *Eighteenth-Century Women Poets* [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989]). While Smollett here focuses on a woman poet and playwright, by the time he was writing *Humphry Clinker* in the late 1760s he was more attentive to the proliferation of women novelists. See Jery Melford's observation that professional male writers are being squeezed out of novel writing because "that branch of the business is now engrossed by female authors" who, he goes on to say with a hint of irony, "publish merely for the propagation of virtue" (J. Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, London, June 10, p. 126).
12. "objects of horror": Her literary temperament foreshadows the mood if not the specific subjects of the Gothic vogue, which, following Horace Walpole in the 1760s, would reach its apex in the novels of Ann Radcliffe, Matthew Lewis, and others in the 1790s.
13. "Tasso and Ariosto": Torquato Tasso (1544–95), author of *Gerusalemme liberata* (1581) and widely considered the greatest Italian poet of the late Renaissance; Ludovico Ariosto (1474–1533), author of *Orlando furioso* (1516–32). The writings of both were known for their romantic qualities, and Tasso became the emblem of misunderstood and persecuted genius, which must have been highly congenial to Narcissa's aunt.
14. "not one book in Greek or Latin": Fluency in the classical languages was considered the mark of a truly literate person, though women had no access to such an education except in rare instances of private tutelage. Roderick's gloating tone is unfair, since the rest of her library departs so far from the stereotype of silly women's reading that was widespread in the eigh-

teenth century. See above, chap. 22 and n. 7, for an earlier treatment of the issue of women's reading.

15. "imagination": Delusion. Narcissa's aunt's symptoms correspond to those of the spleen as described in eighteenth-century medical books such as Richard Blackmore, *A Treatise of the Spleen and Vapours* (1725), and Nicholas Robinson, *A New System of the Spleen and Vapours* (1729). Smollett seems to have borrowed some details of her dementia from André du Laurens's *Discourse upon the Diseases of Melancholie*, which had been translated into English as early as 1599 (see Frank McCombie, "The Strange Distemper of Narcissa's Aunt," *Notes and Queries*, n.s., 18 [1971]: 55–56; and John F. Sena, "Smollett's Portrait of Narcissa's Aunt: The Genesis of an 'Original,'" *English Language Notes* 14 [1977]: 270–75). In part Smollett may also have been following Pope, who playfully explores the effects of spleen in *The Rape of the Lock*, 4.47–54.
16. "puss": A hare; the term could also be applied to a cat.
17. "dinner (or supper)": The largest meal of the day, dinner was usually taken in the early afternoon, and a lighter meal called supper was eaten in the evening. Roderick's parenthetical sarcasm indicates he thought seven o'clock ridiculously late for dinner.

Chapter 40

1. "performances": Poems.
2. "Bruno": It., "brown"; a playful variant of Roderick's assumed name, John Brown.
3. "smattering of Italian . . . up the Straits": Either the Straits of Gibraltar, leading into the Mediterranean and thus to Italy, or the strait of the Dardanelles, where Italian was widely used because of the Venetian and Genoese control, but in either case, a journey Roderick invents to explain his fluency in Italian. Regardless of Roderick's fabrication, the question remains whether Smollett hasn't inflated his hero's qualifications inexplicably: although Roderick learned Greek, Latin, and French at his Scottish school, there is nothing in the narrative of his life that would explain his mastery of Italian.
4. "learning was so cheap in my country": A plausible explanation, as Scottish schools, established by enlightened legislation in 1633 and 1696, were renowned for their quality, inexpensiveness, and universal availability. See Chamberlayne, "A List of His Majesty's Ships," pt. 2, bk. 3, p. 419.
5. "regicide": One who kills a king. There is a long-running critical tradition that this is an oblique reference to Smollett's own tragedy *The Regicide* (see, e.g., Howard S. Buck, *Smollett as Poet* [New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1927], 44), but this seems unlikely, given Smollett's acute sensitivity about the fate of his play and the widespread practice during the eighteenth century of referring to another play as *The Regicide*—Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.
6. "Thus have I sent . . . my rage oppose": An overwrought pastiche of the verse tragedy in vogue during the Restoration and early eighteenth century but now falling from favor. While Smollett intended his readers to recognize the archaic diction and labored verse as a mockery of heroic rant, modern readers may find it difficult to distinguish between the verse of this parody and that of his own tragedy. Smollett places a variation of the opening line in the mouth of a boastful soldier in chapter 54, "I'd send him to hell . . . in an instant."
7. "unnatural rhapsody": Both terms are negative in Smollett's critical lexicon, as "rhapsody" still carried connotations of uncontrolled, effusive, even weird outcry. The "unnaturalness" arises not only from the brutal inhumanity expressed but also from the fact that such violent, unfeminine images (including rape and infanticide) are created by a woman.

8. "*On Celia playing on the harpsichord, and singing*": This is a shorter and radically revised version of Smollett's earliest known publication, "A New Song," which first appeared in *Universal Harmony, or, The Gentleman and Ladie's Social Companion* (London, 1745), 86, with music by James Oswald. For a text of that poem with commentary, see *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 23, 437; for more detail on the biographical background to these compositions, see Knapp, 44–45, 195.
9. "Sapho": Or Sappho, the Greek woman poet (fl. c. 600 BC) renowned since antiquity for her simple but passionate poetry.
10. "Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame": A possible allusion to Ovid's "Sappho to Phaon" (*Heroides* 15.165–73), which takes as its subject the old story that Sappho, because her love for Phaon was unrequited, killed herself by leaping from a cliff on the Isle of Leucas.
11. "Ode": A genre of lyric poem that included at least two verse forms, the regular stanzaic (or Horatian) ode and the more open, irregular Pindaric ode. The former was more popular during the early eighteenth century, and Roderick's untitled ode is a typical example.
12. "Thy fatal shafts unerring move . . . Unfriended live, unpitied die": The first known publication of this original poem by Smollett. It is a measure of his abiding ambition as a poet that even as he turned in his early career from drama and poetry to the novel, he continued to publish verse in the context of his fiction. Other examples of poems that Smollett published in his novels include his imitation of Tibullus in chapter 61 below, four separate poems in *Peregrine Pickle*, and the "Ode to Leven-Water" in *Humphry Clinker*. See Smollett's collected poetry in *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton."*
13. "rhodomontade": An elaborate boast. An appropriate if unconscious echo of Ariosto (one of the lady poet's favorites), as the term derives from Rodomonte, the braggart leader of the Saracens in *Orlando furioso*.
14. "rival queens": Allusion to Nathaniel Lee's tragedy *The Rival Queens* (1667), a play frequently revived and widely known during the eighteenth century.
15. "stroakings": The last milk drawn from a cow, thought to be the richest.
16. "inamoratas . . . the disagreeable sauce of matrimony": Roderick's admission of his taste for extramarital sexual affairs is an example of the material that led some contemporaries to condemn Smollett's novels as immoral.

Chapter 41

1. "satyr": In classical mythology, a woodland god or demon, partly human and partly bestial, supposed to be a follower of Bacchus, the god of appetite and revelry; a colloquialism for a lustful, brutish character.
2. "Bruin": From the name of the bear in Aesop's *Reynard the Fox*, hence, an uncouth boor.
3. "in the commission": A justice of the peace, that is, commissioned or authorized by royal letters patent to exercise jurisdiction over any matter "ordinary or extraordinary" and "to hear or determine any Cause or Action" (Jacob, *New Law-Dictionary*, entry for "Commission").
4. "smuggling cutter": A ship either carrying contraband goods or secretly importing taxable items to avoid paying the duty on them. Because of high duties, smuggling, notably with Ireland, France, and Holland, was rife throughout the eighteenth century, especially of tea, sugar, spirits, tobacco, spices, silk, wool, and lace. In 1746 a new statute was passed against smuggling (19 Geo. 2, c. 34). Despite severe penalties, including death, smuggling was so widespread that the government encouraged the general public to capture smugglers by any

means necessary, waiving the usual requirement of a warrant and offering enormous rewards as incentives. In November 1747, for example, the *Gentleman's Magazine* tersely noted that on the 25th "was paid by the receiver general of the customs, 500 *l.* to the corporal and two dragoons that apprehended *John Cook*, the smuggler lately executed" (17:542).

5. "custom-house yacht": A light, fast-sailing vessel used by the government office in a port town to monitor shipping and apprehend smugglers.
6. "Bulloign": A phonetic rendering of Boulogne, a large seaport seventeen miles south of Calais. Smuggling traffic was heavy between Sussex and Boulogne, as Smollett pointed out again in Letter 5 of the *Travels*: "The shop-keepers here drive a considerable traffic with the English smugglers, whose cutters are almost the only vessels one sees in the harbour of Boulogne" (31–32).
7. "palaver": Nautical slang for verbose or idle talk. The term derives from the Portuguese *palavra*, used by traders on the coast of Africa to mean a colloquy with the natives; it was there taken up by English sailors during the eighteenth century and is another example of Smollett's receptivity to the exotic diction entering English as a result of growing overseas trade and colonial activity.
8. "Upper Town": A common term for that part of any port town that is away from the docks, usually the civic center, built on higher ground, with business and residential areas.
9. "firkin": A small cask for liquids, fish, or butter, originally specified in the Elizabethan era to contain eight or nine gallons of liquid or fifty-six pounds of butter but by the eighteenth century applied to barrels of various sizes.
10. "cag": A keg or cask.
11. "long beard": In the engraved frontispiece to the second edition of *Roderick Random*, which appeared in the same year as the first, 1748, and almost certainly had Smollett's approval, Bowling is depicted clean-shaven.
12. "Lisieux": City in lower Normandy, sixteen miles inland, on the Touques River, which is navigable from there to the sea. Smollett's choice of location for the fictional shipwreck may imply that Bowling's ship sank along an uninhabited stretch of the coast and that he and his mates were picked up and transported to the nearest port.
13. "*Every hog his own apple*": A proverb advocating self-sufficiency, even downright selfishness; Smollett's use of it here is the earliest recorded in *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, 3rd ed.
14. "shooling": Begging or sponging; a cant term. The word may be of Irish Gaelic origin, since in some parts of Ireland it refers to unwanted and uninvited guests or to people who move about seeking hospitality.
15. "Monsieur D'Antin's squadron": The fleet commanded by Marquis Antoine-François d'Antin (1709–41), vice admiral of the French royal navy since 1739. Officially, France was not at war with England, but d'Antin and his fleet were sent to the West Indies to support the Spanish, and it was well known that d'Antin was there to attack British ships and settlements in the aid of Spain.
16. "Curasoa": Curaçao, the largest of the Dutch West Indies, about sixty miles north of Venezuela in the Caribbean.
17. "having the R taken off me": Getting the *R* (for "run") removed from his official naval record so that he would no longer be considered a deserter and could claim his pay. By now the captain's log in which Bowling's *R* was so unjustly recorded (see chap. 24 and n. 24) would have been deposited in the Admiralty Office in London, and any remedy would have to be secured by petition to the higher officials of the navy.

Chapter 42

1. "justification": Salvation, admission into heaven.
2. "fathers": That is, church fathers; commentators and holy men during the early centuries of church history whose authority on doctrinal matters was often invoked above and beyond that of scripture.
3. "linstock": A staff three feet long with a forked head to hold a lighted match, used to fire the guns during an engagement. Smollett here may be the first to use the term as part of the expression "the cobbler to his last, the gunner to his linstock," as this passage is the earliest usage listed in *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*.
4. "the pretender": The Stuart (and Catholic) claimant to the English throne, originally James Francis Edward (1688–1766), the only son of James II, and in the 1740s applied also to his elder son Charles Edward, known as "Bonnie Prince Charlie" or the "Young Pretender." As the Stuarts and their supporters were sheltered by and allied with the Catholic monarchy of France, they were often grouped together and demonized in the popular imagination in such formulations as Bowling's phrase "the pope, the devil, and the pretender."
5. "the sign of the Union Flag . . . London": A patriotic name for an inn that Smollett locates at the Hermitage dock in the Wapping area of London. The "Union Flag" refers to the union between Scotland and England established in 1707 and sorely tested during the Jacobite uprisings of 1715 and 1745. Whether a real inn or one invented by Smollett, the choice suggests Bowling's (and Smollett's) loyalty to the Union and to the Hanoverian monarchy at a time when the loyalties of Scottish natives could not be taken for granted.
6. "noviciate": Or novice, a candidate for membership in a religious order undergoing a probationary period before being allowed to take vows and enter the order.
7. "Versailles": The French town fourteen miles southwest of Paris where the royal court was based from the late seventeenth century until the Revolution. The presence of the court and those who served or depended on it made Versailles the center of high society.
8. "*maitre d'hotel*": Fr., "master of the house," the butler who oversees the staff and systems of service in a major estate or large house.
9. "capuchin": A friar of the order of St. Francis, founded in 1525, recognized by Pope Clement VII in 1528, and known for their brown-hooded robes called *capuche*, whence the name derives. The image of the furtive traveler disguised in the garb of a Catholic clergyman occurs frequently in eighteenth-century literature (e.g., Voltaire, *Candide* [1759], chap. 15).
10. "St. Genevieve": Saint (c. 422–c. 500) who helped defend Paris from the Huns in her capacity as patron saint of that city. According to legend, she was decapitated atop a hill in Paris (which now bears her name, as does the medieval church erected there) and yet walked, holding her head, some thirty miles north of the city before dying on what would become the site of the Basilica of St. Denis.
11. "Balthazar": A name meaning "possessor of treasures"; from the name of one of the Magi who brought myrrh to the infant Jesus, perhaps with a nod also to Portia's pseudonym as the visiting jurist in Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, 4.1. The greedy and bawdy monk was a stock antipapist figure.
12. "catches": Songs or rounds, originally for three or more voices, with "one singer catching at the words of another" (*OED*).
13. "Abbe Ville": Or Abbeville, a city thirty miles northwest of Amiens and one hundred miles north of Paris, near the mouth of the Somme River.
14. "small wine": Local or ordinary table wine.

15. "private conversation": A double entendre, playing on the sense (still common in the eighteenth century) of "conversation" as sexual intercourse; this sense persists today in legal terminology, as in "criminal conversation," meaning illicit sexual relations.
16. "*tendre*": Fr., "tenderness"; an affection or attraction.
17. "the respect that I owed to my dear mistress Narcissa": Roderick's guilt bespeaks his underlying ethic of fidelity, not always a component of the eighteenth-century sexual adventurer's moral makeup and perhaps a basis for Smollett's objections to those who criticized his novels as immoral.
18. "paisanne": Fr., "peasant girl."
19. "chocolate": An appropriate posttryst breakfast, as chocolate was not only an expensive treat but widely thought to be a sexual restorative.
20. "*l'eau de vie*": Any distilled spirit, either of fruit or grain base; here, probably brandy.
21. "*morceau pour le bonne bouche*": Fr., "choice morsel," a metaphor that enables the Capuchin to combine two of his appetites.
22. "downright incest": Not in the narrow modern sense of having sex with one's own blood kin but in the older sense that also made it taboo for one to have sexual relations with two people who were nearly related, as here two sisters.

Chapter 43

1. "Amiens": A city eighty miles north of Paris and about thirty miles up the Somme River from Abbeville along the route Roderick is following.
2. "ten thousand myriads": Either a hyperbolic or erroneous usage by Smollett, as *myriad* originally meant "ten thousand" (*OED*).
3. "Noyons": A town about sixty miles northeast of Paris near the Île-de-France and twenty miles farther along from Amiens toward Paris.
4. "Coq D'Or": Fr., "Gold Rooster," in this case a generic name for an inn.
5. "extasy": That is, "ecstasy," "the state of being 'beside oneself,' thrown into a frenzy or a stupor" (*OED*).
6. "manteaus": Robes or cloaklike outer garments, loose fitting and worn as covers (*OED*).
7. "*bonne grace*": Fr., "handsome looks."
8. "regiment of Picardy . . . oldest corps in Europe": One of the four oldest French regiments of foot officially formed in the 1560s from bands of irregulars existing since 1480. It was also one of the largest, counting up to 120 companies, or 6,000 men.
9. "Marechal Duc de Noailles": Adrien-Maurice de Noailles (1678–1766), named marshal of France (head of all royal armies) in 1734; he became a celebrated courtier, politician, and diplomat.
10. "Mayne": The Main River, a tributary of the Rhine, in the heart of what was then the Holy Roman Empire, now a region of Germany.
11. "Hanoverians": Troops raised from the German principality of Hanover, whose prince was also the British monarch George II. The Hanoverians were omitted from the list of forces in the first edition of *Roderick Random* (1748), perhaps out of respect for a sensitive political issue. In 1742 George II had sought parliamentary support of these troops, formerly paid by himself, a proposal that was fiercely contested by the opposition. The payment was advocated by John Carteret (2nd Earl Granville), a politician whom Smollett attacked in *Advice* (lines 13–24). By the time of the fourth edition, the issue seems to have subsided enough for Smollett to include the Hanoverians in the passage.

12. "Hessians": Troops from the Hesse region of Germany who would become better known later in the century as mercenaries fighting for the British in the American War of Independence.
13. "earl of Stair": John Dalrymple, 2nd Earl of Stair (1673–1747), general and diplomat; he was created a field marshal in 1742.
14. "common issue": A blister, a suppurating patch of skin.
15. "Lewis the Great": Louis XIV (1638–1715), king of France and of Navarre; he reigned from 1643 until his death, the longest reign in French history.
16. "desperate slave": Here merely a flourish in Roderick's political rhetoric, the word "slave" (repeated a paragraph later) is all the more striking in a novel that also, in chapters about plantation life in Jamaica and a slave-trading voyage to Africa (chaps. 36 and 65), uses the terminology of slavery in its more familiar modern sense of human beings arbitrarily captured or born into perpetual bondage and bought and sold on the market. The tension between these two senses of "slavery" would emerge more dramatically during the decades of the American Revolution, when American patriots used the rhetoric of slavery to protest their condition as subjects under the British government, apparently oblivious to the contradiction in their holding African slaves themselves. As Johnson wrote in 1775, "How is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes?" (*Taxation No Tyranny*, in *Samuel Johnson: Political Writings*, ed. Donald Greene [New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1977], 454).
17. "proverb": In the first edition Smollett actually quotes the French proverb "Le roy d'Angleterre, / Est le roy de l'Enfer" (The king of England, / Is the king of Hell), attributed to the Holy Roman emperor Maximilian by Fleury de Bellingen in *L'étymologie ou explication des proverbes français* (La Haye, 1656), 13. Smollett deleted the proverb from the fourth and later editions, probably because he feared it might be politically dangerous.
18. "every man . . . their birthright": Roderick here recounts the "commonly used" arguments of Whigs and natural law advocates, derived from Locke and others, that a king rules by the implied consent of his subjects, who have the right to revoke the king's sovereignty if he violates natural law or any of the implied conditions on which he has been suffered to continue in power. Locke's theory of government, which was universally familiar in eighteenth-century Britain, is fully laid out in his *Two Treatises of Government* (London, 1690).

Chapter 44

1. "*Rheims*": The ancient cathedral town in Champagne ninety-six miles northeast of Paris.
2. "gasconades": Fr., "vainglorious bragging"; from the swashbuckling reputation of soldiers of the Gascogne region (in Aquitaine) who fought under Henri IV in the wars of religion.
3. "battle of Dettingen": On 27 June 1743, at the city of Dettingen, nine miles east of Hanau on the Main, the British and the Austrians defeated the French in a battle during the War of the Austrian Succession, during which the French were prevented from advancing their claims on the Austrian throne. This was the last battle in which a reigning king of England, George II, commanded his forces in person. The march that Roderick and the rest of the company made from Amiens to Dettingen covered a distance of more than three hundred miles over hilly and densely wooded terrain.
4. "Duc de Gramont": Louis-Antoine de Gramont (1689–1745), lieutenant general in 1738. His disregard of the duc de Noailles's brilliant strategic plan and standing orders was the chief cause of the French defeat at Dettingen.
5. "defile": "A narrow pass or gorge between mountains" (*OED*), which here would have given the French troops a great tactical advantage.

6. "conduct of Lord Stair": Smollett is at pains to exculpate Stair from any imputation of incompetence in this error-prone campaign: he interjects a detail here to indicate that Stair had no part in leading the English army into a position of such "great disadvantage," and a few lines later he sarcastically attributes the British failure to follow up a tactical advantage to "the royal clemency of the king of Great Britain." In fact, Stair had urged that the British press their advantage, but his advice was rejected, much to his fury, and as a result he resigned.
7. "Hanau": Then the capital of Hesse, now a port on the right bank of the Main, about ten miles east of Frankfurt am Main, Germany.
8. "Charlemagne": Famous leader who lived c. 742–814, became king of the Franks in 768 and emperor of the West in 800, and conquered most of Europe.
9. "tansy": A pudding or cake, so called for the aromatic plant used to flavor it; here used in a satiric circumlocution to convey the insult that Roderick inflicted on his enemy, passing the Gascon's sword through animal (or perhaps human) dung. In *Humphry Clinker* Lismahago's sword undergoes a similar indignity when it is "passed through a close-stool" (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, September 28, p. 272).
10. "French Flanders": That part of the Plain of Flanders lying in France, then on the border of the United Provinces of the Netherlands.
11. "Champagne": The province of France just east of the original royal domain of the Île-de-France but still within the area administered directly from Paris and known colloquially as "the King's France." The province gives its name to the famous sparkling wine made there.
12. "five sols a day": Roughly the equivalent of five shillings; a sol (later also called a sou) was a coin worth one-twentieth of a livre. This daily rate of pay for soldiers is about half that of the average daily wage for an unskilled laborer in mid-eighteenth-century France.
13. "spatterdashes": Leggings of cloth or leather to prevent spattering on one's trousers.
14. "frenchify": "To make French in form or character" (*OED*), as in making the name Strap into "Monsieur d'Estrapes," with overtones of pretension and fakery.
15. "bastile": Originally a fortress protecting the eastern entrance to the city of Paris, by the eighteenth century an armory and prison and, as Strap's reaction suggests, already connected in the popular imagination with arbitrary imprisonment and terrible conditions.
16. "holland": A high-quality linen, so called because it was imported from the Netherlands.
17. "bouille": Fr., "boiled beef"; *bouilli* in modern French.
18. "exercises": Mores or etiquette; social manners.
19. "Montpelier for the benefit of good air": Historic town in the Languedoc region of the south of France, site of a university famous for its medical faculty during the eighteenth century and of a popular spa for consumptives. Smollett stayed there for his health in October and November 1763. For Smollett's opinion of Montpellier's air and climate, see Letters 9–11 of the *Travels* and Knapp, 252–54.
20. "looseness": Diarrhea.
21. "moveables": Valuables, personal property that can be removed or replaced, as opposed to land, which was deemed real property.
22. "Odso": An exclamation of surprise or asseveration (*OED*).
23. "wicked and contemptible administration": Not the administration of Henry Pelham, whose government was in power in 1747 when Smollett wrote the novel, but that of Robert Walpole, whose ministry governed from 1721 to 1742 and was accused by its enemies of widespread corruption. It would have been dangerous to criticize a sitting ministry in such harsh terms.
24. "full-mounted": Fitted with ornamental edges or borders.
25. "cut velvet": "Velvet having the pile cut so as to form patterns" (*OED*).
26. "drab": A thick woolen cloth.

27. "plate buttons": Decorative buttons plated with silver.
28. "brocard": Or brocade, a "fabric woven with a pattern of raised figures" (*OED*).
29. "*point d'Espagne*": A kind of lace thought to be from Spain (*OED*).
30. "scolloped": Having a border, edge, or outline cut into a series of circular segments resembling a scallop shell.
31. "chased case": A case embossed or "engraved in relief" (*OED*).
32. "mourning swords": Black swords and buckles were worn for court mourning.
33. "stock-buckle": Used to secure the neckpiece or stock, wound closely round the neck and buckled behind.
34. "stone buckles": Buckles for the knees or shoes that could be studded with jewels or other precious stones.
35. "rich housings": Coverings of cloth, possibly leather.
36. "the Louvre": Palace on the banks of the Seine in the heart of Paris. Built as a fort during the thirteenth century by Philippe Auguste to defend the city of Paris from invasion and expanded successively by François I, Henri II, Henri III, and Henri IV during the sixteenth century, when it became the royal residence. It continued to house royal apartments and government offices after it ceased to be the royal residence under Louis XIII during the early seventeenth century. During the eighteenth century it housed, among other things, the Académie française and the *salons* (exhibitions) of the Académie royale de peinture et de sculpture (Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture). The Louvre took on its present function—that of a national art museum—in 1793.
37. "gallery of Luxemburgh": The famous gallery in the Palais du Luxembourg, built in Paris south of the Seine as a residence for Catherine de Médicis, queen and then regent during the sixteenth century. During the eighteenth century it housed, like the Louvre, apartments and government offices, and the gallery was decorated with paintings and sculptures from the royal collection, particularly masterpieces of Peter Paul Rubens. Today the Palais houses the French Senate.
38. "Versailles . . . quantity of olives": Roderick here mocks the custom at Versailles of allowing people to view, through a specially designated window, the royal family as they dined in the palace. That the king was eating olives, rather than any fancy cuisine, punctures the pomp and ceremony of the custom.
39. "Ostend": A port in northwest Belgium from which, then and now, ferries cross to England.
40. "post-chaise": A traveling carriage that could be hired from stage to stage (or post to post) along a main road.

Chapter 45

1. "Union Flag": Changed from the "Samson and Lion" in the first edition, the choice of name for the inn suggests Smollett's support for the union of England and Scotland, formalized in 1707. For details, see above, chap. 42, n. 5.
2. "true Paris cut": Smollett also remarked on the continuing British taste for French fashion two decades later in the *Present State*: "The attire worn by fashionable people of both sexes is copied . . . from the French" (2:212).
3. "coquetries": Attention-getting gestures and other extravagant displays. For an elaborate sketch of foppish behavior at the theater very similar to this episode, see *Spectator*, no. 240 (5 December 1711).
4. "brilliant": A diamond of the finest cut and brilliance; here Roderick is referring to one of the "two valuable diamond rings" he lists among his possessions in chapter 44.

5. "the Strand": A busy artery running from Charing Cross to Essex Street, lined with shops.
6. "jelly": A sweet, a piece of candy or candied fruit, so called from its gelatinous texture (*OED*). Lydia mentions buying jellies at a Bath pastry shop in *Humphry Clinker* (Lydia Melford to Miss Willis, Bath, April 26, p. 40).
7. "geneva": That is, gin, especially Holland gin. See above, chap. 37, n. 3.
8. "fish-woman": Or fishwife, a woman who vended fish in the street markets; fishwives were proverbially renowned for their bellowing voices and uncouth language.
9. "this lady": The prostitute, here using the common strategy of enticing a gull at the theater. Such tactics are detected and fully described in *The Tricks of the Town Laid Open* (London, 1747), where newcomers to London are warned that when an eligible stranger first appears at the theater, "a Lady in a Mask, *alias* Whore, . . . is forthwith detach'd to go and sound you, and in the mean time a Cabal of Bullies and Sharpers are consulting which way you must be manag'd" (37–42).
10. "billingsgate": Foul language, the term deriving from the market of that name just below London Bridge where the fishwives were notorious for their obscenity and vulgarity.
11. "*Fronti nulla fides,—nimium ne crede colori*": A conflation of two quoted phrases from classical Latin authors. The first is from Juvenal, *Satires* 2.8: "Frontis nulla fides" (There's no trusting appearances), slightly misquoted by Smollett; the second is from Virgil, *Eclogues* 2.17, in which the shepherd Corydon advises the fair Alexis, "trust not too much to your bloom." The latter quotation is fraught with contextual irony, since it is Roderick who should not judge a lady by her appearance alone, while the prostitute is making a living from her good looks.
12. "painted sepulchre": Or whited sepulcher, a proverbial phrase for a hypocrite, derived from Matthew 23:27.
13. "his Most Christian Majesty": The king of France, Louis XV. This formal designation, originally adopted in 1469, is also used archly by Smollett at the end of chapter 44, where its referent is obvious.
14. "claim of the queen of Spain . . . in Italy": Queen Isabella Farnese (1692–1766) married King Philip V of Spain in 1714 and reigned until 1746. Throughout her reign she strove to secure for her sons lands in her native Italy, lands that had been claimed by the Austrian Hapsburg monarchy since 1556, when Emperor Charles V had settled them and the Austrian crown on his brother Ferdinand rather than on his son Phillip II of Spain. Spanish claims to these lands persisted into the eighteenth century and helped fuel the War of the Austrian Succession, in which Roderick has been involved as a soldier for Spain's ally, France.
15. "Pragmatic Sanction": A pronouncement by Holy Roman emperor Charles VI (1685–1740) on 19 April 1713 that after his death the Hapsburg lands should remain undivided and pass to his female heirs in the absence of male progeny. This enabled his daughter Maria Theresa (1717–80) to succeed him in 1740. The invasion of Hapsburg Silesia by Frederick II, "the Great," of Prussia stimulated France to take the head of a coalition that included Prussia and Spain against Austria (who allied with Britain), thus causing the War of the Austrian Succession.
16. "green knight": A facetious jibe at the opinionated young gentleman, referring both to his immaturity and inexperience, or greenness, and to his flamboyant "green frock," with a possible nod to the mythical Green Knight of the Gawain story and the myth-making tendencies Roderick resents in this pretentious Francophile (the *OED* cites the passage under "frock").
17. "people in France . . . happiest subjects in the world": Smollett's depiction of the pretensions and fantasies of ardent Francophiles and their attendant posturing anticipates Sterne's famous mockery of this mindset: "They order, said I, this matter better in France" (*A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy* [London, 1768], 1).

18. "*She's a villainous bird that befouls her own nest*": A proverb dating to the early eighteenth century, stigmatizing those who defile or demean their own home or community (see the *OED* under "befoul").
19. "*foutre*": Fr., an obscenity meaning "to fuck," a sense invoked in Katharine's horrified reaction during her English lesson at the word "foot," which she hears as *foutre* in Shakespeare, *Henry V*, 3.5.51–54. Despite the fact that later eighteenth-century writers such as Mirabeau and Sade used the term frequently in their works (Mirabeau more than sixty times in *Le libertin de qualité* [1783]), the term continued to be a shocking obscenity into the early twentieth century.
20. "laid by the heels": Put in the stocks or in leg irons as public punishment for sedition or rabble-rousing; the practice was still current, and Smollett refers to it again in *Humphry Clinker* as a likely fate for the rascally political satirist Dick Ivy (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, London, June 5, p. 113).
21. "difference of complexion": An enlightened view about race that, while not yet widespread, was common enough to have found expression in various writings of the early eighteenth century. See, for example, act 1, scene 2 of Thomas Southerne's *Oroonoko* (1695), Bernard Mandeville's *The Planter's Charity* (1704), John Whaley's "Negro Woman" (1732), and Edward Kimber's "Fidenia" (1744), all reprinted in *Amazing Grace: An Anthology of Poems about Slavery, 1660–1810*, ed. James G. Basker (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 2002).
22. "*epaulement*": A defensive structure composed of earth erected on the side of a fortification; the braggart uses the term incorrectly and evades defining it, whereas Roderick correctly defines it later in the chapter.
23. "siege of Namur": A battle in the War of the League of Augsburg (1689–97), a siege laid by Louis XIV and Sébastien Le Prestre de Vauban, the French military engineer, in 1692 against this fortified city in Flanders at the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse rivers. Namur was later retaken for the Dutch by King William III in 1695. Another measure of the eighteenth-century public's ongoing awareness of Namur is that in 1760 Sterne chose it as the battle during which Uncle Toby was wounded (see *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, ed. Melvyn New et al. [Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 1978–], 1:1, 3:126–29).
24. "monsieur Cohorn": Baron Menno van Coehoorn, Dutch military engineer (1641–1704), sometimes referred to as the "Dutch Vauban," who supervised the construction of the English fortifications at Namur. See above, chap. 32 and n. 2 for the weapon named for him.
25. "prince of Vaudemont": Charles-Henri de Lorraine, prince de Vaudémont (1649–1723), who was fighting in Flanders but was not present, according to Smollett, at the siege of Namur (see Smollett, *A Complete History of England*, 11 vols. [London, 1757], 9:69). Thus, his inclusion in the old man's story was probably meant to show that he had his facts wrong.
26. "Mareschal Boufflers": Louis-François, duc de Boufflers (1644–1711), made marshal of France in 1694, who was forced to capitulate at Namur in September 1695 after a heroic defense.
27. "gabions": Great wicker baskets five or six feet high and about four feet in diameter, filled with earth and used in fortifications to protect against enemy fire.
28. "dish": A drink; a colloquialism here referring to a dish or cup of wine, though also current for coffee, tea, or chocolate.
29. "the revolution": The so-called Glorious Revolution of 1688–89 during which James II, a Stuart and a Roman Catholic, was deposed and replaced by his daughter Mary and her spouse, the Dutch king William III of Orange, both Protestants. This bloodless revolution ensured a Protestant succession and a de facto constitutional monarchy in Britain.
30. "Alexander the great": King of Macedonia from 336 BC, legendary hero who conquered Persia, Syria, and Egypt; he died in 323 BC, age thirty-two.
31. "Bath or Tunbridge": Both fashionable spas during the eighteenth century. Bath lies on the

river Avon in Somerset, just over one hundred miles west of London; Tunbridge Wells is in Kent, about thirty miles southeast of London.

32. "pay sauce": Pay dearly, pay extra.
33. "fine water": A term used in grading diamonds for their level of transparency or luster; the highest grades were the first, second, and third water.
34. "seal of composition": A trinket; "an engraved stone for sealing letters" or its imitation, sometimes "worn as an ornamental appendage to a watch-guard" (*OED*).
35. "black velvet": A black coat and a tiewig were the standard apparel of a physician.
36. "ridiculous oddity": Dr. Thomas Thompson (c. 1700–1763), an eccentric society doctor but no mere quack, first identified and described by Robert Adams Day, "When Doctors Disagree: Smollett and Thomas Thompson," *Études anglaises* 32 (1979): 312–24. Smollett had already attacked Thompson in *Reproof* as "a medling, prating, blund'ring, busy dunce!" (line 188), would mention his false etymologies in *Critical Review* 5 (March 1758): 224, and would wryly mock him in *Adventures of an Atom*, 6 (n. 49) and 102 (n. 224).
37. "Medlar": Another suggestive name, here of a meddler or busybody, a characterization that is born out as the scene unfolds, with a possible pun on the fruit known as a medlar, which may be eaten only when overripe, hence the phrase (well known in the eighteenth century) "rotten as a medlar."
38. "Flareit's": A name suggestive of gaudy flashiness, as in "show it"; similar to stock names in Restoration and eighteenth-century comedy (e.g., Lady Wishfort in Congreve's *The Way of the World* [1700]).
39. "Larum": Another nominal characterization, as "larum" meant "to sound forth loudly," "to talk incessantly" (*OED*).
40. "Straddle": A suggestive name, as "straddle" meant "to swagger, strut" (*OED*).
41. "forenoon": Morning, a Scotticism; a variant of "forenuin" (*Scottish National Dictionary*). *Forenoon* is one of the Scotticisms Boswell edited out of later editions of his *Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (the *Life of Johnson*, first published in 1791) but one that Smollett, who tried to eliminate Scotticisms from later editions of *Roderick Random*, somehow missed both here and in chapter 55.
42. "that berry": Coffee, of which one contemporary medical authority wrote that "in general, [coffee] seems more proper for Persons of phlegmatic Constitutions, than for Patients of choleric Habits" (James, *Pharmacopoeia Universalis*, 297).
43. "*bibere* or *potare* . . . *pineen* or *poteein*": Lat. and Gk., "to drink." In the following discussion, Roderick and the doctor debate the finer points of these words and their etymologies, with considerable merit on each side. The doctor is correct on the different etymologies of the two words: the original sense of *bibo* (and its derivatives, including *bibere*, which in turn are indeed from the Greek *pinein*) is "to slake a thirst or other natural want," whereas the origin of *poto* (and *potare*, which is indeed from the Greek *poteein*) is "to drink from a river or stream." His second argument, that *bibo* suggests drinking moderately while *poto* connotes drinking to excess, is also not unfounded. There was, for example, a proverbial expression, "Bibere naturae est, potare luxuriae" (To drink is natural, to drink to excess is self-indulgent) (Plinius Secundus, *Historia naturalis* 179, quoted in *A Latin Dictionary*, ed. Charlton T. Lewis and Charles Short [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1879], 235). Moreover, "bibulous" does mean in English, as he suggests, both "absorbent of moisture" and "addicted to drinking" (*OED*), and "potamic" (from the Greek ποταμός, or *potamos*) does indeed mean "fluviatile, or relating to a river." However, Roderick's counterargument has merit also, since the two words are used interchangeably in the passages he splices together from Horace.
44. "*Vile potabis* . . . *bibes uvam*": Roderick yokes together two lines from Horace, *Odes* 1.20:

"Come, drink with me—cheap Sabine, to be sure, and out of common cups" (lines 1–4) and "Then thou shalt drink the juice of grapes crushed by Cales' presses" (lines 9–10). Horace's use of *potabis* and *bibes* in these lines supports Roderick's point.

45. "*potamos*, *potema*, and *potos* . . . *pino*, *poso*, *pepoka*": The first three are ancient Greek nouns (meaning "river," "drink," and "carousal," respectively) that do indeed derive from the second three, which are various forms of an ancient Greek verb meaning "to drink." Roderick's contention is correct. See H. G. Liddell and Robert Scott, *A Greek-English Lexicon* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1929).
46. "*Nestora d' ouk elathen jache* pinonta *perempes*": Gk., "The cry of battle was not unmarked of Nestor albeit at his wine" (Homer, *Iliad* 14.1).
47. "Pinonti *de oinon* . . . *ego de* pino": Gk., three distinct lines from different parts of Anacreon that can be translated thus: "Rather may I drink good brown ale" (*Anacreontea* 36.13); "Whene'er the wine I drink" (*Anacreontea* 45.1); and "Then drink prepare, my lad, the wine-cup bring, for I far rather had lie drunk than dead" (*Anacreontea* 48.7). Roderick slightly misquotes the second line: *pino* should read *pio*. However, in the fourth edition of *Roderick Random*, Smollett noticed an error in the first line and corrected *pionti* to *pinonti*. Anacreon, a sixth-century BC Greek lyric poet whose verse celebrates mostly the pleasures of love and conviviality, is a particularly appropriate source for Roderick to quote on the subject of drinking.
48. "Bedford coffee house": A famous coffeehouse in Covent Garden located under the arcade of the Piazza and frequented by wits, writers, actors, and society figures. The inaugural number of the *Connoisseur* (31 January 1754) describes it as "every night crowded with men of parts," and indeed its customers included Pope, Fielding, Garrick, Quin, and Horace Walpole.

Chapter 46

1. "hackney-coach": A carriage one could hire to travel point to point, analogous to a modern taxi.
2. "Wagtail": The name signifies any of several small birds that hop about in continual jerky motion (*OED*) and thus is metaphorically applied to a fluttery, insubstantial person. The name is also rich in ironic possibilities. It may mean either an obsequious person, a harlot, or a dissolute man, which last connotation would be doubly cruel, since Dr. Wagtail's impotence and lack of romantic interest in women are broadly hinted at in the chapter (see above, chap. 45 and n. 35; and Day, "When Doctors Disagree").
3. "Banter": A similar character named Banter appears in Fielding's *Historical Register, for the Year 1736* (1737), but the name—like those of Bragwell, Chatter, Slyboot, and Ranter—conveys a common type whose dominant trait is obvious.
4. "player": Actor.
5. "discoursing . . . famous performance": Smollett's care to show Roderick as attentive to and knowledgeable about works of art anticipates Smollett's own emergence as an art critic in the *Critical Review*, which he founded in 1756. His was the first review journal to cover works of art, and Smollett wrote most of the articles, including those on Hogarth, Reynolds, and Strange, among a dozen others (see Basker, 110–18, 143–46, 205–6).
6. "prognostics . . . repletion": A series of contemporary medical terms, some of them overlapping, that may be defined as follows. "Prognostics" is the science of making a medical forecast based on knowledge of the symptoms or indications. "Diagnostics" are distinctive symptoms or characteristics used to identify a patient's disease and the formal opinion based on those symptoms. "Symptomatics," or symptomatology, was the term for the branch of medicine

concerned with the study of symptoms and their treatment (*OED* cites this passage as its only authority). "Therapeutics" means the branch of medicine concerned with treatment of disease, the art of healing. "Inanition" refers both to a symptom such as extreme hunger and to a mode of therapy involving purgation or the action of emptying. Conversely, "repletion" refers both to indigestion as a symptom and to treatments involving the ingestion or replenishment of depleted nutrients in the body.

7. "stomachics": Medicines pertaining to the stomach; by extension, those taken orally.
8. "tinder-water": A pseudoscientific nonsense term. "Tinder" refers to any dry inflammable substance that readily takes fire from a spark and therefore is devoid of any extractable moisture.
9. "Paracelsus": Physician and alchemist (1493–1541), a peripatetic scholar who, having studied at numerous German and Italian universities, became one of the most extraordinary figures of the Renaissance. Part magician, part chemical and medical genius, he contributed largely to the rise of modern medicine.
10. "mount Lebanon": Actually a range of mountains running the length of Lebanon, used here to evoke an appropriately ancient place where a lost text from biblical times might be unearthed. Smollett also invokes Mount Lebanon in *The Regicide* (*Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 144).
11. "retort": A vessel with a long neck, bent downward, used to heat liquids for distillation.
12. "animal heat": The bodily heat of living animals; here, as opposed to fire.
13. "scruple": A medicinal weight consisting of twenty grains, or a third of a dram.
14. "insipid water": Tasteless, thus uncontaminated, pure.
15. "*caput mortuum*": Lat., "dead head"; the residuum left after distillation.
16. "specifics": Short for "specific medicines," a term applied during the eighteenth century to efficacious medicines "whose Operation could not be accounted for" (Quincy, 424).
17. "raise the price of paper": Tinder was commonly made from rags, which were also used to make paper, and thus Wagtail's massive use of tinder would drive up the price of paper.
18. "Hampstead assembly": The Long Room of Weatherall House, famous for its dances and assemblies, located in Hampstead, a village four miles northwest of London, to which fashionable people resorted for the waters of its chalybeate springs and the attendant social life.
19. "lappets": Ribbons or streamers attached to a lady's headdress.
20. "Tom Trippet": The same frivolous aristocrat who appeared in chapter 12 (there spelled "Trippit"), here involved in a confrontation that, because it occurs at a dance, adds a note of comic self-reflexivity.
21. "Middlesex jury": As London and Westminster were both located in Middlesex County, such would be the designation of any trial jury; perhaps alluding also to a reputation for corruption and severity.
22. "pink": To prick or pierce with a pointed instrument or weapon.
23. "skirts": Midriff (*OED*).
24. "singultus": The hiccups, defined in the eighteenth century as "a convulsive Motion of the Stomach, and Parts adjacent, particularly the Diaphragm" (Quincy, 416).
25. "Pythagoras": The Greek philosopher Pythagoras (sixth century BC), who enforced rules of silence and sexual purity among his disciples.
26. "scour the hundreds . . . maul the watch": Colloquial phrases for raucous, pranksterish behavior. The first means to scrub out or disturb the neighborhood, the second to provoke and outrun the constable, and the third to beat up or bully the night watchmen on duty.
27. "baise-mains": Fr., "kiss on the hands"; hence, formal respects.
28. "fœtus in utero": Lat., "infant in the womb."
29. "nature . . . guilty of such a trespass": Wagtail intimates that he is impotent.
30. "philtres": Love potions or drugs supposed to be capable of exciting sexual passion, especially

"towards a particular person" (*OED*). Smollett also uses the term in *The Regicide* (*Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 104).

31. "simples": Medicines composed of a single constituent, especially of one medicinal herb or plant.
32. "alimony": A financial settlement to support the mother and the child, distinct from the recent usage as a settlement on a divorcée for her support, regardless of children.
33. "cautery": A medical term for the application of an open flame or a red-hot iron to a wound to sterilize it and promote healing.
34. "looks, swagger, and phrase of Pistol": Another oblique reference to the actor Theophilus Cibber's most famous part as Pistol from Shakespeare, *II Henry IV*, *Henry V*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (see above, chap. 11 and n. 16). For a visual depiction of Cibber as Pistol, see Hogarth's *Southwark Fair* (1733).
35. "Sylvan ape in mountain forest caught": Yet another invocation of one of Smollett's favorite animal images: see his use of the monkey in the apologue; his mention of orangutans in chapter 14; his naming of a theatrical character (based on Garrick) Marmozet after a kind of monkey in chapter 63; his references to baboons in chapters 33, 34, and 58 and to jackanapes in the apologue and chapter 48; and his two references to apes (noted for their "mimickry and mischievous qualities") in this passage.
36. "Death rock me asleep . . . Hiren here": A burlesque patchwork of quotations taken from *II Henry IV*, 2.4 and 5.3, one bit of which Ranter misquotes, since Shakespeare's line reads: "Then, Pistol, lay *thy head* in Furies' lap" (line 106). Characteristically, Ranter's misquotation adds sexual innuendo to the line. Smollett repeats Pistol's refrain "Have we not Hiren here" in a letter to William Hunter c. 1750, and, like Pistol, he puns on two meanings of *Hiren*, which is both an archaic word for "sword" and a colloquialism for "harlot" (see *Letters*, 17, and especially n. 2 for a detailed examination of the word's origins).
37. "Sadler's wells": A famous place of public amusement in Islington north of London, about two and a half miles from St. Paul's. In *Humphry Clinker* Winifred Jenkins discovers, with the awe of a provincial new to the big city, that the chief entertainments were tumbling, wire walking, and rope dancing (W. Jenkins to Mary Jones, London, June 3, p. 105). Hogarth's *Evening* (1738) is set there.
38. "Moll King's coffee-house": In Covent Garden opposite St. Paul's Church, a disorderly house frequented by a great variety of patrons, noblemen, and beaux. In Hogarth's *Morning* (1738), a fight is shown taking place in Moll King's.

Chapter 47

1. "O rare Strap!": A slightly archaic phrase of high praise, probably borrowed from the epitaph inscribed on Ben Jonson's tombstone in Westminster Abbey: "O rare Ben Jonson!"
2. "hast got the heels of me": That is, has outrun me. Strap seems to have won the marriage race.
3. "the ready": Money, in the form of coin, so called for being readily or immediately available as currency.
4. "stinking clout": Contemptuous term for any article of clothing, especially a dirty suit of livery worn by a servant (such as Strap in this instance); the term might also apply to the soiled swaddling clothes of an infant and thus evoke Strap's earthy nature and scatological proclivities.
5. "livergrown": Suffering from hypertrophy of the liver, causing abdominal swelling.
6. "trull": A low prostitute or concubine; a strumpet or trollop.

7. "bantling": Bastard (*OED*).
8. "otherguess": Archaic word for different, "of another kind" (*OED*).
9. "bunters": "A cant word for a woman who picks up rags about the street; and used, by way of contempt, for any low vulgar woman" (Johnson, *Dictionary*).
10. "pencil of Hogarth": William Hogarth, the most popular English draftsman and engraver of the eighteenth century and a major influence on Smollett's fiction (see above, chap. 11 and n. 15; for more detail on Hogarth's importance to Smollett, see Basker, 110–17, 204–6; and Beasley, *Tobias Smollett, Novelist*). Variants of this tribute to Hogarth appear in several of Smollett's novels: see "delineated by the inimitable Hogarth" (*Sir Launcelot Greaves*, 91) and, in *Humphry Clinker*, "a pencil like that of the incomparable Hogarth" (Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, London, June 12, p. 141). According to Robert Etheridge Moore, Strap's expression here resembles that of the servant in plate 6 of *Marriage à la mode* (*Hogarth's Literary Relationships* [Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1948], 165). One might also compare the look of astonishment on the barber's face in *Don Quixote Seizes the Barber's Basin for Mambrino's Helmet*, one of the engravings that Hogarth created for an edition of *Don Quixote* in 1738.
11. "in spite of his teeth": A proverbial phrase dating from at least the fifteenth century that means "despite one's original purpose or settled resolution" (see the *OED* under "tooth").
12. "wash-ball": "A ball of soap" (*OED*).
13. "jesuit in disguise": A priest belonging to the Society of Jesus, a Roman Catholic order founded in 1540 by St. Ignatius of Loyola and thought by Protestants to be especially dangerous and deceptive, bent on clandestinely infiltrating and converting non-Catholic countries such as England.
14. "*By my soul I have gained a loss*": "Teague" is a derisive English nickname for an Irishman, descended from a stereotypical Irish character of that name in Robert Howard, *The Committee, or The Faithful Irishman* (1663). Teague's saying is typical nonsense, or "Irish bull," as is much of the Irishman Oregan's letter in chapter 49.
15. "bubbled": Cheated or deceived.
16. "beat up": Casually visited or knocked up, from the act of beating or knocking on the door.
17. "coxcombs": Colloquialism for pleasure-loving men about town, or rakes, with the negative connotations of irresponsibility and moral license. Smollett's friend John Cleland examined the type in his novel *Memoirs of a Coxcomb* (1751), written as a companion piece to *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*.
18. "wave": Waive (a variant spelling).

Chapter 48

1. "*Boudin*": Fr., "blood sausage" or "black pudding," made from blood, fat, seasonings, and other ingredients.
2. "original orthography . . . standard or propriety": The linguistic dispute reflects Smollett's own concerns about orthography, naturalized foreign words, and other issues of fixing and regulating the English language. In his years as editor of the *Critical Review*, he frequently addressed these questions; in 1756, for example, he expressed opinions about assimilated words that coincide with Medlar's (and Banter's) views in this scene: "If we adopt foreign words, it is but reasonable that we should alter them according to the genius and fashion of our own language. Had we occasion to inlist a number of *Persian* recruits, we should not allow them to wear their long cloaths and turbans" (2:393) (for a fuller discussion of Smollett's views

on language standardization and preservation, see Basker, 18–19, 28–29, 76–84). Amidst these writings for the *Critical Review*, Smollett occasionally found himself again criticizing the wrongheaded etymologies concocted by Wagtail's original, the learned but erratic Thomas Thompson (see *Adventures of an Atom*, 6 and n. 49; and *Critical Review* 5 [March 1758]: 224).

3. "annuitant": Someone receiving an annual remittance, in this case, Medlar, who receives "a considerable annuity" (chap. 45) from his property and investments.
4. "parliamentary affair": A project supported by the government. The British government occasionally sponsored funds or legislation in support of scientific research, for example, the prize set for the invention of a technique to measure longitude at sea.
5. "we repaired to an auction of pictures": Another indicator of Roderick's interest in art. Until the first public art exhibitions were held, beginning in 1760, one could only see important works of art in private collections or at public auctions such as the one Roderick visits here.
6. "the Mall": The most fashionable walk in St. James's Park, London.
7. "ox-cheek": A dish of meat made, as the name implies, from the cheek of an ox, considered one of the least desirable cuts of beef.
8. "parts": Abilities, accomplishments.

Chapter 49

1. "*To Mr. Random, Esq; Those*": This address is quadruply incorrect: "Mr." and "Esq." should not be used together; the Christian name or initials must be included with "Esq."; Roderick has no right to be styled "Esq."; "those" is illiterate for "these," as in "these words."
2. "Montague-house": A mansion on Great Russell Street that became the first home of the British Museum in 1753, located on the route that led into Tottenham Court Road and thus out of London. The gardens at the back of the house were often used as a place to fight duels because the victor could easily pass over the nearby city limit and escape prosecution.
3. "Rourk Oregan": A stereotypical ethnic Irish name. Another angry and violent Irishman appears in a jealous rage, accusing the hero of stealing his lady, in a similar episode in *Tom Jones* (see the antics of Fitzpatrick in bk. 10, chap. 2).
4. "true Milesian": Irishman. The term derives from the two sons of King Milesius, the legendary conqueror of Ireland in 1300 BC who supposedly exterminated the indigenous peoples and repopulated the island with people whose descendants would describe themselves as true Irishmen.
5. "leathern queue": "A long plait of hair worn hanging down at the back, from the head or from a wig; a pigtail," in this instance, wrapped in leather (*OED*).
6. "Tipperary": A county and town in Munster province, Ireland; thus, his is a typical Irish accent.
7. "dishabille": Fr., "state of undress"; here meaning only partly dressed or dressed in a negligent or careless style.
8. "Arrah": "An expletive expressing emotion or excitement, common in Anglo-Irish speech" (*OED*).
9. "German army": The army of the Hapsburg Empire, also referred to below as the imperial army.
10. "siege of Belgrade": Provincial capital at the confluence of the Danube and Sava rivers, then under the control of the Ottoman Empire and today the capital of Serbia. It was besieged and captured from the Turks, who suffered very heavy losses, by Prince Eugene's Hapsburg army on 18 August 1717.

11. "musqueteers": Soldiers whose particular weapon was a musquet (or musket), the firearm that preceded the modern rifle (*OED*).
12. "Whitehall": A road in Westminster running between Parliament and Charing Cross where regiments of guards were regularly stationed.
13. "tatterdemalions": Persons in tattered clothing; ragamuffins.
14. "lock": Short for "firelock," the piece that strikes the flint and ignites the powder.
15. "counsellor Fitz-clabber": A playful Gaelic name invented by Smollett from "fitz," meaning "son of," and "clabber," a Gaelic word for "mud." Smollett devises a similar name, O'Clabber, for an Irish character in *The Reprisal*. "Counsellor," now archaic in England, is still the term used for a barrister or advocate in Ireland (*OED*).
16. "Munster": An ancient Irish kingdom conquered by the Vikings during the tenth century and later by the Anglo-Normans during the twelfth century, here presented with a hint of irony as a subject obviously too arcane to be profitable.
17. "drums": Smollett defines "drum" in a note to *Advice*: "A riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled a drum from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment" (line 30, n. 30).
18. "eclaircissement": Fr., "clarification," "mutual understanding."
19. "settle her . . . heirs for ever": Arrange a legal agreement that would leave her dowry under her control and that of her heirs, a necessary step because ordinarily a wife's property became her husband's upon marriage. The mother's sarcastic response in the next line suggests that although Smollett himself benefited from his wife's dowry, he was not insensitive to the inequality of this provision of English marriage law.
20. "rent-roll": A list of the rental income one received from one's various lands and properties, the implication being that she expects, minimally, that any suitor of her daughter will be a wealthy landowner.

Chapter 50

1. "smoaked": Suspected.
2. "Gripewell": A suggestive name derived from the slang term "gripe," meaning a covetous person, a usurer. The name over the pawnbroker's door in Hogarth's *Gin Lane* (1751) is "S. Gripe."
3. "great expectations": Although Dickens was an avid reader of Smollett and his famous novel of this title (1861) also plays on the issue of preparing a child to live in readiness for a great inheritance, there is not yet conclusive evidence that he was influenced by Smollett's usage here.
4. "foreign count": The title assumed by the eponymous hero of Smollett's *Ferdinand Count Fathom*.
5. "grimace": In this sense, an exaggerated look or "gesture of politeness" (*OED*).
6. "gentleman-usher": Escort.
7. "country dances": The lively folk dances that traditionally came later in the evening's program, after the more formal and restrained courtly dances had finished.
8. "templars": Law students or young barristers in the Inner or Middle Temple, notoriously more interested in fashionable life, especially the theater, than in legal issues. For more detailed depictions of the stereotypical templar, see *Spectator*, no. 2 (2 March 1711) and the libertine law student Wilding in Fielding's play *The Temple Beau* (1730).

9. "penny-post": An alternative service to the general post, "Whereby, for one Penny, any Letter or Parcel not exceeding sixteen Ounces Weight, or ten Pounds Value, is most speedily and safely conveyed to and from all Parts within the Bills of Mortality to most Towns within seven Miles around *London*, not conveniently served by the General Post" (Chamberlayne, "A List of His Majesty's Ships," pt. 1, bk. 3, p. 259).
10. "milliner": A vendor of fancy wares and articles of women's clothing; a corruption of Milaner, originally someone selling such goods imported from Milan. Milliners, who hired and housed young single women as seamstresses, were often rumored to supplement their incomes by arranging assignations or operating clandestine bordellos behind the front of a legitimate business. Cleland's Fanny Hill describes the millinery shop of Mrs. Cole, her protectress and madam: "In the outer-parlour, or rather shop, sat three young women, very demurely employ'd on millinary work, which was the cover of a traffic in more precious commodities" (*Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, ed. Sabor, 13).
11. "Bond-street": Old Bond Street and New Bond Street, joining Piccadilly to Oxford Street. New Bond Street already contained luxury shops, while Old Bond Street was the aristocratic end of this very fashionable area.
12. "condescension": Familiarity or intimacy with social inferiors; the word was not yet charged with the negative connotations of modern usage.
13. "meer register": A rich collection or mine of information.
14. "mewed up": Penned up or kept confined, like an animal (*OED*); from "mews," the stables where horses and carriages were kept.
15. "urganda": The name of an enchantress who appears in the chivalric romances *Amadis de Gaula* (late fifteenth century) and *Palmerin de Inglaterra* (sixteenth century), famous for her frequent metamorphoses. *Amadis de Gaula*, as Smollett knew, was Don Quixote's favorite romance. Smollett again uses the name in *Ferdinand Count Fathom* (93) to describe a Parisian procuress.
16. "crazy": Here, decrepit or useless (compare above, chap. 36, n. 2).
17. "*en cavalier*": Fr., "boldly," "licentiously."
18. "flew upon me like a tygress": The same simile is used by Fielding in *Joseph Andrews* (bk. 1, chap. 6) to describe the lascivious Mrs. Slipslop making advances to Joseph.
19. "dose of garlic . . . to dispel wind": Garlic was prescribed to treat flatulence (James, *Pharmacopoeia Universalis*, 216–19).

Chapter 51

1. "house of peers": House of Lords.
2. "ruled the roast": Or "roost"; had full authority, was the master.
3. "levee": From the French word of the same meaning, "a reception of visitors on rising from bed; a morning assembly held by a prince or person of distinction" (*OED*).
4. "closet-audience": Private meeting in a separate room.
5. "Cerberus": In Greek mythology, the monstrous three-headed watchdog that guards the entrance to hell.
6. "janitor": Doorkeeper or porter; Smollett also used the term in *Advice* ("The gaunt growling *janitor* of hell" [line 34], a passage cited by the *OED*).
7. "*Rome was not built in a day*": Proverbial expression dating at least to the sixteenth century, suggesting the values of patience and perseverance (see the *OED* under "Rome").

8. "Premier": Prime minister; here alluding not to the current prime minister, Henry Pelham (which would have been actionable under the libel laws), but vaguely to one of his predecessors, probably Walpole (see also above, chap. 44, n. 23).
9. "embassador and plenipotentiary": Ambassador and important official, someone representing the government and exercising absolute authority (*OED*).
10. "Petronius Arbiter": Latin satirist who died about AD 65, chosen by Nero as *arbiter elegantiae*, or arbiter of taste to the court; mentioned here particularly as author of the *Satyricon*, in which the main characters, Encolpius and Ascyltos, and their serving boy, Giton, occasionally indulge in homosexual activities.
11. "best man among the ancients": Probably Achilles, famous for his martial heroism and for his homosexual relationship with Patroclus, although Socrates is described in the last sentence of Plato's *Phaedo* as "the best and wisest and most righteous man" and is generally viewed as a defender of homosexuality if not a homosexual himself.
12. "that passion": Homosexuality.
13. "wisest of their legislators": Plato, who in *The Republic* considers love between men to be a higher love than that between a man and a woman (3.403b). See also Plato's *Symposium*, in which Diotima argues that a man might use his love of boys as a start toward love of absolute beauty (22.211).
14. "most celebrated poets": A reference to those modern poets (such as John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester) bold enough to condone or celebrate homosexual love in their verse.
15. "it prevails . . . simple fornication": That homosexuality was assumed to be a widespread practice in the Middle East and Asia (and many parts of continental Europe) reinforces the sense of difference, and of fear, that the increase of homosexual activity in Britain was a kind of cultural as well as moral corruption. Some contemporary writers denounced the practice: see *Satan's Harvest Home* (1749) and Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*. The reputed spread of homosexuality among the upper classes was a particular concern to moral critics. Mrs. Thrale, for example, thought the practice was increasing among high society: see her various comments about this aspect of the change in sexual mores over the second half of the eighteenth century in *Thraliana: The Diary of Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale (Later Mrs. Piozzi) 1776–1809*, ed. Katharine C. Balderston, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1942), 1:246–47, 1:517–18, 2:640, 2:747, 2:770.
16. "severity of the law": The crime of buggery, or sodomy, was punishable with burning or burying alive during the sixteenth century, but it is difficult to determine how often the law was enforced. According to Jacob's *New Law-Dictionary*, for many years no extreme punishment had been inflicted "till *Anno 12 Geo. I.* [1726] a great Number of these Wretches were convicted of the most abominable Practices, and three of them put to Death; which seasonable Justice seems to have given a Check to the before growing Evil." Lawrence Stone notes that "the normal punishment for attempted sodomy was the pillory, but in more than one case this was the equivalent of the death penalty" because of savage mob violence (*The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500–1800* [London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1977], 541).
17. "the satyrist": Smollett himself, here indulging in a piece of what Richard Brinsley Sheridan calls "puff direct" (*The Critic* [1779], 1.2.152): he is unembarrassedly quoting from his own poem *Advice*, lines 91–94, in slightly altered form.
18. "genial": Matrimonial, nuptial, generative.
19. "consumption": Here a wasting away of the body, not pulmonary consumption.
20. "*Rara avis*": Lat., "rare bird" or "prodigy"; from Juvenal, *Satires* 6.165, "rara avis in terris ni-

groque simillima cycno" (a rare bird on earth very much like a black swan). The phrase evokes a subtle irony if the reader remembers that Juvenal here is referring to a perfect wife.

21. "halter . . . tuck myself up": Hang oneself, from the slang terms "halter" (noose) and "tuck up" (to hang).
22. "Customs or Excise": That is, the tax-collecting department of the government, to which political appointments were often made and therefore the source of jobs that had a low reputation. Here in the fourth edition Smollett substituted this phrase for what he had written in the first edition, "Chelsea-hospital," perhaps to avoid seeming to insult the old and disabled military veterans who had been housed in that royal charity since 1682.
23. "jack-calls": Jackals, here used as slang for his followers, suggesting their savage, predatory, pack behavior.
24. "pathic": "A man or boy who is the passive partner in homosexual anal intercourse" (*OED*).

Chapter 52

1. "in the jeweller's hands": Sold or pawned to a jeweler, who often doubled as a pawnbroker.
2. "wormwood and gall": A bitter mortification, from the biblical warning against becoming spiritually poisoned like "a root that beareth gall and wormwood" (Deuteronomy 29:18).
3. "pieces": Guineas.
4. "under the piazzas in Covent-Garden": Located beneath the arcade or arches that lined the north and east sides of the square.
5. "Scotch Lord": An ironic allusion to the notorious George Douglas, 4th Baron Mordington, who occupied the last private house—formerly Sir James Thornhill's—on the north side of Covent Garden from 1734 to his death in 1741. Lord Mordington was reputed to have kept a gaming-house there from about 1738. Smollett treats the club as still being run by Mordington, although in terms of the novel the scene is supposed to take place shortly after the Battle of Dettingen in 1743, two years after Mordington had died. Lord Mordington's widow is reported to have continued conducting a gaming-house there at least until the mid-1740s (see Maitland, 1:638–39). For a contemporary illustration of this gambling scene, see the reproduction of James Hulett's *The Covent Garden Gambling Table*, in Hugh Phillips, *Mid-Georgian London* (London: Collins, 1964), 143.
6. "the *sitters* and the *betters*": Those who play conservatively, sitting on their winnings, and those more aggressive players who use their winnings to increase their bets (*OED*, which cites this passage under "sitter").
7. "rooks": Cheats, swindlers, or sharpers, specifically in gaming (*OED*).
8. "bubbles": One who invests in fragile, unsubstantial, or delusive financial schemes, such as increasing one's wagers as one wins; generally, a dupe, a gull.
9. "gold table": The high stakes table, where the minimum bet would be a gold coin, that is, at least a guinea.
10. "*Restez foutro . . . donner moi mon ravanchio*": Fr., "Stay, fuck it, stay. You have got to give me my revenge." The sentence is somewhat garbled French. *Foutro* (from *foutre*) and *ravanchio* (from *revanche*) are French words rendered phonetically in the Gascon dialect, which features some diction and pronunciation more like Spanish or Italian than French.
11. "white stone": An allusion to the Roman custom of marking lucky days with a white stone.
12. "*Dies fasti . . . albo lapide notati*": Lat., "Feast days . . . marked with a white stone." See also above, n. 11.

13. "Gawky": It is not clear whether Smollett intended to present the character as a relative of Squire Jeremy Gawky (see above, chap. 5 and n. 6) or had simply forgotten his earlier use of the physiologically suggestive name.
14. "broke": Dismissed from the army, cashiered.

Chapter 53

1. "Monmouth-street": In St. Giles's, well known for its numerous shops dealing in secondhand clothes. In *Trivia* (1716) John Gay, for example, urges the penny-wise to go to "*Monmouth-street* [for] old Suits" (2.548).
2. "drink the waters": The mineral spring water at Bath was widely believed to have medicinal value for a variety of diseases; patients imbibed the notoriously foul-tasting waters in the public pump rooms. For two perspectives on the medical virtues of the Bath waters, see Lydia's and Matt's observations in *Humphry Clinker* (Lydia Melford to Miss Willis, Bath, April 26, p. 39; and Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, April 28, pp. 44–45).
3. "Turkey merchant": A member of the Levant or Turkey Company, a chartered syndicate of traders and thus, by extension, anyone dealing in goods from Turkey. They seem to have been emerging as a stock type in the midcentury, as Fielding has the widow of a Turkey merchant fall for his hero in *Tom Jones* (bk. 15, chap. 11), and Sterne makes Walter Shandy a Turkey merchant (*Tristram Shandy*, vol. 1, chap. 1).
4. "put in for the plate myself": Competed for the prize myself. A horse-racing metaphor in which plate such as a gold or silver cup is awarded to the winner.
5. "demurely as a quaker": Another instance of Smollett's mockery of Quaker piety and practices (see above, chap. 8 and n. 19). Smollett extends the joke a few lines later when the gentleman voices his suspicion that "he had got into a meeting of quakers," to which the lady wit replies, "I believe so too . . . for the spirit of folly begins to move."
6. "damme! whiz": The repetitive expletive "damme" was characteristic of blusterers in general and of military tough-talkers in particular. "Whiz," which Smollett added in the fourth edition, may have been intended to mimic the sound of a bullet flying overhead and thus further dramatize the braggart's hyperbolic manner.
7. "son of Mars": A soldier. Mars was the Roman god of war.
8. "far gone with fool": A pun on the phrase "far gone with child," meaning pregnant and close to delivery; sometimes the word "foal" was used in place of "child," thus fostering more wordplay in the homonyms "foal" and "fool." The play on "fool" continues below in Miss Snapper's final retort "your bolt is soon shot," as there was another proverb that "A fool's bolt is soon shot."
9. "Your bolt . . . old proverb": Proverb dating to the thirteenth century deriding those whose powers are quickly exhausted, with obvious overtones about sexual performance. See the *OED*, which quotes this instance as the first since the seventeenth century.
10. "Black Joke": A popular song, the refrain of which contains the line "Her black joke and belly so white"; a version of the song also appears in Charles Coffey's opera *The Beggar's Wedding* (1729), in which the hunter sings an air entitled "Coal-Black Joke." As Grose delicately puts it, "figuratively the black joke signifies the monosyllable" (*Classical Dictionary*), but it would be truer to the speaker's extreme vulgarity in this scene to gloss it explicitly as "cunt." Hogarth includes a printed ballad of "The Black Joke" in plate 3 of *The Rake's Progress* (1735), and Pope alludes to the song in his *First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace* (1737), where "the many

headed Monster of the Pit . . . call[s] for the Farce, the Bear or the Black-joke" (lines 305–9). Smollett's Captain Crowe uses the term again in *Sir Launcelot Greaves* (53).

11. "cornet": "The fifth commissioned officer in a troop of cavalry, who carried the colors" (*OED*).
12. "repose": A malapropism for "oppose."
13. "confusion": Another malapropism, this one for "contusion," extending the soldier's comic idiolect.
14. "labourer is always worthy of his hire": An emphatic rendering of Christ's saying in scripture that "the labourer is worthy of his hire" (Luke 10:7).
15. "premunire": "The offence of *præmunire* is introducing a foreign power into the land, and creating *imperium in imperio*, by paying that obedience to alien process which constitutionally belongs to the sovereign alone" (Earl Jowitt, *The Dictionary of English Law* [London: Sweet & Maxwell Ltd., 1959], 1381). The lawyer is also punning on a second, more general sense of the word: any scrape or predicament. Smollett uses the word in this sense in *Peregrine Pickle* (in a passage cited in the *OED*) and again in *Humphry Clinker* (Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, September 20, p. 269 and n. 5).
16. "nonsuited": The case defaulted for nonappearance in court.
17. "noli-prosequi": A situation in which a plaintiff decides to proceed no further with a suit, although no verdict has yet been rendered; in this case, a plaintiff is acknowledging that he has no legitimate cause for the action. According to a contemporary legal authority, nolle prosequi occurs "where a Plaintiff in any Action will proceed no further, and may be before or after a Verdict; though it is usually before: And it is then stronger against the Plaintiff than a Non-suit. . . . [T]his is a voluntary Acknowledgement, that he hath no Cause of Action" (Jacob, *New Law-Dictionary*, entry for "*Nolle prosequi*").
18. "Would you task . . . shelter you, &c.": This is a burlesque rendering of the song "By a Woman in a Pastoral Habit," which appears in John Dalton's highly popular adaptation of Milton's *Comus*, first published in 1738 and reprinted at least a dozen times during the eighteenth century. The music for the adaptation was composed by Thomas Arne, which may have contributed to its widespread success. The stanza travestied here is the first in the original and runs thus:

    Would you taste the noontide Air?
    To yon fragrant Bower repair,
    Where woven with the poplar Bough
    The Mantling Vine will shelter you. (34)

    For details on the song, its origins, and its popularity, see Lewis M. Knapp, "Smollett's Verses and Their Musical Settings in the Eighteenth Century," *Modern Language Notes* 46 (1931): 229–30.
19. "recover": "To get back or gain by judgement in a court of law; to obtain possession of, or a right to, by legal process"; also, "to have a judgement or verdict given in one's favor" (*OED*).

Chapter 54

1. "*Boh to a Goose*": A proverbial phrase meaning here that Roderick looks too much of a simpleton to be able to speak up for himself. One of the earliest usages is attributed to Ben Jonson (see *Joe Miller's Jests* [London, 1739], p. 13, no. 45).

2. "ass in a lion's skin": The title of one of Aesop's fables; *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs* cites Smollett's use of it here.
3. "value . . . fig's end": An old proverbial phrase meaning to hold something in contempt as useless and insignificant. Smollett uses the saying again in chapter 69.
4. "convenience": A carriage or coach.
5. "Hounslow": A town fifteen miles southwest of London in Middlesex, adjacent to what was then an unpopulated heath extending some five miles across, notorious for its highwaymen and other dangers.
6. "hand gallop": An easy gallop.
7. "act of parliament . . . forty pounds": In 1692 an act of Parliament was passed offering a forty-pound reward to anyone apprehending a highwayman. By the 1720s the increase in crime had moved the government to issue a proclamation (1 March 1728) restating the forty-pound reward and adding a further bounty of £100 for criminals convicted of robberies in London or Westminster (see Philip Rawlings, *Drunks, Whores, and Idle Apprentices: Criminal Biographies of the Eighteenth Century* [London: Routledge, 1992], 80, 107, n. 46).
8. "seized occasion by the fore-lock": Traditionally, Opportunity or Fortune is depicted as bald except for one lock of hair on her forehead that can be grasped as she approaches but not after she has passed by.
9. "stage-coach rules": The customary etiquette for passengers traveling together, here violated by the antisocial withdrawal of individuals into private rooms to eat rather than dine together.
10. "conveyancer": A lawyer who deals in the transmission of property. The barrister here indulges in a series of bawdy innuendoes, very much in the fashion of lawyer Tom Clarke and Ferret in *Sir Launcelot Greaves* (chap. 1). For example, a settlement is "the act of settling property upon a person or persons" (*OED*); "in tail" implies that the property thus settled is limited and regulated as to its tenure and inheritance by conditions fixed by the donor (*OED*), while in common usage the phrase conveys an obvious sexual double entendre. Clarke makes the same bawdy pun on "intail" in *Sir Launcelot Greaves* (6). For similarly suggestive wordplay by a lawyer in a coach, see Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, bk. 1, chap. 12.
11. "*nisi prius*": Technically, a writ setting the location of a court case, especially whether it will be heard by a Westminster jury or by judges of assize traveling to the county where the case arises (*OED*); here the lawyer is mocking the interruption of the captain and lady's amours and punningly suggesting that they can transfer their action to the next stop.
12. "join issue": In legal terminology, to submit a case to trial, to engage one's opponent in court, with the pun here on the couple engaging in sexual rather than legal intercourse.

Chapter 55

1. "dined with Duke Humphrey": "To go dinnerless" (*OED*). The origin of this phrase is not clear. Various sources connect it with Old St. Paul's in London, where it is thought those without funds or invitations would pass the dinner hour walking or resting near what was wrongly believed to be the tomb of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester (1391–1447), son of Henry IV who was renowned for his hospitality. The precinct was originally a clerical liberty where no one could be arrested for debt. Another possible origin would link it to Duke Humphrey's Library in Oxford, founded in the fifteenth century and later incorporated into the Bodleian Library, where poor scholars might pass the dinner hour when lacking funds to buy a meal. There is a hint of both senses in a passage from 1655 recorded in the *OED*: "Being loath to pin himself on any table uninvited, he was fain to dine with the chair of duke Hum-

phrey, namely, reading of books in a stationer's shop in Paul's churchyard." These associations may also reverberate in Smollett's later choice of name for his underfed title character in *Humphry Clinker*.

2. "inappetence": Lack of appetite (*OED*).
3. "long room": The larger of the two public assembly rooms at Bath, opened by Humphrey Thayer in 1728, and dubbed the Long Room because it measured eighty-six feet by thirty. Balls were held in it on Friday nights. Beau Nash's full-length portrait hung there between the busts of Pope and Newton. Smollett mentions the room again in *Peregrine Pickle* (chap. 75) and in *Humphry Clinker* uses it and the other public rooms for most of the Bath scenes (see, e.g., Lydia Melford to Miss Willis, Bath, April 26, pp. 40–41 and n. 17).
4. "The celebrated Mr. N——h": Richard Nash (1674–1761), known as Beau Nash, the popular wit, gambler, and autocratic master of ceremonies at Bath from 1705 until his death. Sometimes referred to as "the King of Bath," he received a pension from the town he inhabited, but his popularity seems to have waned after the mid-1740s.
5. "name of Tobit's dog": This famous quip is repeated almost verbatim by Goldsmith in his *Life of Richard Nash* (1762), 155–56, and again in the anonymous *Jests of Beau Nash* (1763), 67–68, with no other evident source than this passage in *Roderick Random*; Smollett thus seems to have shaped, inadvertently, the legend of Beau Nash. The overt allusion is to Tobit's dog in the Apocrypha (Tobit 5:16, 11:4). The dog in fact belonged to Tobias, the son of Tobit, and was unnamed. But the joke, quite in character with Nash's cruel habit of ridiculing natural defects, especially deformity, probably alludes also to Toby, the dog in *Punch and Judy* and hence the hump on Punch's back: it is known that Nash was fond of the puppet-show drama.
6. "whist": Card game similar to bridge, played ordinarily by four persons paired off as partners; using a fifty-two-card deck, the game involved trumps and was scored by tricks, and it was often played for wagers that could reach large sums. See chap. 14, n. 15.
7. "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush": An old proverb dating back to about 1400 urging people to make do with what they have rather than pursuing or planning on distant prospects (*Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*).
8. "the Pump-room": The large public room in which members of all social classes could come and drink the waters: "There you see the highest quality, and the lowest trades folks, jostling each other, without ceremony, hail-fellow well-met," observes Lydia Melford in *Humphry Clinker*, describing life in the Pump-Room (L. Melford to Laetitia Willis, Bath, April 26, p. 39).
9. "hectic": Symptomatic of a consumptive disease, hectic fever involved flushed cheeks and hot, dry skin.
10. "dropsical": Displaying the symptoms of dropsy, characterized by swelling and retention of fluid in the extremities and connective tissue.

Chapter 56

1. "she-friend": Miss Williams. Smollett's use of this unusual term suggests his care to emphasize the platonic nature of their friendship at this stage, distinguishing Miss Williams, on the one hand, from his male friends and, on the other, from any romantic interest, which she had been in chapters 20 and 21.
2. "Aurora": Goddess of the dawn.
3. "Measter Randan": Phonetic rendering of Narcissa's brother's boorish accent, another of the idiolects Smollett invents in the novel.
4. "time enough for tea": Not the evening meal called "tea" in many parts of modern Britain but

the late-afternoon refreshment that was coming into practice and would be widespread by the nineteenth century.

5. "rivetted . . . enslaved": The imagistic use of the rhetoric of the slave trade to dramatize courtly love had its origins in the Elizabethan era and continued into the early eighteenth century but becomes bleakly ironic here in a novel that elsewhere depicts actual episodes of slave trading. For examples of this fading (and increasingly tasteless) vogue in poetry, see William Shenstone's "Elegy XX" (1746) and James Boswell's *No Abolition of Slavery; or The Universal Empire of Love* (1791), both of which make extensive use of the images of chattel slavery to describe the ordeal of the enthralled lover.
6. "by times": Betimes, in a short time, or speedily.
7. "*to the best in Christendom*": An elliptical version of a widely known toast, "To the best cunt in Christendom," used again in *Humphry Clinker* (Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Edinburgh, August 8, p. 219, and September 28, p. 271).
8. "Odds niggers": A mangled oath derived from the corruption of "God" into "odds" and of "niggard" into "niggers-noggers" or simply "niggers"; both had been used as oaths since the 1630s (*OED*). Given Smollett's experience aboard ship and in the islands of the Caribbean, however, it probably carried some resonance of the colloquial word "nigger" (not yet so charged with the racist hatred it would acquire), which had been circulating in the transatlantic world of the slave trade since the late 1500s. The *OED* lists, under the obsolete variant "niger," eight different citations of the word between 1574 and 1760, each of which is used to mean "Negro." Among them are "the Nigers of Aethiop" (1574), "Jethro, his Niger, was then taken" (1676), and "Set the Nigers free" (1760).
9. "caudle cup": A large vessel in which caudle, a mixture of thin gruel and wine or ale with sugar and spices, was prepared; that caudle was usually served to sick people and women in childbirth compounds the sense of the squire's crassness in using it for drinking games.
10. "Numps": A stupid person.
11. "decant": Properly, to transfer wine into another container that allows it to air and stirs its aroma before serving it with a meal; used jocularly here, as the boorish squire means only to gulp down the wine as rapidly as possible.
12. "milk-sop": An infant not advanced beyond a milk diet and thus, by extension, an effeminate, spiritless man or youth; one wanting in courage or manliness.
13. "Cham of Tartary": An obsolete form of "khan," the sovereign prince of the Tartars. It was Smollett who dubbed Johnson "that great Cham of Literature" in a letter to John Wilkes, 16 March 1759 (*Letters*, 75).
14. "f——t": Fart, rendered thus to elide the explicit vulgarity.

Chapter 57

1. "literary": Written, in letters, as distinct from the modern sense of imaginative writing.
2. "tuns": A tun is "a large cask or barrel, usually for liquids, especially wine, ale, or beer" (*OED*).
3. "small French claret": From the French *vin clairet*, a term originally applied to wines of yellowish or light red color from about 1600 to red wines generally and in modern times to red wines from the Bordeaux region; "small" denoted low in alcohol content.
4. "joke me": To make the object of a joke, to poke fun at; the *OED* cites this passage.
5. "anchorite": A religious recluse, one who withdraws from society to pursue spiritual contemplation.
6. "equipage": Fr., "equipment" or "apparatus," here, the tea service.

7. "*beau monde*": Fr., "high society"; an instance of the tendency, well established by the eighteenth century, to import French words into English to describe elite society and its mores.
8. "Wounds": Contraction of the oath "By Christ's wounds."

Chapter 58

1. "insensibly": Irrationally, uncontrollably.
2. "mows": "Mow": "to make a face, to grimace" (*OED*, which cites this passage).
3. "induced him to follow me": Altered from "induced him to *dodge* me" in the first edition, perhaps because Smollett wished to avoid the slang term.
4. "rowly-powly table": A game of chance; "a sort of game in which, when a ball rolls into a certain place, it wins" (Johnson, *Dictionary*); it was the most popular gambling game at Bath during the 1740s. Goldsmith mentions "rolly polly" in his *Life of Nash* (57).
5. "Servant, servant": Short for the formal salutation "your humble and obedient servant," here used as a polite but curt and dismissive leave-taking.

Chapter 59

1. "billet": A note or short letter, originally French.
2. "*equivoque*": Fr., "equivocation"; here used to mean an ambiguous and insinuating remark.
3. "toy-shop": A jewelry or other shop where small ornamental articles, trinkets, or knickknacks were sold. Lydia visits such a shop in *Humphry Clinker*, referring to it as the "toy-men" (Lydia Melford to Miss Willis, Bath, April 26, p. 40).
4. "diamond sparks": Small diamonds (*OED*).
5. "espousing me in private": Marrying privately, without public announcement; such clandestine marriages were no longer possible after the passage of the Marriage Act of 1753 (see above, chap. 21, n. 9). Such a marriage would be binding but, being contrary to the terms of Narcissa's dowry, would effectively disinherit her.
6. "Topehall's": Another suggestive name: "topehall" means a great house (or a large room within one) for drinking, from the verb "tope," to drink copiously or excessively, obviously referring to the squire's alcoholic enthusiasm. That Smollett amended the name by a single letter, from "Tophall" in the first edition, suggests how directly he wanted to make the point.
7. "within his point": Near enough to his opponent that he could wound him, which conversely meant coming within range of his opponent's sword tip.
8. "longe": A lunge or thrust with a sword.
9. "shell": The handle guard or semicircular metal piece that shielded the weapon hand.

Chapter 60

1. "post-horses": Horses available for hire at a post-house or inn; travelers could rent them for any stage of their journey, leaving them at a convenient post-house farther along their route. For more detail on the hiring of post-horses and return-horses, see above, chap. 10, n. 1.
2. "laying passengers under contribution": A circumlocution for robbing travelers.
3. "*Duram patientia frango*": Lat., "I alleviate hardship by patience." No direct source, although similar phrases are found in Horace, *Carmina* 1.24.19–20, and Virgil, *Aeneid* 5.710.

4. "*accidit in puncto . . . in anno*": Lat., "Something happens in a moment, which you would not have expected in a year's time"; a variant of the proverb "It chanceth in an hour, that happeneth not in seven years." *Quid* should be *quod* (see Hans Walther, *Proverbia Sententiaeque Latinitatis Medii Aevi*, 6 vols. [Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, 1963], 1:30, n. 42).
5. "picture": A miniature portrait, mounted in a locket-sized frame and "set in gold," as Roderick notes in chapter 59; such keepsakes were fashionable among stylish lovers.

Chapter 61

1. "spunging-house": A house where bailiffs would detain suspects, so called because of the enormous expenses charged to prisoners who had money. In *The State of the Prisons in England and Wales* (Warrington, 1777), the reformer and philanthropist John Howard complains that the bailiffs still "detain in their houses (properly enough denominated *spunging-houses*) at an enormous expense, prisoners who have money" (10).
2. "*depone*": "Deposit your money," or, more colloquially, "cash down."
3. "apartment": A private residence of the kind that prisoners with money could hire on the so-called master's side of the prison, where conditions were healthier and more comfortable than on the common side. Howard (see above, n. 1) advocated the abolition or reduction of fees, including "the Chamber-Rents for Master-side Debtors" (*State of the Prisons*, 57). Master-side prisoners could be turned over to the common side, where conditions were miserable and offenders lived on charity, for nonpayment of their chamber rent. Howard observed that there were "above forty rooms for Men on the Master's side" in the Marshalsea, while there were only six left for common-side debtors (206).
4. "*femme couverte*": Or "feme covert," a married woman (as opposed to a "feme sole"), whose husband would be legally bound to pay or cover her indebtedness. The phrase also carries a sexual innuendo, as *couverte*, the past participle of the verb *couvrir* (to cover), in animal husbandry means "to service or impregnate a mare, cow, or bitch." Thus, Beau Jackson's deceitful conquest is twice "couverte."
5. "verge of the court": Area surrounding a royal court in which all persons were exempt from arrest by ordinary officers of the law, thus, a sanctuary. "No person can be arrested within the Verge of his Majesty's Court, without Leave from the Board of *Green Cloth*" (Guy Miège, *The Present State of Great Britain and Ireland* [1711; 8th ed., London, 1738], 1.136). In effect, the verge of the court included much of the area around Whitehall and St. James. For a detailed contemporary depiction of the purlieus to which debtors were confined, see Paul Whitehead's poem *The Green-Cloth: or, The Verge of the Court* (1739).
6. "Sunday": The one day of the week on which all debtors were free from arrest.
7. "half-pay list": The roster of naval officers receiving a monthly pension of half the normal salary while not on active duty or after retirement (*OED*); technically, the former were required to return to active duty when called by the Admiralty.
8. "I made a virtue of necessity": An old saying about entering cheerfully into what must be endured dating from at least the fourteenth century; the *OED* traces it to Chaucer.
9. "seasoned": Adjusted, acclimated. The word was used in various contexts in the eighteenth century, including shipboard life and plantation slavery, both settings that called for major physical and psychological adjustment by new arrivals.
10. "pieces of list": Strips of woven material used to border cloth.
11. "Melopoyn": The name of the would-be playwright derives from the Greek for "lyricist" or "maker of songs," but it is also suggestive of Melpomene, the Greek muse of tragedy.

12. "Tibullus": Roman elegiac poet (c. 55–19 BC). Imitations were a legitimate and estimable poetic form during the eighteenth century: see, for example, Johnson's great poems *London* (1738) and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749), which are explicitly imitations of Juvenal's satires 3 and 10, respectively. For a detailed discussion of Melopoyn's elegy, which is a rather loose imitation of Tibullus, see *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 47–48, 453, nn. 1 and 2. Years later, Smollett was to exhibit his continuing interest in Tibullus by writing a detailed review of *A Poetical Translation of the Elegies of Tibullus*, by James Grainger (see *Critical Review* 6 [December 1758]: 475–82; Basker, 224–25, 247).
13. "Monimia": The name appears in Thomas Otway's *The Orphan* (1680) and means the "lonely girl" in Greek. Smollett used it again as the name of the melancholy heroine in *Ferdinand Count Fathom*.
14. "Where now . . . my breast": In addition to the classical elements derived from Tibullus, the poem exhibits qualities of what might be called the graveyard school of mid-eighteenth-century poetry, exemplified in Edward Young's *Night Thoughts* (1742–45) and Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard" (1751).

Chapter 62

1. "tragedy . . . rejected it": The power to choose which new plays would be produced resided solely with the managers of the two licensed theaters, the Theatres Royal at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. With only two theaters operating (both authorized under letters patent granted by Charles II in 1662, a monopoly reinforced by the Licensing Act of 1737), playwrights in Melopoyn's position had no choice but to persist in trying to persuade one of them to stage his play. See Judith Milhous, "Company Management," and George Winchester Stone, Jr., "The Making of the Repertory," both in *The London Theatre World, 1660–1800*, ed. Robert D. Hume (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1980), 1–34, 181–209.
2. "fable . . . catastrophe affecting": Roderick's assessment of Melopoyn's tragedy repeats the standard terms of early eighteenth-century criticism. The quasi-formulaic checklist of features to be evaluated—fable, characters, diction, unities, peripeteia (or sudden change of fortune), and catastrophe—resembles very closely Smollett's own method in reviewing tragedies for the *Critical Review* from 1756 to 1763. Like Johnson in his landmark preface to *The Plays of William Shakespeare* (London, 1765), Smollett was wrestling with the problem of adapting traditional classical standards to the realities of contemporary theater and popular taste. Typical was their ambivalence about the three dramatic unities (of time, place, and action), which had classical authority behind them but which Shakespeare and others had defied with demonstrable success. For a fuller discussion of Smollett's critical technique and a list of the drama reviews that he wrote, see Basker, 97–102, 133–35, 193–94.
3. "laws of Aristotle and Horace": Critical rules articulated in the *Poetics*, by Aristotle (384–322 BC), and the *Ars Poetica*, by Horace (65–8 BC); both texts exerted enormous influence on European criticism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.
4. "quotation from Aristotle's Poetics": Roderick's description of Melopoyn's counterargument derives from Aristotle: "The poet should elaborate his diction especially in quieter passages which involve no characterisation or thought" (*Poetics* 24.38–41).
5. "managers . . . without success": Although Melopoyn's story should not be read as straight autobiography, it contains many parallels with Smollett's futile eight-year struggle to have his tragedy *The Regicide* produced after he first came to London in 1739. His play was never staged, though he managed to publish the text in 1749. For the whole complex history of

Smollett's ordeal with *The Regicide*, see Smollett's preface, reprinted in *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton"* (89–93), along with Gassman's introduction and notes (69–86, 460–65, nn. 1–60) (see also Buck, 53–112; Knapp, 49–57; and Boucé, 42, 47, 53, and 57). Smollett's bitterness may have been compounded by the fact that when he tried to publish *The Regicide* by subscription, embarrassingly few subscribers seem to have come forward: no list of subscribers has ever been found among the surviving copies of the edition "Printed by Subscription, for the Benefit of the Author," and probably no list ever was printed. When collated with the edition published by John Osborn (also 1749), the text of the supposed subscription edition proves identical, down to the distinctive marks left by pieces of broken type, suggesting that the Osborn edition was made up of surplus sheets left over from the failed subscription edition.

6. "public masters": Teachers in schools open to the public, as distinct from private tutors.
7. "a good catholic, as I am": Melopoyn's avowed Catholicism is a striking example of the kind of biographical detail that prevents readers, finally, from equating him with Smollett, who was a lifelong Presbyterian.
8. "Mr. Supple": Charles Fleetwood (d. 1747), manager of the Drury Lane theater from 1734 until he sold his patent to James Lacy in 1744. A gambler and spendthrift by temperament and known for his affable duplicity, Fleetwood was described by Smollett in his preface to *The Regicide* as "a late Patentee, of courteous Memory, who (rest his Soul!) Found Means to amuse me a whole Season"—which would have been the theatrical year 1742–43. His famous charm explains Smollett's choice of pseudonym.
9. "Mr. O Varnish": A typical and probably fictitious Irish character, identified elsewhere in the chapter as a Catholic priest and confessor to both Melopoyn's landlord and Supple; his name suggests his glib and superficial talents.
10. "waste-paper . . . singeing fouls": The accidental loss or destruction of a writer's only copy of a manuscript by a negligent would-be patron is a trope of eighteenth-century writerly complaints; residual leaves would turn up as food wrappers, toilet paper, or, as here, kitchen scrap paper used to singe the pin feathers off a bird before roasting it.
11. "revise": Read over (*OED*), as opposed to the modern sense, to rework or amend.
12. "when the benefit nights come on": In the weeks after Easter, certain performances were designated as "benefits," the profits from which went to one or two of the leading members of the company. For obvious reasons, the players lobbied for well-known and popular works to be staged on such nights, which the theater manager here uses as an excuse to postpone Melopoyn's tragedy to the following season.
13. "weekly paper . . . commonwealth": Weekly periodicals were often stridently political; among the best known of the 1740s were the anti-Walpolean *Common Sense* (1737–43) and Fielding's *True Patriot* (1745–46). Ironically, Smollett was to produce his own politically combative weekly, the *Briton*, in 1762–63 (see Gassman, introduction to *Poems, Plays, and "The Briton,"* 221–40).
14. "friends Mr. Pope acquired by his pastorals": Pope (1688–1744), whose *Pastorals*, written at the age of sixteen in 1704 and published in 1709, gained attention when they were first circulated in manuscript among a group of influential literati: William Wycherley, William Walsh, William Congreve, Samuel Garth, Sir William Trumbull, the publisher Jacob Tonson, and others.
15. "eminent bookseller": Perhaps Robert Dodsley (1703–64), who from the time he set up as a publisher in 1735 was known for publishing poetry. He published Johnson's *London* in 1738 as well as verse by Pope, Young, Akenside, Chesterfield, Walpole, Shenstone, Gray, and Goldsmith, among many others. The other author "whom this bookseller always consulted" would

very likely have been Pope, with whom Dodsley was friendly and whose authority on poetry in the early 1740s was universally respected.

16. "another author": Perhaps Pope; see also above, n. 15.
17. "luscious": Lascivious, bawdy.
18. "*Button Hole . . . Leaky Vessel*": Three bawdy works. The first, *Button, and Button-Hole* (1723) is a risqué poem; the second, also a poem, jauntily depicts a rural sexual encounter and was first published in the second edition of *The Gentleman's Miscellany* (1730); the third, published in 1721, is about an old man who lusts after his maidservant.
19. "Robinson Crusoe, and colonel Jack": Defoe's popular novels *Robinson Crusoe* (London, 1719) and *Colonel Jack* (London, 1722).
20. "conundrums": Riddles posed in question-and-answer form involving puns or other word-play. In the *British Magazine*, which Smollett founded in 1760 and edited during its early years, conundrums, rebuses, and other word games were a regular feature; one of them (perhaps devised by Smollett himself) involved his close friend, the publisher Archibald Hamilton, as the answer (for details, see Basker, 189–90).
21. "plantations": The colonies, whose inhabitants were thought to be less discriminating buyers of literary material.
22. "translator": Melopoyn's sense that translation is ignominious may reflect Smollett's own view, but translation was an important part of his professional writing career during the 1740s and 1750s. Among the translations he labored to produce during these years are Le Sage's *Gil Blas* (1748) and Cervantes's *Don Quixote* (begun c. 1748, published 1755).
23. "drug": Not in the sense of a narcotic but of "a commodity which is no longer in demand, and so has lost its value or become unsaleable" (*OED*).
24. "inundation of authors from North-Britain": The publisher's remark about the influx of Scottish writers touches again on Smollett's ambivalence about his Scottish origins: at times fiercely nationalistic on behalf of Scotland, he could also be critical and derisive, as in his mockery, in *Critical Review* articles of the 1750s and 1760s, of Scotticisms and the proliferation of Scottish writers. "It is a melancholy truth, that every idle *Scotchman* who cannot, or will not earn his bread by the employment in which he was brought up, commences author, and undertakes to translate books into a language of which he is entirely ignorant," wrote Smollett in the first issue of the *Critical Review* in 1756 (1:80–81; see Basker, 83–84). Others noted the numbers of Scottish authors coming to London, including Samuel Johnson: "The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England!" (Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, 1:425). The *Connoisseur*, no. 96 (27 November 1755) mocks the stereotypical Scottish playwright: "a North Briton, who walked up to London from his native country last winter with a most sublime tragedy in his coat-pocket, and which is now to be disposed of to the best bidder."
25. "I determined . . . translated sheet": An exploitative rate of pay: a sheet was typically the equivalent of sixteen printed pages. By comparison, hired writers in the 1750s were paid one to two guineas per sheet for book reviews (much of their contents quoted material), and they complained of poor pay at that rate. Later, in *Humphry Clinker*, Smollett would depict the pathos of an elderly hack eking out a living at the rate of one guinea a sheet for writing popular history books (Jeremy Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, London, June 10, pp. 130–31). To reinforce the point in *Roderick Random*, Smollett amended the rate from a guinea in the first edition to half a guinea in the fourth.
26. "halfpenny ballads": Broadside songs and poems sold in the streets.
27. "one of his poets . . . confined in Bedlam": Smollett may have had a specific poet in mind, but the mad poet was such a familiar type as to obscure specific identification. In *Sir Launcelot*

Greaves (chaps. 23, 24), Smollett includes among the inmates of the madhouse a demented bard named Dick Distich, based on the real poet Charles Churchill (see Basker, 205 and n. 101).

28. "vulgar readers": General readers. The growth of the reading public was a phenomenon widely remarked, most famously in Johnson's formulation, the "common reader," a term usually remembered from his "Life of Gray" (1781) but one that Johnson had used as early as 1750 in *Rambler*, no. 4 (31 March 1750).
29. "Grub-street": Historically, a real street in the vicinity of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, that came to be associated figuratively with the lower and more impecunious classes of writers. "Grub Street" is best defined by Johnson: "Originally the name of a street in Moorfields in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called *grubstreet*" (*Dictionary*). Grub Street itself existed until World War II, when it was destroyed by German bombing.
30. "adorned with cuts": Illustrated with woodcuts.
31. "apparition": Ghosts and other supernatural phenomena were the subjects of many popular writings; of most interest are the stories in Defoe's *History and Reality of Apparitions* (1722) and that of the Cock Lane Ghost, whose story captured Johnson's attention in 1762 (see Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, 1:406–7).
32. "monster . . . murder": Accounts of grotesque genetic anomalies (among animals and humans) and of the most brutal violent crimes sold well; as Melopoyn implies, nothing stopped writers inventing such stories from whole cloth.
33. "*inclination was absent or present*": Unidentified, but apparently a quotation from a contemporary work of literature.

Chapter 63

1. "Lord Rattle": According to Buck, "a composite of all patrons except Chesterfield and the 'lady of quality' [Lady Vane]" (56). Lord Rattle is thus a fictional conflation of the four unnamed patrons mentioned by Smollett in his preface to *The Regicide*. The name is suggestive of the baby's toy with its empty sound, a sense also captured in a contemporary verse pamphlet that mocks fops as "made up of Puff-Paste, Embroid'ry and Rattle" (see [John Trot], *The Bellman of St. James's: Verses Extraordinary* [1746], 6).
2. "*coup d'essai*": Fr., "first attempt" or try.
3. "one of the actors": James Quin (1693–1766), a well-known adherent of the old school of acting, a declaimer with a sonorous voice, rather than a character actor, and thus dubbed "Bellower" later in Melopoyn's story. His last years on the stage were eclipsed by the rising star of his young rival, David Garrick. He retired to Bath in 1751. Smollett attacked Quin virulently in the first edition of *Peregrine Pickle* (see chaps. 55, 102). In later years Smollett became reconciled with Quin, and the old actor reappears as one of Matthew Bramble's favorite friends at Bath in *Humphry Clinker* (see especially Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bath, April 30, pp. 48–52).
4. "illiterate": Badly educated, poorly read; distinct from the modern sense of being unable to read at all.
5. "Brayer": James Lacy (1698?–1774), a former member of Fielding's theatrical company and the first individual to challenge the Licensing Act during the winter of 1737–38, assumed the comanagement of Drury Lane with Garrick in April 1747. Basically a theatrical entrepreneur, he is described by Thomas Davies in his *Memoirs of the Life of David Garrick*, 2 vols. (London,

1780) as "liberal in his sentiments, though rough and sometimes boisterous in his language" (1:93), thus explaining Smollett's choice of name.

6. "another author": Smollett's friend and fellow Scotsman, James Thomson (1700–1748), whose tragedy *Tancred and Sigismunda* had been performed at Drury Lane on 18 March 1745 with considerable success. The manager Lacy ("Brayer") was "pre-engaged" to produce Thomson's next tragedy, *Coriolanus*, but after several delays, some of them connected with the arrival of Garrick as comanager in April 1747 (see below, n. 26), the play was never staged at Drury Lane. Thomson died on 27 August 1748, and a posthumous benefit performance of *Coriolanus* was staged at Covent Garden on 13 January 1749.
7. "Vandal": John Rich (1682?–1761), a famous pantomimist and theatrical manager whose production of Gay's *Beggar's Opera* in 1728 funded the construction of his new Covent Garden Theatre, which opened in December 1732. His second wife reportedly became a zealous convert to Methodism and seems to have terrified him with fire-and-brimstone rant, which explains Smollett's uncharitable allusion to the poor man's head being "disordered with superstition." He was uneducated and uncultured and affected never to recall a name. Davies reports that "though his understanding was good, his language was vulgar and ungrammatical: he was a perfect male Slip-slop" (*Memoirs*, 1:325). This may explain the barbaric overtones of the unflattering nickname "Vandal." Rich had rejected *The Regicide* in the autumn of 1746. Smollett promptly retaliated in *Reproof* (published January 1747), in which Rich appears "Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk, / . . . with dulness and devotion drunk" (lines 167–68).
8. "port": That is, comportment or demeanor.
9. "Euripides and Sophocles": With Aeschylus, the greatest tragedians of ancient Greece: Euripides (480?–405 BC), of whose more than eighty plays some seventeen tragedies descend to the modern world, and Sophocles (496–406 BC), from whom only seven tragedies survive of well over one hundred he is known to have written.
10. "admiration": Astonishment.
11. "eight long months": The period during which the theaters would be shut before reopening in the autumn for the next season.
12. "order": Pass or ticket.
13. "art": Contrivances; perhaps planted rumors, special appeals, or advertisements.
14. "third night": The playwright's first benefit performance came on the third night, and thus a play had to run a minimum of three nights before he received any money. The play alluded to here is the actor Charles Macklin's *Henry VII*, given at Drury Lane on 18 January 1746, which ran for three nights only. Smollett also refers to this fiasco in his preface to *The Regicide*.
15. "Earl Sheerwit": Philip Dormer Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield (1694–1773), statesman, wit, and patron of the arts, best remembered for his letters to his illegitimate son Philip Stanhope, first published in 1774. A misunderstanding led to a row with Johnson and gave rise to Johnson's famous letter to Chesterfield (7 February 1755), with its angry discussion of patronage. Smollett refers to Chesterfield in the preface to *The Regicide* as "an eminent Wit" who encouraged and aided him, but he soon grew disenchanted and satirized him scathingly in chapter 102 of *Peregrine Pickle*. In the latter it is significant, given Smollett's sensitivity about the unsuccessful subscription edition of *The Regicide* (see above, chap. 62, n. 5), that Chesterfield's worst offense is his failure, when the aspiring author's book is "published by subscription," to "bespeak so much as one copy" (*Peregrine Pickle*, chap. 102).
16. "Mæcenas": Gaius Cilnius Maecenas (70–8 BC), the friend and benefactor of Virgil and Horace, famous for his patronage of the arts. His name therefore had become a standard term for any generous patron of literature and the arts.

17. "Marmozet, a celebrated player": David Garrick (1717–79), the most famous actor of the eighteenth century after his brilliant début in the part of Richard III in London on 19 October 1741, the first actor to attain European celebrity, manager of Drury Lane (1747–76), and playwright. By nicknaming him after a kind of monkey famous for its antics, Smollett was mocking Garrick's innovative and energetic acting technique. On 7 June 1748 Smollett wrote to Carlyle that "Garrick who was inexpressibly galled at the Character of Marmozet, has made some advances towards an Accommodation with me, but hitherto I have avoided a Reconciliation, being determined to turn the Tables upon him, and make him court my good Graces in his turn" (*Letters*, 8–9). Smollett attacked him venomously again in the first edition of *Peregrine Pickle* in 1751 (chaps. 55 and 102). A reconciliation was finally effected about 1756, shortly before Garrick produced Smollett's comedy *The Reprisal* at Drury Lane in January 1757. Smollett expunged the offending passages from the second edition of *Peregrine Pickle* (1758); commented favorably on Garrick as actor and playwright in *Critical Review* 2 (December 1756): 474, and 3 (March 1758): 206; and paid handsome tribute to him in his *Continuation of the Complete History* (4:126) (see Smollett's letters to Garrick in *Letters*, 52–54, 97–98, 103–4; Buck, 86–94, 154–56; Knapp, 53–57, 125–26, 196–202; and Basker, 100–102, 193–94).
18. "eclat": Fr., "dazzling success."
19. "new comedy . . . purchased of the author": Probably Edward Moore's *The Foundling: A Comedy*, which apparently Garrick had purchased from the playwright sometime before mid-1747. Under eighteenth-century copyright law, ownership of all rights and royalties passed to whoever purchased the manuscript from the author, and thus Garrick indeed had an incentive to prefer that play to one such as Melopoyn's (Smollett's), where proceeds had to be divided with the author. *The Foundling* was staged at Drury Lane on 13 February 1748, and a few months later Moore repaid the favor by publishing *An Ode to David Garrick upon the Talk of the Town* (1749).
20. "sanguine complexion": Passionate, forthright.
21. "I began to suspect . . . prejudice": Garrick seems to have been innocent of personal antipathy toward Smollett and was simply perplexed as to what to do with *The Regicide*. In September 1746 Garrick confided to a friend: "I have a Play now with Me, sent to Me by Lord Chesterfield & wrote by One Smollet; it is a Scotch Story, but it won't do, & yet recommended by his Lordship & patroniz'd by Ladies of Quality: what can I say, or do? must I belye my Judgment or run the risque of being thought impertinent, & disobliging [th]e Great Folks?" (Garrick to the Reverend John Hoadly, 14 September 1746, in *The Letters of David Garrick*, ed. David M. Little and George Kahrl, 3 vols. [Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press; London: Oxford University Press, 1963], 1:86).
22. "tyranny . . . terrors of hell-fire": An allusion to Rich's wife's enthusiastic Methodism, with its reputation for fire-and-brimstone dogma (see above, n. 7).
23. "another author of established reputation": Probably Samuel Johnson, whose reputation had been growing over the decade since the publication of *London* in 1738 and who had been trying to get his tragedy *Irene* staged for almost ten years. By September 1747 it was widely known that Garrick had committed to staging *Irene* that season: Thomas Birch wrote to a friend on 26 September 1747 about Garrick's "designs" to bring on "Johnson's Irene, and a comedy by Mr. [Edward] Moore . . . for our entertainment this winter" (quoted in James L. Clifford, *Young Sam Johnson* [New York: McGraw-Hill, 1955], 308). But later, while preparations went forward for "the comedy he had bought," Moore's *Foundling*, which was indeed staged in February 1748 (see above, n. 18), Garrick postponed casting *Irene* until after Christmas and then, distracted by other commitments, put things off again, apparently indefinitely and much

to Johnson's disappointment. The play was eventually produced but not until February 1749, a year after *Roderick Random* was published.

24. "talent of mimicking": A talent mentioned by several contemporaries of Garrick, among them Boswell, who in his *Life of Johnson* praises Garrick's "admirable talent of mimickry" (2:326 and n. 3).
25. "Punch and his wife Joan": Characters from the popular puppet shows that often bore their names, known for slapstick and vulgar humor and associated with the unsophisticated audiences who saw them in countless villages and country fairs.
26. "lady of fashion": Identified as Lady Frances Anne Vane (c. 1715–88) in Buck (26–27). Smollett published her lengthy, scandalous "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality" as chapter 88 of *Peregrine Pickle*. See O M Brack, Jr., "Smollett and the Authorship of *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*," in *Tobias Smollett, Scotland's First Novelist: New Critical Essays in Memory of Paul Gabriel Boucé*, ed. Brack (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 2007), 35–73.
27. "Marmozet . . . Brayer": On 9 April 1747 Garrick became partners with Lacy in managing Drury Lane.

Chapter 64

1. "suffered . . . loathsome jail": The opinion, down to its very phrasing, was becoming commonplace as a description of the struggles of writers in the eighteenth-century literary world. In 1738 Johnson had written, "Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd" (*London*, line 177).
2. "fives": A game in which a ball is struck by the hand against the front wall of a three-sided court.
3. "I was neither washed, shifted nor shaved": Melopoyn resembles the type of the demented, melancholy lover who appears in plate 8 of Hogarth's *The Rake's Progress* (1735) and whom Smollett's Launcelot Greaves is on the verge of becoming: "He ran round the room in distraction[;] . . . he threw himself on the bed; he groaned with anguish" when he heard his lover's voice during his confinement in a madhouse (*Sir Launcelot Greaves*, 180).
4. "just arrived from the coast of Guinea": Bowling refers to the farthest and most important reach of his voyage as shorthand for the customary triangular route for slave-trading vessels: fabrics, trinkets, and other manufactured goods to the African coast; slaves to a New World destination such as Jamaica or Buenos Aires; then sugar, rum, and other tropical products home to Britain. For a contemporary account of such a trading venture to Guinea, see John Atkins, *A Voyage to Guinea, Brasil, and the West Indies* (1735; 2nd ed., London, 1737), 149–80, especially on the proper care to be taken of slaves while on board.
5. "privateer": A private ship authorized by its own government to attack and capture enemy shipping during time of war; proceeds were usually divided between the government and the vessel's owners. While very dangerous, privateering could be enormously profitable.
6. "Martinico": Martinique, one of the French Lesser Antilles islands in the eastern Caribbean, an important and profitable French possession. The ship that Bowling captured would have been bound for its home port in France, heavily laden with colonial products.
7. "letter of marque": A commission granted by the Admiralty to the commander of a merchant ship, or privateer, to cruise in search of enemy merchant vessels.
8. "Kinsale": A seaport fourteen miles south of Cork, apparently the nearest British port of call from the point where Bowling captured the ship.
9. "lawful prize": Representatives of the Admiralty had to rule on the legitimacy of privateers' claims (in order to prevent fraud and rampant piracy) before the proceeds could be distributed.

10. "fetch up all my leeway with a wet sail": That is, sailing with all possible speed; a sea-jargon metaphor for swift action in settling Roderick's debts. Wetting the sails made them more efficient and allowed the ship to move faster. Technically, "leeway" means the lateral drift to leeward, or the distance between the course steered and the course actually run. In common parlance, the phrase "to fetch up, make up, catch up leeway" implies that one has fallen behind in something and strives to catch up.
11. "compliment of five hundred men": A clue that Bowling's secret voyage would be no ordinary trading expedition: merchant ships carried small crews, nothing approaching five hundred men. If Roderick were perceptive, he might have realized that apart from a large man-of-war, only a slave ship would carry five hundred people.
12. "two well-qualified mates": Bowling's allocation for medical personnel is unusually generous, as slave ships rarely carried more than a single physician, and that one often of dubious credentials.
13. "purchase an adventure": Invest £200 in a commercial venture. In addition to ships' captains, who usually ventured their own capital or joint shares with the owners, other officers were sometimes allowed to venture private capital on such trading voyages.
14. "such goods . . . we were bound": Probably cotton fabrics, firearms, liquor, trinkets, and other manufactured goods, categories that dominate Smollett's list of more than 120 articles of trade exported to Guinea from England in *Present State* (1:164–65). Writing some twenty years after *Roderick Random*, Smollett goes on to remark, however, that "this commerce [with Guinea] was formerly much more advantageous than it is now," largely because British traders used to pay cheaply with "trifles and toys, such as knives, scissars, kettles, glass beads, and cawries" but over time lost their exploitative advantage and now are "said to buy, even the gold, sometimes too dear" (1:165–66). For an analysis of "the abolitionist sentiments" that appear in Smollett's *Present State*, see Carson, "Britons," 480–91.
15. "other end of the town": The West End. The fashionable areas such as Westminster were at the opposite end of London from the docks.
16. "the pitcher . . . broke at last": A proverbial expression dating to the fourteenth century (variously using "pitcher" and "pot") signifying that any long-continued success will eventually end in failure or disappointment (*Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*).

Chapter 65

1. "post-house": A post office; in such a rural area, probably part of the inn or coach-station that provided post-horses and coaches.
2. "Raphael . . . Titian": Raphael (1483–1520), Guido Reni (1575–1642), and Titian (c. 1490–1576), three Italian masters of the Renaissance and Baroque periods greatly admired during the eighteenth century. Smollett mentions them again in chapter 46 of *Peregrine Pickle* ("the divine Raphael[,] . . . the graceful Guido, the bewitching Titian") and praises them in other works, including his *Travels* (Letters 28, 31, 33) and in *Critical Review* 9 (March 1760): 197–205.
3. "the Land's end": Extreme southwest point of the English mainland, a spectacular and dangerously rocky headland.
4. "New-Spain": The Spanish territories in the New World, ranging from Mexico to Tierra del Fuego.
5. "by virtue of passports . . . Madrid": During the 1739 war, "register-ships" from England were licensed to trade with the Spanish colonies (though not with Spain itself) and only those goods

that were listed on the official register. At the chapter's end, it emerges that Bowling's owners have registered only the slaves with the Spanish government, leaving the captain to smuggle the remaining cargo.

6. "supercargo": An officer on board a merchant ship whose business it is to represent the owners' interests and to superintend the commercial transactions of the voyage; here clearly a special agent with a rather clandestine manner.
7. "secret of our expedition": The need for secrecy arose not because of the slave trade (which was legal until 1807) but probably because of the special permissions and passports obtained to trade with designated Spanish colonies, in which privileges they would not want to be anticipated or preempted. Interestingly, Roderick still refers to the expedition as a secret until his return in chapter 68, when he finally discloses it to his London friends.
8. "blooded and purged": Widely thought to be an effective precaution and cure for tropical diseases (see, e.g., Atkins, *Navy Surgeon*, 359). But T. Aubrey, in his *Sea-Surgeon, or the Guinea Man's Vade Mecum* (London, 1739), already thought this treatment of fever ignorant and lethal nonsense (107–8).
9. "we lost but one sailor during our whole passage": A remarkably low casualty rate, as slave-trading voyages were notorious for their high rates of disease and death among the crew. One study, based on Liverpool slave ships over the period 1770 to 1775, shows that the overall mortality rate among the crew was 32 percent (Behrendt, "Crew Mortality," 49–71).
10. "studding-sails": Sails used in fair weather for additional speed; the ordinary nautical pronunciation is "stunsail."
11. "wronged by the ship which had us in chace": Outsailed or overtaken by the rival ship (*OED*, which cites this passage).
12. "clewed up": Nautical term meaning to draw the lower ends or clews of sails up to the yard in preparation for furling; part of the process by which the ship was being stopped and prepared to do battle.
13. "backed": "[To] back": set in such a way that the sail will receive the wind on its forward side, a maneuver "necessary in a naval engagement, to bring a ship back, so as to lie opposite her adversary, when she is too far advanced in the line" (Falconer, *Universal Dictionary*).
14. "tompions": Or "tampions," protective plugs of cork or wood fitting into the muzzle of a gun to prevent spray and seawater from penetrating into the bore and spoiling the powder in the chamber. The tompions would be removed as the guns were being prepared to be fired.
15. "tire": Tiers.
16. "there was no provision . . . their service": An allusion to the pensions and hospitals established by the Royal Navy for its disabled sailors, not matched by the merchant marine. Smollett seems to be editorializing for government action on behalf of disabled sailors from the civilian sector.
17. "abaft": Back, toward the stern.
18. "striking": Surrendering, signaled by lowering or striking the ship's colors; the captain suggests that even if they fight and lose, the end would be no worse than surrendering now, but without the chance of victory.
19. "for the honour of Old England": Bowling's inspirational speech echoes the themes and images of the prototype of the genre, the patriotic harangue of Shakespeare's Henry V on the eve of the Battle of Agincourt (*Henry V*, 4.3.18–67).
20. "white pennant, jack and ensign": The French flag had fleurs de lis set on a white background. As France was Spain's ally, the British ship flew French colors to lure Spanish ships into a trap.
21. "river Gambia": A river that rises in West Africa in what is now Senegal and Guinea and flows

west through modern-day Gambia to join the Atlantic midway between Dakar and Bissau at about latitude 13° north.

22. "Bengula": Benguela, an Atlantic seaport south of Luanda, now in western Angola, about 12.5° south of the Equator (or "Line").
23. "my adventure . . . gold dust": Roderick's care to show that his personal venture was in gold rather than in slaves may be a mark of Smollett's own ambivalence about the slave trade and his desire to distance his hero from direct involvement. Although Smollett, through his wife's dowry, owned property in Jamaica that included slaves, in other contexts he showed a strong aversion to slavery (see Basker, "Smollett's Racial Consciousness," 77–90).
24. "Cape Negroe": Or Negro-Cape, south of Benguela near the port of Tombua (formerly Porto Alexandre) on the Atlantic coast of Angola, described by Richard Brookes as "the most southerly country to which the Europeans usually resort to purchase slaves" (*The General Gazetteer* [1762; 7th ed., London, 1791], entry for "Negro-Cape"). It is located at approximately latitude 16° south, just north of the border with present-day Namibia.
25. "Rio de la Plata": A vast estuary and bay located between modern-day Argentina and Uruguay into which the Parana, Uruguay, and other rivers flow and that connects the port of Buenos Aires with the southern Atlantic Ocean.
26. "jail-distemper": Probably typhus, which raged in crowded quarters and was variously called gaol fever, famine fever, and Irish ague. That one of Roderick's surgeon's mates dies of the fever, and Strap nearly does, is consistent with the extra dangers that medical personnel faced in their work on slave ships (see above, chap. 24 and n. 42).
27. "bale goods": Clothing and other manufactured products not allowed or listed on the register, which therefore had to be smuggled.

Chapter 66

1. "disagreeable lading . . . miserable slave": Roderick's ironic (and tasteless) play on the word "slave" and his pronounced aversion to the actual conditions of the trade again signal his, and perhaps Smollett's, uneasiness about the ethics of the traffic in slaves.
2. "pure air of Paraguay . . . South America": During the eighteenth century Paraguay included Buenos Aires and other parts of modern-day Argentina: "A large country of S[outh] America, bounded on the N[orth] by that of the Amazons; on the E[ast] by Brasil; on the S[outh] by Patagonia; and on the W[est] by Peru and Chili" (Brookes, *General Gazetteer*, entry for "Paraguay"). Roderick alludes to the quality of air there in contradistinction to the foul air in the ship's hold; eighteenth-century medicine held that bad air carried diseases and therefore regarded pure-air resorts such as Montpellier as health-restoring (see also chap. 44, n. 19).
3. "Buenos Ayres": Or Buenos Aires, the chief city and port of New Spain (in present-day Argentina); its name means "good air" in Spanish.
4. "sine-cure": Or "sinecure," a paid, safe, and undemanding post, apparently to be acquired with the help of a bribe.
5. "neutral bottoms": Ships from nonaligned countries whose neutrality protected them from attack and thus increased the chances they and their cargo would arrive intact.
6. "caparisoned": To put trappings on a horse or other beast of burden, a "caparison" being a cloth or covering spread over the saddle or harness of a horse, often gaily ornamented.
7. "Don Rodrigo": Spanish equivalent of Roderick, altered here from "Don Rodriguez" in the first edition, probably to suggest more directly the paternal linkage with Roderick (see also chap. 2, n. 6).

8. "*albeit unused to the melting mood*": Quoted from Shakespeare, *Othello*, 5.2.349; Othello's confession that a career in the navy has hardened his outward manner is applied here to Tom Bowling.
9. "salutiferous": "Health-bringing" (Johnson, *Dictionary*).
10. "critical sweat": A perspiration during which a fever breaks; the point where the worst is passed.
11. "Granville": Small seaport on the west coast of Cotentin, lower Normandy.
12. "the Gaskets": Or Caskets, dangerous rocks about eight miles west of Alderney in the English Channel.
13. "Caen": The capital of lower Normandy and a prominent commercial center during the eighteenth century.
14. "in my travels": Shorthand for the grand tour of Europe, a standard experience for the properly educated gentleman during the eighteenth century.
15. "viceroy of Peru": The royal overseer of the region of New Spain that included most of modern-day Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. By virtue of that region's wealth and importance, he would have been the most powerful Spanish government official in the New World.
16. "the Indies": Spanish lands in the New World, short for "the West Indies," a term that in turn was used to distinguish the region from the East Indies (present-day Asia).
17. "my religion": Protestantism, which made Roderick's father ineligible for any official post or preferment under the Catholic monarchy of Spain.
18. "remitted to Holland": As a neutral country with extensive banking and trading institutions, Holland was a logical place to deposit funds safely or to transfer them internationally.
19. "go thy ways . . . wealth of the universe": Strap's incoherent utterance is a medley of Shakespearean phrases lifted from several different plays: "go thy ways" is from *The Taming of the Shrew* (4.5.23); "God prosper you" echoes *II Henry IV* (3.2.292–93) and *The Winter's Tale* (4.3.118); and variations of "my native home" appear in *The Comedy of Errors* (1.1.29) and *King John* (2.1.69).

Chapter 67

1. "feloniously secreted out of a prize": It was a serious crime to remove anything from a captured ship or its cargo before the Admiralty had assessed its value and distributed shares in the prize.
2. "bills upon London": Promissory notes redeemable in the capital, drawn upon named institutions and reputable traders based there.
3. "hencoop": A coop or pen made of basketwork in which poultry were kept and obviously buoyant enough to float on the ocean surface.
4. "Avast, avast": Sea jargon for "halt," "stop" (*OED*).
5. "Vesuvio": Smollett may have borrowed the name from that of a fireship called *Vesuvius* that was with the British fleet at Cartagena (see "Carthagene," 373).
6. "he had fallen . . . did not choose to bring to": The story of a man overboard being left behind by his ship occurs frequently in the history and literature of the century. Lord Anson's account of one such accident in his *Voyage Round the World* (1744; 2nd ed., London, 1748; see 112–13) inspired William Cowper's poem "The Castaway" (1799).
7. "windward passage": Channel south of the Antilles Islands linking the Caribbean to the Atlantic, a heavily trafficked route for British shipping.
8. "shoe that was nailed to the mast": "The shoe on the mast for the collection of tips may per-

haps be traced back to the fourteenth century" (Robin Ward, "Shoes and Masts," *Mariner's Mirror* 83 [1997]: 478). Here the practice seems to be connected with or triggered by the first sailor to sight land, a distant foreshadowing of the moment in *Moby Dick* (1851) when Captain Ahab nails a gold doubloon to the mast as a reward to the first man to sight the great white whale (chap. 36).

9. "pressed on board of a man of war": Merchant seamen were frequently pressed into the navy, often over the sailors' violent resistance. The detail here suggests again Smollett's disapproval of the practice (see above, chap. 24, nn. 1 and 3; Boucé, 278).
10. "Morgan": Smollett's care to reintroduce Morgan after a long absence from the plot signals his particular affection for this memorable character, who reappears in altered circumstances in *Peregrine Pickle* and *Humphry Clinker* (see above, chap. 25, n. 9).
11. "Alarm'd": Surprised.
12. "indifferent": Steady, neutral, neither extremely bad nor extremely good.
13. "*Grace . . . dignity and love*": Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 8.488–89, Adam's description of Eve to Raphael.
14. "I am tempted . . . my pen for ever": The only instance in the novel of Roderick's "writing to the moment," or simulating an outburst of present-moment feeling as the narrator is writing down the story, a technique made popular by Richardson in *Pamela*.

Chapter 68

1. "expence of a bond": As bonds required a legal writer to draw them up and a notary or other official to register them, they entailed fees and charges.
2. "subaltern's commission": Appointment to a junior rank, below that of captain.
3. "Orson": From Lat., *ursus*, "bear." His first name is appropriate, as Roderick regularly refers to the squire as "Bruin," and his behavior bears it out.
4. "go to sea in a cockle-shell": Nautical proverb meaning to launch a hopeless quest.
5. "*O Dea certe! . . . Diana choros*": Lat., "O goddess surely! . . . Even as on Eurotas's banks or along the heights of Cynthus Diana guides her dancing bands" (Virgil, *Aeneid* 1.328, 1.498–99).
6. "sack": A French style of dress, loose fitting and unwaisted, that had succeeded the tight-fitting bodices of earlier fashions.
7. "Elyzium": In Greek mythology, the supposed state or abode of the blessed after death and thus by extension any place of otherworldly happiness.
8. "Hymen": God of marriage.
9. "I was awaked by three or four drums": A variation on the ritual of noise making and disruption outside the windows of newly married couples.
10. "*Beauty! . . . peculiar graces*": Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 5.14–15; the passage should read "whether waking or asleep." The description is that of Eve by Adam after he wakes up and observes her still sleeping.
11. "stage boxes": Prominently situated enclosures or boxes that could be hired by an individual and held up to twenty guests. It was a current practice to send a footman to reserve these fashionably expensive seats and thus show off the household livery: in the opening scene of Fielding's *Miss Lucy in Town* (1742), Tawdry remarks on the practice of sending one's footman to hold a stage box in order to display the livery.
12. "independent": Neither an entailed inheritance nor a part of his wife's dowry but his own wealth to manage any way he might choose.

Chapter 69

1. "Doctors-Commons": Civil courts where wills, marriages, and divorces were registered, located at St. Bennet's Hill near St. Paul's Churchyard, where the buildings stood until 1867. Originally the College of Doctors of Civil Law, it was, according to Maitland, "a college for such as study and practice the *Civil Law*, and decide Causes within their own Walls; and the addition of *Commons* is taken from the Manner in which the *Civilians* live here, *Commoning* together, as practised in Colleges" (2:871). Among the five courts in Doctors' Commons was the Prerogative Court, which dealt with wills and any contentions arising from them. The practitioners were of two sorts, advocates and proctors (or procurators), the latter being those who "exhibit their Proxies for their Clients, and make themselves Parties for them" (2:873).
2. "Edinburgh . . . some weeks": Here Smollett omits a fifty-six-word passage that had appeared in the first edition, in which Roderick paints a rosy picture of their reception in Edinburgh and reports Narcissa's preference for it to "any other part of the world." Smollett, ever self-conscious about his Scottish origins, may have deleted the passage from the fourth edition to avoid the appearance of excessive partiality for Edinburgh.
3. "fox-hunter": For details on how this term has become Roderick's sarcastic sobriquet for his idle, degenerate cousin, see above, chap. 3 and n. 7.
4. "town where I was educated": Glasgow, where Smollett himself may also have attended the university for some time (see Knapp, 10–23).
5. "sum I owed": Having broken the contract of his indentured apprenticeship, which involved a fee for the master guaranteed by a bond, Roderick was legally liable for the forfeit plus interest.
6. "our estate . . . this place": That is, twenty miles from Glasgow, about the same distance that Smollett's family home lay from Glasgow, northwest, in the parish of Cardross near Dumbarton.
7. "no part of the world . . . Scotland": Smollett also idealizes Scottish feudal peasant loyalty—especially by contrast with the corrupt, avaricious self-interest of more modern England—in *Humphry Clinker* (see especially Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Cameron, September 6, pp. 242–49, and Jery Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Carlisle, September 12, pp. 253–55).
8. "hogsheads": A large cask used to hold beer, wine, and other liquids; its capacity varied from about fifty gallons up to (in the case of molasses) a hundred.
9. "this piece of intelligence": In *Peregrine Pickle* the reader is informed that Roderick has "gained his lawsuit with Mr. Topehall, who was obliged to pay Narcissa's fortune" (chap. 38).
10. "qualmish": Feeling faint, usually connected with stomach upset, and an obvious hint that Narcissa is pregnant with their child.

An Account of the Expedition against Carthagene

1. "Carthagene": Or Cartagena, formally Cartagena de Indias, a Spanish port city on the north coast of Colombia, founded in 1533. By 1740 it had become one of the two largest ports in the Spanish New World and a strategic center in the Caribbean, which made it the logical object of this British expedition.
2. "war against Spain, in the year 1739": The War of Jenkins' Ear, which officially began when the British government declared war against Spain in October 1739. Hostilities had been mounting, however, throughout the 1730s as British merchants tried to circumvent restrictive Spanish trade policies in the New World, resulting in numerous hostile encounters at sea

between British and Spanish ships. The name derives from the most famous of these episodes, in which Capt. Robert Jenkins, commander of a British merchant vessel in the Caribbean, was reported to have had his ear cut off by the Spanish when they stopped and searched his ship.

3. "possessions in the West Indies": Spanish settlements ringed the Caribbean from Florida, Mexico, and modern-day Panama to Colombia, in addition to the key islands of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the eastern half of Hispaniola (Santo Domingo). The British expeditionary plan focused on the two major Spanish ports and strategic centers, Cartagena and Havana.
4. "colonel Spotswood": Alexander Spotswood or Spottiswood (1676–1740), titular lieutenant governor (but de facto governor) of Virginia from 1710 to 1722. A career military officer and thus suited to the role he played in promoting this campaign, Spotswood had risen in the army from ensign in 1693 to captain by 1704. When he was removed from the governorship in 1722, he returned to England for eight years, but by 1730 he was living again in Virginia. In early 1740 he was appointed major general and was to have been Lord Cathcart's second in command, but he died a few months before any troops embarked on the expedition he had helped to organize. According to one scholar, Spotswood's appointment was intended as a "signal to potential American volunteers of the importance of the colonial regiment in the expedition" (Harding, 46). See also Edward Leach, "The Cartagena Expedition, 1740–1742, and Anglo-American Relations," in *Adapting to Conditions: War and Society in the Eighteenth Century*, ed. Maarten Ultee (Alabama: University of Alabama Press, 1986), 43–55.
5. "regiment of Americans": The inclusion of American colonial troops in this campaign, the first in British history to do so, was crucial. Historians agree that without the 3,600 soldiers raised in the colonies, the British ministry would not have supported the expedition. The regiment consisted of thirty-six companies of one hundred men each drawn from nine colonies: Pennsylvania, eight companies; Massachusetts and New York, five each; North Carolina and Virginia, four each; Maryland and New Jersey, three each; Connecticut and Rhode Island, two each (for contemporary views on the uneven quality of these troops and their leadership, which included George Washington's older brother Lawrence, see Harding, 70–77).
6. "battalions": A subdivision of a regiment composed of several companies, the commanding officer of which held the rank of lieutenant colonel and reported to the regiment's colonel.
7. "colonel Gooch": William Gooch (1681–1751), a career army officer who had served under the Duke of Marlborough in his campaigns in the Low Countries, was governor of Virginia from 1727 to 1749. Gooch was such a good administrator and so well loved in Virginia that he is said to be "the only colonial governor in America against whom, at home or abroad, there was never the shadow of a complaint" (Allen Johnson, ed., *Dictionary of American Biography* [New York: Scribner's, 1964]). Gooch commanded the American troops at Cartagena, where he was seriously injured and afflicted by fever. Created a baronet, he returned to England in 1749; he died two years later.
8. "lord Cathcart": Charles, 8th Lord Cathcart (1686–1740), born in Scotland, entered the army young, was appointed captain in 1703, and fought in Flanders, rising to lieutenant colonel in the Scots Greys. During the Jacobite War of 1715 he led several successful infantry attacks, and he earned royal honors from both George I and George II. For his military experience and political connections, he was appointed commander in chief of the land forces in the Cartagena expedition, but he died of dysentery en route to the Caribbean.
9. "North Britons": Scotsmen. As Smollett notes, Cathcart, himself a Scottish peer, staffed the expeditionary force with many Scottish officers, including several whose names appear in this account such as Cochrane, Macleod, Blane, Grant, and Murray (later Lord Elibank). The ministry intended to shore up its popularity in Scotland, but in the view of one historian, "Cathcart was overzealous in his patronage of fellow Scots" (Harding, 43).

10. "military art . . . foreign services": Because Britain had been at peace for more than two decades, aspiring military officers pursued the common practice of enlisting in foreign armies and fighting in Continental wars to gain experience. For slightly different reasons, both Roderick and Bowling find themselves fighting under foreign flags at different points in *Roderick Random* (chaps. 41 and 43).
11. "ensigns": The lowest rank of infantry officer; traditionally, they carried the unit's ensign, or flag.
12. "marines": Foot soldiers stationed aboard ship primarily for amphibious operations but also used in sea battles.
13. "foot-guards": An elite infantry unit usually charged with protecting the sovereign (see *Roderick Random*, chap. 13 and n. 24).
14. "gentlemen . . . for military operations": Smollett's complimentary language is significant because the quality of the marines became a major point of controversy. Admiral Knowles, in his egregiously partisan pamphlet about the expedition, characterized the marines as "raw, new-raised undisciplined men" and their officers as inexperienced political appointees and "abandoned wretches of the Town, whose prostitution had made them useful on some dirty occasion and [who] by way of reward were provided for in the Army" (Charles Knowles, *An Account of the Expedition to Carthagena* [London, 1743], 55). That Smollett here defends the marines so pointedly, apparently trying to refute Knowles directly, is further evidence that he drafted the text during the pamphlet controversy over Cartagena in 1743–44 rather than in 1756, when it was published. One modern historian has produced evidence that supports Smollett on this point: according to Harding, among the marine officers 61 percent of the first lieutenants and 98 percent of the captains were on active duty or had significant military experience when appointed to the expedition (68–69).
15. "commodore Anson": George, later Lord Anson (1697–1762). One of the most distinguished admirals in British history, Anson was renowned for his exploits against the Spanish, his circumnavigation of the world, and his reforms of the navy. Anson had sailed for the Pacific a month before Sir Chaloner Ogle's fleet left England for the Caribbean. Because of the disaster at Cartagena and the travails of his own voyage, Anson never succeeded in connecting with the English forces in the West Indies.
16. "South Seas": The south Pacific.
17. "Chili and Peru": Spanish colonies on the Pacific coast of South America. The former corresponds to the modern country of Chile, while during the eighteenth century the latter included most of modern-day Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia and produced vast amounts of silver and gold for Spain.
18. "Isthmus of Darien": Modern-day Panama. The isthmus was strategically important because the Spanish used it as an overland shortcut to transport Peruvian silver and gold from the Pacific side across to ships at Porto Bello and Chagres on the Caribbean side and from those ports on to Spain. For contemporary accounts of the successful British assaults on Porto Bello and Chagres that preceded the attack on Cartagena and inspired confidence for its success, see *Gentleman's Magazine* 10 (March 1740): 144–46 and (July 1740): 350–51. Though superseded as a place-name, Darien lives on as a literary symbol of New World discovery in the final line of Keats's sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (1816).
19. "Carthagena": Another variant of Cartagena.
20. "Isle of Wight": The island in the English Channel often used as a staging area for British naval operations.
21. "admiral Vernon": Edward Vernon (1684–1757), commander of the British naval squadron in the Caribbean who was, with his army counterpart, Gen. Thomas Wentworth (successor to

Cathcart, who died at sea), charged with directing the military campaign against Cartagena. Ultimately, Wentworth's backwardness, coupled with Vernon's assertiveness, made Vernon de facto commander in chief. Well born and well educated, Vernon entered the navy in 1701. By 1706 he had risen to captain, and his career brought service in the Baltic, the Caribbean, and elsewhere, followed, from 1722, by several terms in the House of Commons. Vernon claimed that Porto Bello could be captured by half a dozen ships, so Parliament in 1739 commissioned him vice admiral of the blue (third class) and sent him with a naval squadron to the West Indies. In November 1739 Vernon captured Porto Bello, and the news of his victory encouraged the ministry to launch the larger expedition against Cartagena. His failure at Cartagena was to mark a turning point. To his bitter disappointment, he was not promoted to admiral until 1745, and later in his career he was stripped of his rank after writing several pamphlets critical of the Admiralty (see also the introduction, xlvii–lii; "Carthagene," 372 and n. 21; and *Roderick Random*, chap. 33, n. 7).

22. "Ships": In this list specific notes are provided for each of the ships and captains that figure most prominently in Smollett's "Carthagene." Details about any of the other ships in the list can be found in J. J. Colledge, *Ships of the Royal Navy* (1969–70; rev. ed., London: Greenhill, 1969).

23. "Guns": Ships were categorized by the number of cannons they carried, according to the following system: first rate, 100 or more guns; second rate, 84 to 100; third rate, 70 to 84; fourth rate, 50 to 70; fifth rate, 32 to 50; sixth rate, fewer than 32. Firepower was definitive but not without limits: these guns had a range of about 280 yards and did maximum damage at 100 yards. Cannon shot, even at point-blank range, rarely sank ships, instead taking its toll on masts, rigging, and crewmen (see *An Encyclopedia of Naval History*, ed. A. P. C. Bruce and William Cogar [New York: Facts on File, 1998], 166; and, for a valuable contemporary source, John Entick, *A New Naval History: or, Compleat View of the British Marine* [London, 1757]).

24. "Russel": A third rate with a crew of 615 men that served as Admiral Ogle's flagship throughout the expedition. After Cartagena, Ogle remained in the Caribbean, but the *Russel* sailed back to England in August 1741 with Richard Lestock's squadron and was subsequently reassigned to the Mediterranean.

25. "Sir Chaloner Ogle": A career officer (1680–1750) who entered the navy in 1697 and achieved great success, including a knighthood in 1723. Promoted to rear admiral of the blue (third class) in 1739, Ogle was appointed commander of the squadron sent out in 1740 to reinforce Vernon and in which Smollett sailed aboard the *Chichester*. Under Vernon in the West Indies, Ogle was designated to head one of the three groups into which the fleet was divided and (as Smollett's text goes on to report) directed some of the successful preliminary attacks on the outer forts at Cartagena. After the defeat at Cartagena and Vernon's return to England, Ogle became commander in chief in the Caribbean. Despite involvement in a scandal-ridden court-martial in 1745–46 (he and others were convicted of wrongfully imprisoning army officer George Fry, himself an honored veteran of Cartagena), in 1747 Ogle rose to admiral of the white and then, in 1749, was made admiral of the fleet (see his entry in John Charnock, *Biographia Navalis; or, Impartial Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of Officers of the Navy of Great Britain, from the Year 1660 to the Present Time*, 6 vols. [London, 1794–98] and articles about the court-martial in *Gentleman's Magazine* 16 [February 1746]: 106; [September 1746]: 462–64; and [November 1746]: 596–99; see also *Roderick Random*, chap. 28 and n. 1).

26. "captain Norris": Harry Norris (d. 1764), youngest son of Sir John Norris (often called "Foul-Weather Jack"), who was admiral of the British fleet at the time of the Cartagena expedition. Harry Norris was involved in the early successful stages of the assault on the outer defenses. In later years he continued to climb the ranks of the navy, ultimately becoming vice admiral

of the white. Interestingly, in 1745 he served on the court-martial of Commodore Griffin, who had also been at Cartagena as a naval captain.

27. "having on board lord Cathcart": The general, who was officially joint commander with his naval counterpart of the expedition, sailed on a separate ship, an arrangement that, despite the communication problems it raised, reduced the chances of losing both commanders on one ship.
28. "Cumberland": Not to be confused with a fireship called the *Cumberland* that was also at Cartagena and is mentioned in Vernon's "Sailing and Fighting Instructions Given to the Fleet on their Sailing from Jamaica," as reported in *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 (May 1741): 267. The eighty-gun *Cumberland* lost its mast in a storm en route, put in at Lisbon for repairs, and missed the fighting at Cartagena.
29. "Boyne": A third rate with a crew of six hundred, designated the flagship of Lestock's squadron when he was promoted to commodore en route to the Caribbean. Completely rebuilt in 1739, the *Boyne* had been chosen by Sir John Norris, admiral of the fleet, as his flagship until it was reassigned to the expeditionary fleet preparing for Cartagena. When Lestock returned to England after Cartagena, the *Boyne* remained in the Caribbean with Vernon and ultimately was the ship that carried Vernon back to England in 1742.
30. "Commodore Lestock": Richard Lestock (1679–1746), Vernon's third in command and a member of his advisory board, was promoted to commodore of the blue (third class) and then of the red (first class) during the expedition against Cartagena. Promoted to admiral in 1742, he fought in the Mediterranean with mixed results and became the subject of a court-martial so controversial that it dominated the British press in 1744–46 (see articles about Lestock's career and court-martial in *Gentleman's Magazine* 14 [April 1744]: 225; 15 [March 1745]: 148; 15 [April 1745]: 173–89; 15 [May 1745]: 227–45; 16 [June 1746]: 279–80, [324], 328; 16 [August 1746]: 439; 16 [October 1746]: 555, 558; 16 [December 1746]: 668).
31. "Princess Amelia": A third rate with a crew of six hundred, designated a squadron flagship when James Hemmington was promoted to commodore en route to the Caribbean. When the combined fleet sailed from Jamaica for Cartagena, Vernon in his "Sailing and Fighting Instructions" appointed the *Princess Amelia* to lead the starboard tacks in the line of battle (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [May 1741]: 267).
32. "Commod. Hemmington": James Hemmington (d. 1757), who had been captain of the *Princess Amelia* since 1740, was promoted to commodore en route to the Caribbean and served on Vernon's advisory council with Lestock and Ogle. Promoted to rear admiral in 1747, he retired a few months later. One eighteenth-century naval historian wrote of him, "Few men have continued in the service for such a series of years and been so little known" (Charnock, *Biographia Navalis*, under "Hemmington").
33. "Chichester": The ship aboard which Smollett entered service as surgeon's second mate on 3 April 1740 and sailed for the West Indies on 26 October 1740. Captain Garlington, who was in charge of the *Chichester* when Smollett came aboard, was succeeded in September 1740 by Captain Trevor, who commanded the ship to the Caribbean and through the battle, only to die on the eve of the fleet's withdrawal, 18 April 1741. His successor, Captain Stapilton (or Stapylton), sailed the ship to Jamaica and then, on 29 August 1741, back to England with Lestock's squadron. Smollett's name appears on the ship's payroll as late as February 1742, but the evidence suggests that he may not have remained aboard the *Chichester* throughout the Battle of Cartagena. The surviving records for 20 April through 18 June 1741—the period of the fleet's withdrawal and regrouping immediately after the battle—do not list Smollett among those aboard the *Chichester*, suggesting that he was temporarily stationed aboard another ship or ashore with the troops. Candidates for the other ship include the *Prince Frederick*

(argued by George Kahrl in *Tobias Smollett, Traveler-Novelist*, 18–20) and, if Smollett's apparently firsthand observations about Vernon and Knowles are to be credited, both the *Weymouth* (which Knowles commanded) and the *Princess Caroline* (Vernon's flagship). Another source, a contemporary eyewitness and fellow Scottish surgeon called McCallum, reported that Smollett had gone ashore at Cartagena, having been "landed to do duty as an assistant surgeon to the troops" (*Scots Magazine* 72 [June 1810]: 479; see also Knapp, 27–38).

34. "Norfolk": A third rate with a crew of six hundred that was to lead the bombardment of St. Jago and St. Philip, two outlying forts, at Cartagena. After Cartagena, the *Norfolk* returned to England with Lestock and then was reassigned to the Mediterranean.
35. "Captain Graves": Thomas Graves (d. 1755), a captain since 1728, assigned to the *Norfolk* in 1739, and afterward lauded in the press for his participation in the attacks on St. Jago and St. Philip at Cartagena. He reached the rank of rear admiral in 1747 and shortly thereafter was placed on the superannuated list, drawing half-pay until his death in 1755.
36. "Shrewsbury": A third rate with a crew of six hundred, at one time the flagship of Sir Chaloner Ogle; the ship was to take a tremendous beating at Cartagena, enduring a prolonged bombardment that almost completely disabled it. After returning to England with Lestock in August 1741, the *Shrewsbury* was later involved in a notoriously ugly episode during which, having been refused sailors it was trying to impress from the *King William*, a British vessel it met at sea, the man-of-war opened fire on the hapless merchant ship (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 12 [September 1742]: 497).
37. "Captain Townshend": Isaac Townshend (d. 1765), one of the seniormost captains at Cartagena, entered the navy in 1698, commanded his first ship in 1720, reached rear admiral of the red in 1744, and served as a member of Parliament in the later 1740s and 1750s. Elected governor of Greenwich Hospital in 1754, he rose to senior admiral on the list upon the death of Anson in 1762.
38. "Princess Caroline": A third rate of 80 guns and 620 men that became Vernon's flagship after it arrived in the Caribbean.
39. "Suffolk": A third rate with a crew of 480, the *Suffolk* sailed in Lestock's division and was appointed by Vernon in his "Sailing and Fighting Instructions" to lead the larboard tacks in the line of battle. When the retreat from Cartagena began, Vernon sent the *Suffolk* to cruise off Santa Martha (about one hundred miles northeast of Cartagena on the Colombian coast) for three weeks, and the ship stayed in the Caribbean until dispatched from Vernon and Wentworth's encampment in Cuba to carry messages to England in early 1742. By 1743 the *Suffolk* was back in the Caribbean and participated in Knowles's failed attempt to take the Spanish town of Guira in modern-day Venezuela (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 13 [June 1743]: 328).
40. "Orford": A third rate with a crew of 480. After Cartagena, under the command of Capt. Perry Mayne (who succeeded Fitzroy in May 1741), the *Orford* continued to cruise the Caribbean with Ogle's squadron. In 1744 the ship earned notice in the London press for capturing a rich French vessel off Jamaica (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 14 [July 1744]: 392). The *Orford* sank en route to England during the spring of 1745, but Mayne (recently made admiral) and all his crew were saved (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 15 [June 1745]: 330).
41. "Lord Augustus Fitzroy": The precocious 3rd Duke of Grafton (1716–41). Appointed captain of the *Eltham* days after his twentieth birthday (November 1736), he captured a Spanish merchant ship, *Nuestra Señora del Carmin*, and in 1739 was promoted to the *Orford*, a frontline battleship that he commanded, at age twenty-five, at Cartagena. He died weeks after the battle, in May 1741, of disease contracted during the campaign.
42. "Prince Frederic": A third rate with a crew of 480 men. The *Prince Frederick* returned to England under the command of Captain Boscawen in May 1742 but a year later was back in the

Caribbean under the command of Captain Burnet. It captured a rich Spanish prize off Cartagena on 20 December 1743.

43. "Lord Aubrey Beauclerc": Or Beauclerk. An accomplished naval officer (1710?–41) of royal lineage and uncle to Samuel Johnson's young friend Topham Beauclerk, he was the grandson of Charles II and his mistress Nell Gwynn and the eighth son of their eldest, Charles, the 1st Duke of St. Albans. First placed in command of a ship in 1731, Beauclerk saw extensive action during the 1730s in both the Caribbean and the Mediterranean, and in 1740 he briefly served as captain of the *Weymouth*. In October 1740 he was promoted to command of the *Prince Frederick*, aboard which he sailed to the Caribbean, where he was killed in the attack on Boca Chica on 22 March 1741. In his *Complete History*, Smollett characterizes Beauclerk as "a gallant officer" (4:609).
44. "Lion": Also spelled "Lyon" below, a fourth rate with a crew of four hundred men. Cotteril had succeeded to its command in August 1740, following a tragic collision the previous month with Adm. Sir John Norris's flagship, the *Victory*, during which twenty-eight sailors died and the *Victory* nearly sank. Years after Cartagena, under the command of Captain Bret (a veteran of Anson's circumnavigation), the ship made the news again when two marine officers were court-martialed and executed for hiding behind bales during a bloody battle with a French man-of-war (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 15 [July 1745]: 387).
45. "Weymouth": A fourth rate with a crew of four hundred, the command of which succeeded to Captain Knowles from Lord Beauclerk in September 1740 just as Ogle's squadron embarked for the West Indies from England. Years after Cartagena, the *Weymouth* (under Captain Calmady) was involved in an embarrassing episode, running aground on a reef, as a result of which all the officers were court-martialed and punished severely (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 15 [May 1745]: 275).
46. "Captain Knowles": Charles Knowles (c. 1704–77), career naval officer (later knighted) who rose through the ranks, becoming admiral in 1758 and gaining appointments along the way as governor of Cape Breton (1746) and of Jamaica (1752). Despite his success, he was dogged by controversy at every stage, being subjected to courts-martial and harsh public criticism. The chief naval engineer in the expedition, Knowles was Vernon's most trusted officer but also, as Smollett's account shows, the instrument through which Vernon interfered with Wentworth's command of the land forces. Upon Vernon's return to England in December 1742, Knowles wrote the pro-Vernon, pronavy pamphlet *An Account of the Expedition to Carthagena, with Explanatory Notes and Observations* (London, 1743), in which he blamed the failure at Cartagena on the army. Smollett took a very different view, and his own quarrels with Knowles resulted in the libel case of 1758–60 over Smollett's comments in the *Critical Review* about Knowles's poor handling of the expedition against Rochefort in 1757. Thus, the events that led to Smollett's imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison in 1760 had their origins in the Cartagena campaign and the pamphlet war arising from it.
47. "Captain Mostyn": Savage Mostyn (d. 1757), commissioned lieutenant in 1734, made captain in 1740, and assigned to the *Deptford* just before the expedition sailed during the autumn of 1740. Three years after Cartagena, as captain of the *Hampton Court*, he was involved in a court-martial that moved Admiral Vernon to criticize not only Mostyn (who was accused but then acquitted of failure to pursue the enemy with sufficient vigor) but also the Admiralty itself. Characterizing Mostyn as typical of a generation of captains who shy away from battle except when lucrative captures can easily be made, Vernon wrote: "If those who are, or have been at the Head of the Admiralty, will tell the Truth, the whole Truth, it will appear, that the Interest Sea-Officers make for particular Stations is where most Prizes are to be taken, and the least likelihood of meeting Ships of Force [*sic*]" (Vernon, *An Enquiry into the Conduct of Capt.*

M——n [1745], 27). After his acquittal, Mostyn went on to become a member of Parliament (1747), comptroller of the navy (1749), and vice admiral (1757), serving meanwhile as second in command on major expeditions under admirals Boscawen, Hawke, and Knowles.

48. "Dunkirk": A fourth rate with a crew of four hundred. Cooper succeeded Captain Baker on the eve of the expedition's embarkation in October 1740; Cooper was still in command in 1743–44 when the *Dunkirk* served in the Mediterranean fleet (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 14 [January 1744]: 49).
49. "Captain Coates": Thomas Cotes (d. 1767), promoted to lieutenant in 1734 and given his first command in May 1740. After Cartagena he continued to rise in the naval ranks, reaching rear admiral of the blue by 1755 and vice admiral of the red in 1762, meanwhile serving as a member of Parliament from 1761 to 1767.
50. "Phæton": Named appropriately for the mythical son of Apollo who almost destroyed the earth by steering the sun into it, this fireship is remarkable because its commander, Capt. Silvester Kennedy (d. 1755), supervised the landing of the troops at Cartagena. In his *Account of the Expedition to Carthagena*, Knowles claimed that the landing was chaotic and the army was responsible (see 7–11 and n. C); but modern scholars have shown that the landing actually went quite well under naval officer Kennedy's supervision (Harding, 165).
51. "Fire-ships": Small, old, and thus disposable ships that were packed with flammable materials, maneuvered into the midst of the enemy's fleet, attached to a ship, set aflame, hurriedly abandoned, and left to explode. Each fireship carried a skeletal crew of up to forty-five men whose dangerous work, if successful, earned them rapid advancement. The names of fireships customarily (and wryly) evoked their incendiary function: Aetna and Vesuvius are famous volcanoes, the former in Sicily and the latter near Naples in Italy, and Vulcan is the Roman god of fire.
52. "Flame": Perhaps mistakenly listed here by Smollett in place of the *Strombolo*, as no other contemporary source lists a fireship called the *Flame*, and several sources report the presence of the fireship *Strombolo* sailing with Ogle's fleet to Cartagena (see *Roderick Random*, chap. 34, n. 23).
53. "bomb-ketches": Specially designed two-masted ships that mounted mortars and fired them forward over the bow rather than broadside. Because the mortars could launch heavy explosives up to two hundred pounds over distances many times the range of ordinary ship cannons, they were ideal for ship-to-shore bombardment. Here Smollett's account may be slightly inaccurate, as there were two bomb-ketches at Cartagena, but they were already stationed in the Caribbean and did not sail out with Ogle's squadron.
54. "hospital-ship": According to *Gentleman's Magazine* 10 (November 1740): 570, Ogle sailed with two hospital ships: the *Princess Royal* (Captain Tucker) and the *Scarborough* (Captain Carter), each with ninety-five men aboard.
55. "St. Helens": Port on the eastern shore of the Isle of Wight, regularly used as a staging area for naval expeditions.
56. "the author of this account": Smollett himself. Smollett drew heavily on the description of the storm in these two paragraphs to create the corresponding scenes in *Roderick Random*. Many phrases and other details from Smollett's "Carthagene" are carried over, often verbatim, into the novel (for particular examples, see *Roderick Random*, chap. 28 and n. 11; see also Louis L. Martz, "Smollett and the Expedition to Carthagena," *PMLA* 56 [1941]: 428–46).
57. "one of the largest ships": The *Chichester*, which, with eighty guns, mounted as many cannons as any ship in the expedition.
58. "chain-pumps": Machines that pump water from the ship's hold (for details, see *Roderick Random*, chap. 28 and n. 11).

59. "gun-carriages": Low, wooden frames with wheels on which cannons were mounted; the carriages rocked backward to absorb the recoil of the guns.
60. "accommodation-ladder": A movable or temporary flight of steps, in this case, one deployed in an emergency.
61. "reefed main-sails": Sails whose exposed canvas has been reduced, which lessened the danger to the ship and its rigging.
62. "the masts quivered like slender twigs": A phrase that Smollett repeats almost exactly in *Roderick Random*: "the masts, at every pitch, bent and quivered like twigs" (chap. 28).
63. "beril": Or barrel, "a revolving cylinder or drum, round which a chain or rope is wound" (*OED*).
64. "ballanced mizen": The third or aftermost mast, the sail of which has been reduced in area, or balanced, in order to control speed and stabilize the ship.
65. "under French colours": Britain was not officially at war with France, but the capture of a French ship was defensible and even prudent. Ogle's fleet had been warned when they set out that war with France was imminent and that the French had sent a fleet to the Caribbean to support the Spanish.
66. "hoisted broad blue pendants as commodores": An action that signaled the promotion of Lestock and Hemmington to the rank of commodore of the blue (or third class) and the division of Ogle's fleet into three squadrons: his own and two commanded by the new commodores. Commodore was a temporary battle-line rank above captain and below admiral. All ranks from full admiral down through commodore were subdivided into three classes, the red (or highest), the white (second), and the blue (third and lowest). A broad pendant (pronounced "pennant"), unlike smaller signal pendants, declared the rank of the commodore under whose command the squadron sailed.
67. "striking dolphins": Clubbing or gaffing dolphins, a common pastime among ships' crews, the majority of whom were relatively unoccupied when not in battle. Dolphins often swam alongside ships in the open ocean.
68. "shameful discipline of the ship for vermin": An unspecified but obviously horrific treatment for body lice, which, in the crowded lower decks, posed a serious, potentially epidemical hazard. The sailor's suicide may be the inspiration for Thomson's attempted suicide in *Roderick Random* (chaps. 29 and 36).
69. "Martinique . . . Dominique": A string of islands lying amidst the Windward Islands, themselves a subgroup of the Lesser Antilles, which ring the eastern edge of the Caribbean. Dominique was also called Dominica; Marigalante is a variant of Marie-Galante.
70. "death of Charles lord Cathcart": Cathcart's death (from dysentery), which Smollett implies affected the outcome of the whole expedition, was one of almost five hundred deaths among the land troops that occurred during the Atlantic voyage (see above, n. 7). The 8 percent mortality rate this represented was not unusual for troop transports during the period.
71. "brigadier-general Wentworth": Thomas Wentworth (1693?–1747), Cathcart's handpicked second in command, was an able administrator but had never seen combat. Educated at University College, Oxford, Wentworth was commissioned a lieutenant in the elite Horse Grenadier Guards in 1715 and had risen to brigadier general by 1739. As Cathcart's successor, Wentworth officially became co–commander in chief with Vernon. But his inexperience, timidity, and irresolution enabled Vernon to assume overall authority, which contributed to the strategic incoherence of the expedition and its ultimate failure. Not surprisingly, Vernon and his supporters contrived at the time and during the subsequent press war to blame Wentworth and the army. Smollett's characterization of Wentworth, while not complimentary, redresses

the imbalance and assigns primary responsibility for the disaster at Cartagena to Vernon and the navy—a view that coincides with modern historical analyses of the expedition (for details about Wentworth's conduct at Cartagena and his conflict with Vernon, see Harding, 83–122). The British ministry itself did not lose faith in Wentworth. After Cartagena he was promoted to major general in 1741 and then to lieutenant general in command of the Fifth Dragoon Guards in 1745. He also was elected member of Parliament for Whitchurch in 1743 and served as ambassador to Turin from 1746 until his death.

72. "Montserrat and Nevis": Two islands controlled by the British, both lying in the Leeward Islands, which stretched north and west of Dominica in the Lesser Antilles.
73. "St. Christopher's": Or St. Kitts, then another of the British possessions in the Leeward Islands, situated immediately northwest of Nevis.
74. "Basse-Terre road": Port on the west side of St. Christopher's.
75. "Leostoff": Variously recorded as the *Lowestaffe* or *Lowestoffe*, a sixth-rate, twenty-gun frigate under the command of Captain Drummond that was already stationed in the Caribbean (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [February 1741]: 85).
76. "Sabe . . . Hispaniola": A succession of islands stretching westward from the northern end of the Lesser Antilles along the Greater Antilles toward Jamaica. Sabe, now called Saba, and Santa Cruz, now St. Croix, lie in the Leeward Islands. Portorico, or Puerto Rico, and Hispaniola were the easternmost of the Greater Antilles and major Spanish possessions (though France controlled the western half of Hispaniola). This indirect route, from the southeast via the Windward and Leeward Islands north and west toward Jamaica, was probably part of a systematic attempt by the English fleet to learn the strength and location of enemy fleets around the Caribbean before mustering at Jamaica for the assault on Cartagena.
77. "five large ships": A small but significant error in Smollett's "Carthagene." Historians confirm that there were only four ships in the French squadron sighted, thus undermining Smollett's later description of the fight as between squadrons "equally matched" (for details on this sea battle, see Harding, 85–86; and Herbert W. Richmond, *The Navy in the War of 1739–48* [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1920], 103). Smollett amended the number from five to four when he described this episode in his *Complete History* (4:608).
78. "Jamaica": The only island of the Greater Antilles controlled by the British, Jamaica was the British military headquarters of the war in the West Indies. It was the meeting place for general councils of war and the point of dispatch and retreat for British troops in the West Indies (see Harding, 3–4, 90).
79. "lord Augustus Fitzroy . . . come aboard": The engagement was started not by Lord Augustus Fitzroy of the *Orford* but by Lord Aubrey Beauclerk of the *Prince Frederick*, who commanded the detachment (Richmond, *The Navy*, 103).
80. "This order . . . gave him a broadside": The incident was not so simple. Having dispatched Knowles in a boat to talk with one of the apparently French ships, Beauclerk hailed another and, upon receiving no reply to a series of warnings, began to fire on it, thinking it Spanish (see Richmond, *The Navy*, 104).
81. "very obstinate engagement": Historians have found the episode less coherent than Smollett's phrase implies. Among other signs of confusion and disorder, the *Rippon* never actually got a chance to fire its guns; the *Dunkirk* mistakenly fired a broadside into the *Orford*; and after sunrise brought an end to the fighting, the only decisive outcome was that five British ships sailed to Jamaica in need of repairs, much to Vernon's annoyance (see Harding, 86; and Richmond, *The Navy*, 104).
82. "pretended he had mistaken them for Spaniards": As England was not yet officially at war with France, this face-saving gesture avoided a diplomatic transgression while also indicating the

uncertainty and tension in which commanders had to function thousands of miles away from their governments. Smollett adapts this episode in *Roderick Random* (chap. 29).

83. "captain England": Thomas England (d. 1740), first commissioned a lieutenant in 1733, had been promoted to captain in Wynyard's Marines in 1739. According to *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 (April 1741): 223, England had his head shot off during the first broadside of the engagement. That Smollett had some connection with England is suggested not only by his singling him out by name for particular praise but also by the fact that he borrowed this bloody episode and made it a vivid part of Roderick's personal experience in the novel (*Roderick Random*, chap. 29).
84. "Port-Royal": The outer harbor of Kingston and the key British naval port in the Caribbean, used as a headquarters and staging ground for most of the century.
85. "council of war": Military strategy during the Cartagena campaign was "formulated in a General Council of War, consisting of the two senior sea officers [Vernon and Ogle], the two senior land officers [Wentworth and Guise], and, if he was available, Governor Trelawney. Decisions had to be carried by a majority, of which Vernon or Wentworth had to be a part" (Harding, 90).
86. "governor Trelawney's house": The official residence of Edward Trelawny (1699–1754), Oxford-educated former member of Parliament who served as governor of Jamaica from 1738 until his failing health brought him back to England in 1753. A competent and dutiful governor, Trelawny gradually began to clash with the military leaders, specifically Vernon and Ogle, leading to an explosive incident a few months after Cartagena. During a council of war in 1742, an argument over the navy's impressment of a Jamaican merchantman led to insults and drawn swords in Trelawny's house, and only by physically tackling Trelawny did Vernon prevent a potentially lethal swordfight between the governor and Admiral Ogle. Later Trelawny pressed charges, and a Jamaican court convicted Ogle of criminal assault on 3 September 1742. Trelawny continued to despise Vernon also, publicly accusing him in 1743 of having acted "as an Enemy, out of Spite to [your fellow officers], to your King, and Country" (*Gentleman's Magazine* 13 [March 1743]: 160–61). Later in 1743 Trelawny was appointed a colonel in charge of an army company, and in 1748 he was to join Knowles on a military expedition against Port Louis in Santo Domingo. Knowles succeeded him as governor of Jamaica in 1752.
87. "Spanish town": The capital of British government in Jamaica, then a few miles west of Kingston, now a part of the greater metropolis.
88. "marquis d'Antin": For Antoine-François d'Antin, see *Roderick Random*, chap. 41, n. 15. The presence of the French squadron and the general expectation that France would officially join the Spanish in fighting England moved Vernon to try to discover the size and disposition of d'Antin's forces before going on to Cartagena.
89. "Port Louis": A French port on the western coast of Hispaniola, the modern-day city of Port-au-Prince in Haiti.
90. "body of negroes raised by the governor": Jamaican Maroons who, as a condition of their 1738 treaty with British colonial authorities, were obliged to raise a company of troops (in this case, five hundred men) if Jamaica were "invaded by any foreign enemy" ("Articles of pacification with the Maroons of Trelawney Town," quoted in Bryan Edwards, *The History, Civil and Commercial, of the British Colonies in the West Indies* [London, 1793], 315). Strictly interpreted, the clause would not seem to call for them to serve in an overseas expedition, which may reveal something about the reality of colonial power. Moreover, as Smollett's "Carthagene" shows, the Maroons were used almost exclusively as trench-digging laborers rather than fighting soldiers. Some on the British side may have thought the presence of black troops would in-

timidate or frighten the Spanish: "Agast, the trembling *Spaniard* sees / The Negroes and the Fort" wrote one poetic commentator in 1741 ("Some Excellent Verses on Admiral Vernon's taking the Forts and Castles of *Carthagena*" [Boston, 1741], reprinted in *American Broadside Verse from Imprints of the 17th and 18th Centuries*, ed. Ola Elizabeth Winslow [New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1930], 117). But in fact the Spanish had two companies of "negroes and free mulattoes" among their own forces at Cartagena (Francis Russell Hart, *Admirals of the Caribbean* [Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1935], 146).

91. "three divisions": The three squadrons were composed as follows: Ogle's had ten men-of-war and six frigates; Vernon's eleven men-of-war and eleven frigates; and Lestock's nine men-of-war and five frigates (for the names, commanding officers, size, and details of the ships in each division, see Vernon's "Sailing and Fighting Instructions," 267).
92. "Cape Tiberoon": The southwest tip of the French colony on Hispaniola (modern Haiti).
93. "Wolf": A frigate of twenty guns that sailed in Lestock's division. In 1740 the *Wolf*, under William Dandridge, had supported Gen. James Oglethorpe's army against the Spanish in South Carolina. In 1742 it would begin a long career as a privateer, capturing several Spanish ships during 1743–44 alone (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 12 [December 1742]: 658; 13 [January 1743]: 50; and 14 [February 1744]: 102).
94. "Dandridge": William Dandridge (d. ?1744), originally from Virginia and married to a sister of George Washington, a lieutenant in the navy since 1709, appointed captain of the *Wolf* in 1740. A week after his scouting of Port Louis, Dandridge was promoted to the *South Sea* of forty guns. After Cartagena he remained in America, fighting in support of Oglethorpe in South Carolina.
95. "flag at the main-top-mast head": The insignia of an admiral's flagship. Had Dandridge's report proved true (Charnock, *Biographia Navalis*, under "Dandridge," reports that a thick haze obscured the harbor), Vernon might have hoped to trap and destroy d'Antin's whole squadron in Port Louis.
96. "isle of Vache": Located off the southwest shore of Hispaniola, nine leagues from Port Louis. The decision to divert to Vache rather than directly assault Port Louis reflects Vernon's extreme caution about risking his fleet in any action where the enemy might surprise or overwhelm him, a mindset that was to dominate his tactics at Cartagena shortly after.
97. "captain Laws": William Laws (fl. 1723–48), one of Vernon's engineers, along with Captain Knowles. He was to be involved in building a battery on Tierra Bomba. When the English captured Boca Chica, Vernon dispatched Laws aboard the *Spence* to convey the news to England (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [May 1741]: 277). His colleague in arms Maj. George Lestanquet opined in his journal that Laws was in no way fit for the commands to which he was promoted in the Caribbean, calling it "another of my wonders, how they could think of sending him with an expedition of so much consequence" (quoted in "A Friend to the General: Extracts from the Journal of Major George Lestanquet September 14th 1741 to April 14th 1742," *Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research* 71 [1993]: 37).
98. "Spence": A frigate, the *Spence* had served under Captain Laws in General Oglethorpe's campaign against the Spanish in South Carolina in 1740.
99. "barge": A captain's or admiral's boat.
100. "merchantmen": Cargo or trading ships rather than military vessels, usually unarmed.
101. "frigate": Or cruiser, a smaller three-masted ship, rated fourth to sixth, usually mounting between twenty-four and thirty-eight guns. Generally too small to serve in battle, frigates were very fast and were primarily used for reconnaissance and raiding.
102. "Boscawen": Edward Boscawen (1711–61), a captain since 1737 with a well-earned reputa-

tion for bravery, especially in leading amphibious assaults, as he had at Porto Bello (1739) and would at Cartagena. He was reassigned from the twenty-gun *Shoreham* to the seventy-gun *Prince Frederick* in the midst of the assault, when Beauclerk was killed on 22 March 1741. After Cartagena he went on to a distinguished career, rising through the ranks of the Admiralty to become admiral of the blue in 1758, and served both as a member of Parliament (1742–61) and as commissioner of the Admiralty from 1751 until his death. Nicknamed both "Wry-necked Dick" for an old neck wound and "Old Dreadnought" for his fearless attack on two large French ships with a much smaller ship, the *Dreadnought*, Boscawen was also famous for his attention to the health and hygiene of the sailors under him.

103. "d'Antin's having sailed . . . 26th day of January": Dandridge made his initial reconnaissance on 30 January, so Vernon's squadron had missed the French fleet by only four days.

104. "captain Renton in the experiment": James Rentone (d. 1748), a lieutenant and favorite of Vernon's at Porto Bello whose expertise in sounding harbors and coastlines aboard his twenty-gun frigate, the *Experiment*, was called upon repeatedly during the Cartagena campaign. Immediately after Cartagena he was promoted to the sixty-gun *Rippon* and later to the *Stafford*. In 1746 he was to serve on the famous court-martial of Admiral Lestock. In March 1748 he sailed under Knowles to the attack on Port Louis, where he was killed by cannon shot in the first volleys of the battle.

105. "Iros . . . Donna Maria": Bays on Cape Tiburon, on the southwest coast of Hispaniola. Donna Maria is modern-day Dame Marie.

106. "fascines and pickets": Materials used to build field batteries. Fascines are tightly bundled faggots of wood, fastened in place by pickets or stakes, that serve in place of brick or stone to build earth walls and trenches.

107. "Punta Canoa": A bay located about six nautical miles (or two leagues) north of Cartagena, briefly considered and then rejected as a landing point because of heavy surf and shallow soundings.

108. "windward": Northeast. As the prevailing winds blow northeast to southwest along the coast at Cartagena, those compass points correspond to windward and leeward, respectively, in the strategic description of this assault.

109. "Tierra Bomba": The main island separating the large lagoon (more than ten miles long) from the Caribbean and forming with the island of Baru to its south the narrow entrance to the lagoon called Boca Chica. Tierra Bomba was thickly wooded and sparsely populated. It was defended by three forts: San Jago; San Felipe or St. Philip; and the largest, San Luis, which mounted eighty guns (Harding, 95).

110. "Boca-Chica": Sp., "Tiny Mouth" or, as Smollett translates it farther on in the text, "Narrow Mouth," a five-hundred-yard-wide passage located between the islands of Tierra Bomba and Baru that led into the outer harbor of the lagoon adjacent to Cartagena. Boca Chica was dangerous for large ships; according to Harding, "the water was only deep enough for larger vessels in the central 160 yards" (95).

111. "distribution of plunder . . . majesty's instructions": The council of war was charged by military regulations with agreeing, on the eve of any large battle, to equitable and proportionate terms by which spoils and prizes would be distributed among the respective services and their officers.

112. "rolled away her main-mast": Heaved with the waves so violently that the mast snapped.

113. "St. Jago and St. Philip": Two small fortifications near San Luis on Tierra Bomba. The former had nine cannons, the latter ten. Both had been badly maintained and were undergoing repairs at the time of the British attack (Harding, 95).

114. "she received considerable damage . . . killed or wounded": Contemporary accounts confirm Smollett's report of the pounding the *Shrewsbury* endured. Trapped in the center of Boca Chica, she was exposed to the combined batteries of 160 guns for seven full hours. The ship took 250 shots in her hull, the rigging was destroyed, twenty crewmen were killed, and another forty were injured (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [May 1741]: 268).
115. "lieutenant colonel Cochrane": James Cochran or Cockran (fl. 1708–49), first commissioned lieutenant in 1708, promoted to captain in 1716 and to lieutenant colonel in Oglethorpe's Foot in 1737. Cochran came to Cartagena with Col. Charles Douglass's marines (also known as "Douglass's Marines"), in which the mortality among commanding officers was so high that at the end of the Cartagena campaign in April 1741, when Cochran became colonel, he was the fourth commander to have led the regiment in five weeks (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [August 1741]: 443). Thereafter they were known as "Cockran's Marines."
116. "granadiers": Originally, soldiers trained to throw grenades, which made height and strength advantageous and led to their reputation as elite troops.
117. "lie that night upon their arms": To sleep in the field, armed and ready for battle. A similar expression—soldiers forced to "lay under arms" at night—is used to describe battle action in France in 1746 (*Gentleman's Magazine* 16 [October 1746]: 556).
118. "negroes, tools, and tents being put ashore": The phrasing suggests the general attitude of the British forces toward their Maroon allies. Though legendarily tough guerilla fighters in Jamaica, they are here treated primarily as conscripted labor.
119. "coupure": Fr., "cut" or "slash," used in military terminology to mean a ditch or trench, especially one dug during a siege (*OED*) (for details on the tactical intricacies of *coupures* in this battle, see Harding, 102–3).
120. "Mr. Moor": Jonas Moore (1691?–1741), a talented and widely acclaimed military engineer who had served as chief engineer during the Spanish siege of Gibraltar in 1727 and who arrived at Cartagena on 15 March 1741 after the attack was already under way. He immediately took over from the navy's less competent engineers, headed by Knowles, and directed the construction of batteries that within a few weeks successfully conquered the forts on Tierra Bomba, with little loss of life on the English side. Unfortunately, Moore was killed by a stray cannon shot in this action on 23 March 1741, and the rest of the Cartagena assault suffered terribly from the loss of his expertise.
121. "the negroes . . . great dependance": Smollett's observation is born out: throughout the expedition, the Maroon warriors were used only once as fighting troops rather than menial laborers.
122. "number of soldiers . . . which the admiral refused": The holding back of army troops aboard ships despite the general's request for reinforcements became one of the deciding factors during the Cartagena campaign. The troops ashore, suffering from heat and fatigue, needed supplies and relief; Vernon, ever fearful for his fleet, refused to share authority or even to let Wentworth deploy his own reserves; and Wentworth failed to assert his authority as co-commander of the expedition (for a detailed analysis of how these factors contributed to the defeat at Cartagena, see Harding, 90–103).
123. "embrasures": Openings in the breastworks through which the cannons would be fired.
124. "Barradera": Actually, the Albanicos fascine battery of fourteen guns, located on the north tip of Grand Baru Island, immediately overlooking Boca Chica. It was commonly but mistakenly called Barradera, after a much smaller fascine battery of that name nearby.
125. "Watson": Thomas Watson (d. 1744), formerly a midshipman under Vernon, was promoted to captain in 1733, served as flag-captain with Vernon at Porto Bello, and moved with Vernon

to the *Princess Caroline* as flag-captain when the admiral made it his flagship for the Cartagena assault. Watson died spectacularly in 1744, when, demented with drink, he attacked three large French ships with only his seventy-gun *Northumberland*, losing both his brand-new ship and his life as a result.

126. "Washington": Lawrence Washington (1718–52), older half brother of George Washington and captain of a company of Virginia troops raised for the Cartagena expedition. Lawrence Washington was a great admirer of Vernon, as evidenced by his decision to change the name of the family estate to Mount Vernon after he returned to Virginia in 1742. The link with Vernon almost altered the course of American history, as Lawrence arranged in 1746 through his naval connections to get fourteen-year-old George a place as a midshipman in the British navy, a place the future president only reluctantly declined under pressure from his mother. Lawrence's death in 1752 of tuberculosis, which he first contracted on the Cartagena expedition, led to George Washington's inheritance of Mount Vernon. Smollett's inclusion of Washington's name here is another sign of his pointed response to Knowles's 1743 pamphlet about Cartagena, as Knowles had singled out for praise the naval officers but omitted any mention of the two army officers Washington and Murray (see Knowles, *Account of the Expedition to Carthagena*, 12–13).
127. "Mr. Murray": Patrick Murray, 5th Baron Elibank (1703–78), trained as a lawyer, was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates in 1722, but entered the military instead, rising to lieutenant colonel in Wynyard's Marines. Having fought bravely while leading troops in the land assault at Cartagena, he returned to England with Lestock in 1741 and devoted the rest of his life to legal and literary pursuits. Eventually a judge on Scotland's highest court, the Court of Sessions, and a prominent member of the Scottish intelligentsia, Elibank was praised by Samuel Johnson: "I never met [Elibank] without going away a wiser man" (William C. Lowe, "Murray, Patrick, fifth Lord Elibank [1703–1778]," in *The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004], online ed., 2007, http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/19643, accessed 31 March 2010). Elibank was also friends with Smollett, who praised him in *Humphry Clinker* for his "humanity and universal intelligence . . . [and] the originality of his character" (Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Edinburgh, July 18, p. 209). Like Smollett, Elibank wrote an account of the Cartagena expedition, though it was never published.
128. "lieutenant Forrest": Arthur Forrest (d. 1770), a naval officer under Boscawen noted for his bravery and daring, which verged on recklessness. After distinguishing himself in leading troops in the shore assault at Cartagena, he was promoted to command of a bombship in May 1741, the first of many ships he was to captain. Ultimately, he reached the post of commander in chief in Jamaica in 1769.
129. "spiked up the cannon": Rendered the guns useless by driving spikes or similar objects into their vents (Trevor N. Dupuy, Curt Johnson, and Grace P. Hayes, eds., *Dictionary of Military Terms: A Guide to the Language of Warfare and Military Institutions* [New York: H. W. Wilson, 1986]).
130. "epaulement": A defensive structure made of earth on the side of a fortification to protect it from flanking fire.
131. "St. Joseph": A fort of twenty guns perched on a tiny island in the middle of Boca Chica.
132. "Boca Chica*": Smollett's footnote here seems to be another direct response to Knowles's 1743 pamphlet. Knowles had tried to malign the army, and particularly its chief engineer, Jonas Moore, by saying that the construction of the battery in the midst of standing woods was foolish and unproductive (Knowles, *Account of the Expedition to Carthagena*, 16–17). Smollett devotes his footnote to making the opposite case, that building the battery under

cover of the trees before clearing them away, to the astonishment of the Spanish, was a stroke of tactical genius. An anonymous New England poet, writing days after hearing news of the fall of Boca Chica, seems to have shared Smollett's view:

While these brave Things were done at Sea,
Our Soldiers work'd for Blood,
Built on the Land a Battery,
Behind a hideous Wood.

Wentworth commands, down go the Trees,
With horrible Report;
Agast, the trembling *Spaniard* sees
The Negroes and the Fort.
("Some Excellent Verses," in Winslow, *American Broadside Verse*, 117)

133. "cohorns": Small mortars that threw shells of up to twenty-four pounds and named for their inventor, Baron van Coehoorn (1641–1704) (see also *Roderick Random*, chap. 32 and n. 2, chap. 45 and n. 24).
134. "broad red pendant": The signal that Lestock has now been promoted to commodore of the first class.
135. "Hampton Court": A third rate with 70 guns and 480 men, commanded at Cartagena by Captain Dent. One of the six ships that attacked Porto Bello under Vernon in 1739, the *Hampton Court* sailed back to England after Cartagena as part of Lestock's squadron in 1741 and was subsequently reassigned to the Mediterranean.
136. "Tilbury": A fourth rate with sixty guns and a crew of four hundred, commanded by Captain Long, already stationed in the West Indies when Ogle's squadron joined Vernon. After Cartagena the *Tilbury* continued to serve with Vernon's squadron in the Caribbean.
137. "Britons strike Home": A military fight song customarily played to rouse troops going into battle. The *Gentleman's Magazine* records it being played aboard British ships in other battles of the 1740s (see, e.g., 14 [July 1744]: 394).
138. "clapped a spring on her cable": A technique that, by connecting a rope from the stern to a cable at the bow anchor, enabled the ship to swing itself around while at anchor and aim its broadside in a particular direction.
139. "their shot did very little execution among the enemy": The failure of this naval attack, which Smollett reports without embellishment, disproved a view that Vernon had been espousing since his first reconnaissance of Cartagena in 1740: that it could be taken by the navy alone. But because it was Vernon himself who was writing the reports back to London, the failure was downplayed and its reflections on Vernon's strategy were never mentioned (see Harding, 105–6).
140. "to the great prejudice of the expedition": Subsequent evidence confirms Smollett's assessment of Moore's importance to the expedition, as perhaps even the key to its success or failure. Not only was his expertise lost, but his death was also a great blow to Wentworth's confidence and led the general to rely once again on the ill-conceived advice of naval engineers and to acquiesce in the poor decisions of the naval commanders (see Harding, 103–6).
141. "forlorn hope": Also called *enfants perdus*, they were the body of men "appointed to give the first onset in battle, to begin the assault upon a place besieged, or go upon any other desperate services" (Thomas Simes, *A New Military, Historical, and Explanatory Dictionary* [Philadelphia, 1776]).
142. "lieutenant colonel Macleod": Angus Macleod (d. 1741) entered the army in 1700, was commissioned an ensign in 1702, served in various Continental wars, reached the rank of captain

in Blakeney's regiment, fought at Cartagena as a major in Moreton's Marines, and reportedly was promoted to lieutenant colonel just before he died in Jamaica in June 1741 (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [September 1741]: 499).

143. "colonel Daniel": Samuel Daniel (d. 1741), first commissioned as an ensign in 1704, had reached the rank of lieutenant colonel by 1735, went to Cartagena with Harrison's Foot but was promoted to Douglass's Marines after that regiment had lost two commanders in action within a matter of days. Daniel too lasted only days, dying of unspecified illness, to be succeeded by Colonel Cochran in late April 1741 (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [August 1741]: 443).

144. "Mr. Blakeney": William, later Lord Blakeney (1672–1761), third in command of the expeditionary army, the classic old soldier, fought at Cartagena at the age of sixty-nine and would achieve still greater glory at the age of eighty-four during the Seven Years' War. An Anglo-Irishman who entered the army in 1690 and, lacking wealth or patronage, did not make colonel until 1737, he was renowned for his courage, hardiness, and integrity. There was a widespread view that if Blakeney, rather than Wentworth, had succeeded to command of the army after the deaths of Cathcart and Spotswood, the outcome at Cartagena would have been different. Blakeney was promoted to major general for his distinguished service during the Jacobite War of 1745, and in 1756 he managed against all odds to defend the hapless fort at Minorca for seventy days before surrendering (for a contemporary account of his importance at Cartagena and a laudatory summary of his achievements and character, see "Of General Blakeney," *Literary Magazine*, no. 1 [15 August 1756]: 203–5).

145. "grape shot": A cluster of small shot that disperses in flight and is used to attack personnel rather than battlements or structures.

146. "commandant Don Blas": Admiral Blas de Lezo y Olavarrieta (d. 1741), governor of the city of Cartagena since 1739 and a legendary Spanish military hero who, because in various battles he had lost an arm, an eye, and a leg, was nicknamed "Medio Hombre," or "Half Man." Blas de Lezo had fought in the War of the Spanish Succession and in later campaigns in Italy, Oran, Morocco, and Lezo in the Caribbean. Described by Smollett in his *Complete History* as "an officer of experience and reputation" (4:609), Blas de Lezo was a tenacious and inspiring leader who sent Vernon a defiant message after the capture of Porto Bello and who ultimately won the Battle of Cartagena with manpower outnumbered six to one by the British forces he faced. He had to cope with the presence of his superior, Sebastián de Eslava, viceroy of Santa Fe, who heatedly argued with him about defensive strategy. After the battle each sent complaints to the Spanish Court about the insulting behavior of the other, but Blas de Lezo died of wounds received to his remaining arm before the response (his suspension from duty) was received (for details about Blas de Lezo at Cartagena, see Julián de Zulueta, "Health and Military Factors in Vernon's Failure at Cartagena," *Mariner's Mirror: The Journal of the Society for Nautical Research* 78 [1992]: 131–34; see also *Roderick Random*, chap. 33, n. 24).

147. "Africa . . . San Philip": Three of the four Spanish men-of-war, carrying sixty-four, sixty-six, and seventy guns, respectively. Knowing their four ships could not defeat the large British fleet, the Spanish sank these three ships in positions that would block the entrance to Boca Chica and the harbor (Harding, 107; Richmond, *The Navy*, 118).

148. "red hot balls": Cannon shot heated before firing with the intention of igniting the target upon impact.

149. "magazine": The ship's chamber in which gunpowder and munitions were stored.

150. "they were fain to retire . . . enemy": Smollett's inclusion of this detail again suggests that he first drafted the *Account* in the 1740s in response to the pro-Vernon propaganda circulating at the time. In his dispatches back to England—which were made public in Vernon's *Original*

Papers Relating to the Expedition to Carthagena (London, 1744) and which Harding calls "a masterpiece of deception" (107)—Vernon lauded Knowles for taking Fort St. Joseph but failed to mention that Knowles only did so after taking cover for five hours until the Spanish had retreated and abandoned it (Vernon, *Original Papers*, 77–78). Smollett pointedly corrects the record.

151. "Galicia": The sixty-gun flagship of Spanish admiral Blas de Lezo y Olavarrieta, from which Vernon was to send back to London the admiral's forty-foot personal flag as a trophy of the victory at Boca Chica (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [May 1741]: 277). The sixty-two captured Spanish crewmen had been unable to escape for lack of launches, which in turn explains why the ship had not been burned or sunk like the others.

152. "Mr. Blane": William Blane (d. 1742), an army engineer about whom little is known except that apparently he was attached to Douglass's (later Cochran's) Marines at Cartagena and he went on to serve under Wentworth in Cuba and Panama in 1741–42 (see R. F. Edwards, ed., *Roll of Officers of the Corps of Royal Engineers from 1660 to 1898* [London: W. & J. MacKay, 1898]). Smollett's inclusion of his name is significant. In his dispatches, Vernon had given Knowles full credit for taking down the boom without mentioning Blane's efforts. Again Smollett redresses the antiarmy bias of Vernon's accounts.

153. "lieutenant Bennet": Probably William Bennett (d. 1790), a junior naval officer who led the charge into the breach at Boca Chica and was promoted to lieutenant the following day, 26 March 1741. Bennett seems to have gone on to a long career in the navy, commanding various ships during the 1760s and 1770s and reaching the list of superannuated rear admirals in 1787 (Charnock, *Biographia Navalis*).

154. "the success of this afternoon . . . extraordinary": The dispatches Vernon immediately sent reporting the conquest of the outer forts at Boca Chica prompted premature celebrations, both in London and in various American cities, such as that voiced by the Boston poet who crowed of "Vernon's spreading fame" and wrongly predicted "soon you'll see the second Part, / When we have took the City [of Cartagena]" ("Some Excellent Verses," in Winslow, *American Broadside Verse*, 117).

155. "Griffin": Apparently, a mistake for the *Burford*, of which Captain Griffin was the commander. No ship named the *Griffin* appears in naval records. The *Burford* and *Orford* were frequently detached together during the assault on Cartagena.

156. "Cruizer": A frigate that, after the final defeat at Cartagena, got the unenviable assignment, under Cdr. Charles Wimbleton, to carry the disastrous news back to England. The *Cruizer* arrived in England on 18 June 1741 carrying Vernon's dispatch, remarkably (and deviously) entitled "The Disappointment of General Wentworth in His Attack on Carthagena" (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [June 1741]: 329).

157. "Passo-Cavallos or Horse-Ferry": Actually, a small settlement on the banks of El Dique, located at the southeast extreme of the lagoon.

158. "Laguna": Sp., "lagoon"; here, a ten-mile body of water stretching between the islands of Tierra Bomba and Baru and the larger island of Cabamani, on which the town of Cartagena proper was located. A small pocket of the lagoon at the northern extreme formed the inner harbor adjacent to Cartagena. The rest of the lagoon was generally referred to as the outer harbor, the entrance to which was Boca Chica.

159. "purser's quart": A naval slang term for a quart that was short of full measure (for details, see *Roderick Random*, chap. 33 and n. 3).

160. "putrid beef, rusty pork": Bad meat was a problem on the expedition, as the Victualling Board had struggled with shortages of salted meat when provisioning the fleet in late 1740. One

survey of the fleet had resulted in thirty-one thousand pounds of beef being condemned during the summer of 1741 (see Harding, 53).

161. "This was a very welcome discovery . . . scarcity": Smollett adapts and expands on this passage in the corresponding section of *Roderick Random* (chap. 33).
162. "puncheon": A large cask for liquids.
163. "expedient . . . troops on shore": Smollett may again be responding here to a point in Vernon's version of events. Vernon had claimed that the troops on shore had failed to use this field filtration technique to get potable water. Smollett insists that they did, perhaps on the strength of his own observation, if indeed he served as a medic among the shore troops.
164. "La Quinta": An estate to the east of Cartagena, overlooking the northeast corner of the inner harbor.
165. "Castel Grande": A large fortress, mounting sixty guns, located on a jut of land that forms the western jaw of the mouth to the inner harbor.
166. "Manzanillo": A fort mounting twenty-three cannons that lay opposite the Castel Grande and overlooked the east side of the narrow entrance to the inner harbor.
167. "two large men of war": The *Conquistador*, of sixty-two guns, and the *Dragon*, of sixty guns, the last two of Blas de Lezo's ships of the line at Cartagena, sacrificed to keep the British fleet out of the inner harbor (Harding, 108).
168. "it was agreed . . . ships of war": A critical point in the narrative and in the campaign itself. During a council of war, Vernon had agreed to provide from the ships all the troops that Wentworth needed (Wentworth estimated the need at five thousand), but in the event Vernon released only fourteen hundred soldiers for the landing party and recriminated Wentworth when he protested (for details on how Vernon manipulated this arrangement at the time and subsequently shaped the official reports of it to serve his own interests, see Harding, 109–10).
169. "fort of Lazar": A small fort actually called San Felipe by the Spanish, located atop a small promontory called San Lazaro four hundred yards east of Cartagena. It mounted eighteen guns and was called St. Lazar by the English, probably to distinguish it from the other fort, San Felipe, on the south end of Tierra Bomba.
170. "second landing at La Quinta": This phrase recurs almost exactly in chapter 33 of *Roderick Random*.
171. "colonel Grant": Probably John Grant (d. 1741), a senior officer who was first commissioned as a cornet in 1695 and rose to lieutenant colonel by 1723, in which rank he came to Cartagena with Cavendish's Foot. In the rapid turnover of commanders caused by high mortality at Cartagena, Grant seems to have been appointed colonel in command of Douglass's Marines, a promotion he held very briefly before being killed in the assault on St. Lazar.
172. "two hundred Americans as pioneers": An advance party that used tools to clear the ground and fix roads for the main body of troops. Wentworth steadfastly refused to employ the American soldiers in combat, distrusting their military competence and, because many were thought to be Roman Catholic, their loyalty. This is one of the few occasions when any of the American troops were landed; most of them remained confined aboard the ships for the duration of Cartagena. Wentworth's preference for British regulars helps explain why American officers such as Lawrence Washington so deeply disliked him and afterward tended to support Vernon (see James Thomas Flexner, *George Washington: The Forge of Experience 1732–1775* [Boston: Little, Brown, 1965], 16–17). Later in the text, Smollett makes the point that amidst a panicky retreat a group of American pioneers dropped their tools, took up dead soldiers' muskets, and fought "very bravely."

173. "negroes": The Jamaican Maroons. This is the only instance in which the Maroons were deployed in anything like combat during the whole campaign.
174. "party of matrosses, with eight pattereroes": Artillery men below the rank of gunners, armed with mortars or pattereroes. The latter (from *pedrero*, Spanish for "stone mortar") could fire stone balls weighing thirty pounds up to a distance of twenty-five hundred yards.
175. "defilée": Fr., *défilé*, "narrow opening" or "pass."
176. "determined to dispute the ground": Smollett's characterization of the Spanish as a considerable, even formidable, force marks another editorial counterpoint to Vernon. Throughout the campaign, both in his strategy and in his directives to Wentworth, Vernon underestimated and downplayed the strength of the Spanish and their will to fight. Vernon's mistaken assumptions had disastrous consequences, as the army's attack on St. Lazar—on which the whole outcome depended—was undermanned, unsupported by the navy, and readily repulsed by the Spanish (see Harding, 108–22).
177. "street firing": A standard maneuver in a narrow space such as a pass or street whereby the front rank, once it had fired, made way for the second by going around the outside of the formation to the rear, there to reload while the other fired.
178. "justly supposed to be no other than a decoy": Although Smollett's assessment contradicts the prevailing view in his day and for much of the time since, recent historians tend to vindicate his judgment that Wentworth was wise not to risk his best troops in a possible ambush (see Harding, 110–12).
179. "La Popa": Colina de la Popa, the highest hill within four hundred yards of St. Lazar atop which was a convent, Madre de la Popa. From this spot, according to one authority, "the city, St. Lazar and the whole lagoon were all visible" (Harding, 94).
180. "brigadier Guise": John Guise (1683–1765), an army officer since 1708, elevated to brigadier general for the Cartagena expedition, second in command to Wentworth and a member of his private council. Known for his courage, Guise led the assault on St. Lazar in which six hundred men were lost. Horace Walpole is reported to have said that Guise was a brave officer but an incorrigible romancer (see Jonathan Spain, "Guise, John [1682/3–1765]," in *The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/11727, accessed 31 March 2010).
181. "principal engineer": Thomas Armstrong (fl. 1724–54), who succeeded Moore as the army's chief engineer but whose opinions were ultimately disregarded in favor of those of the naval officers, especially Knowles (Harding, 112–13). After Cartagena Armstrong continued to rise in the Corps of Engineers, becoming subdirector in 1742 and then director in 1745, before retiring in 1754.
182. "deserters": From the Spanish side.
183. "The admiral treated . . . abandoned": Smollett's account of Vernon's position, born out by subsequent historical scholarship, directly contradicts Knowles's misrepresentation of the decision to attack St. Lazar as "the General's own Scheme" (Knowles, *Account of the Expedition to Carthagena*, 42).
184. "It is a melancholy truth . . . resolution": This paragraph is the one that Thomas Francklin chose to reprint in his favorable review of Smollett's *Compendium of All Voyages* in *Critical Review* 1 (May 1756): 309–12. Francklin rightly discerned that this passage identified the fundamental reason the Cartagena expedition failed.
185. "By this time . . . illumination": This sentence is echoed very closely in the final sentence of *Roderick Random* (chap. 33).
186. "epidemical distemper": Yellow fever (for a contemporary account of the disease's impact on

the forces at Cartagena, see a manuscript report by an officer from Col. Humphrey Bland's regiment in the British Library, BM, Add. MSS 30.196, fol. 9).

187. "there was not water sufficient . . . to batter in breach": A point of continuing controversy was whether the water in the harbor was deep enough to allow battleships to approach within firing range of the walls of the city. In 1697 a French fleet under Baron de Pointis had penetrated the inner harbor to conquer Cartagena, an assault whose details were published in the British press and studied closely by British commanders (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 10 [April 1740]: 200–201; 11 [June 1741]: 306–10). Smollett, who doggedly maintained even years later in his *Complete History* (4:610) that the harbor was navigable by warships, refers also to contemporary soundings and pilots' reports that support this view. Vernon, however, seems to have believed otherwise, and modern historians have tended to support his conclusion (see, e.g., Harding, 94).

188. "since adopted by other commanders": Failure to attack aggressively was a recurrent cause of courts-martial in the eighteenth-century navy, as Mostyn in 1744 (whom Vernon himself, ironically, vilified), Byng in 1756, and other famous cases attest.

189. "A disposition being made for the attack of San Lazaro": Brigadier Guise divided the attacking force of fifteen hundred men into two columns, one of a thousand under Colonel Wynyard to attack Fort San Lazaro from its south face, the other of five hundred under Colonel Grant to attack from the high land east and north of it.

190. "by the mistake of the guide": Here and in the rest of the description of this pivotal battle, Smollett is at pains to counter the severely critical tone of Vernon partisans in their description of the army. Smollett emphasizes that the army soldiers were victims of mischance, not incompetence, and that they responded to adversity with bravery rather than passivity and fear.

191. "many of them . . . very bravely": Here Smollett deliberately defends the American pioneers from the stigma that had been cast on them in the London press: the British regulars were described in terms of bravery that "surpass'd all Credibility," while the Americans "threw down their Ladders & c. and retired to their camp" (*Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [July 1741]: 385). "Firelocks" are flintlock muskets.

192. "where they languished . . . accommodation": Smollett's emphasis on the suffering of the sick and wounded aboard ship reflects his own perspective as a surgeon and effectively editorializes against Admiral Vernon, whose command decisions (such as refusing to reassign available surgeon's mates to these hospital ships) exacerbated these miserable conditions.

193. "As for the sick . . . their sores": Another of the passages borrowed and adapted in *Roderick Random* (chap. 33).

194. "naked bodies . . . crows and sharks": Smollett repeats these phrases almost exactly in *Roderick Random* (chap. 33).

195. "This picture . . . fellow subjects": This paragraph is among those that Smollett followed most closely in rendering the Cartagena scenes in *Roderick Random* (chap. 33).

196. "colonel Lewis of the train": Jonathan Lewis (d. 1753) first joined the army as gentleman of the ordinance in 1710, was commissioned fourth lieutenant in 1716, and rose to captain in 1734. At Cartagena he became commander of the artillery unit (or "train") upon the death of Jonas Watson, who was killed at Boca Chica. Afterward Lewis was promoted to major, served in Flanders and at Fontenoy, and retired on full pay in 1748.

197. "captain . . . able engineer": Smollett's mock compliment of Knowles is meant to puncture Knowles's self-presentation as an expert engineer surrounded by army incompetents and to vindicate individuals such as Colonel Lewis (whom Knowles publicly maligned as having

rendered himself "unfit for Duty, by Excess of Drink") from Knowles's abuse in the press (Knowles, *Account of the Expedition to Carthagena*, 56). This jab is typical of Smollett's point-by-point rebuttal of Knowles's account and helps explain Knowles's ferocity in his prosecution of Smollett for libel in 1758.

198. "captain Hoare": Daniel Hore (d. 1762), first appointed a lieutenant in 1729, was promoted to captain on 10 April 1741 for his bravery aboard the *Galicia* at Cartagena (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [June 1741]: 332). He remained an active captain until a few months before his death, when he was made a rear admiral and placed on the superannuated list.
199. "This very extraordinary experiment": In later years, Smollett was to intensify his criticism of Vernon's *Galicia* stratagem, characterizing it in his *Complete History* as "absurd, and the inference which the admiral drew from it, altogether fallacious" (4:610).
200. "shoal": Shallow.
201. "Monsieur de Pointis": Jean Bernard Louis Desjeans, baron de Pointis (d. 1697), the French admiral who had sacked Cartagena with a small contingent of ships in 1697. Although Pointis himself died in the attempt, his account of a successful assault on Cartagena was the most important source for the British as they contemplated their own.
202. "Sceptre": Baron de Pointis's flagship in 1697.
203. "The distemper . . . upwards and downwards": Yellow fever, an acute infectious disease of warm regions characterized by jaundice, fever, hemorrhage, and prostration, communicated by virus-bearing mosquitoes. Smollett describes the disease in similar terms in *Roderick Random* (chap. 34).
204. "Of all these refreshments . . . islands": Another of the passages that Smollett carries over and adapts in *Roderick Random* (chap. 33). Smollett's inclusion of "sweet [i.e., uncontaminated] water" and fresh fruits hints at the medical profession's growing awareness of their efficacy as preventatives and treatments for shipboard illnesses.
205. "The Spanish forts . . . blown up": Knowles was assigned to destroy Castillo Grande, while Boscawen had the charge of leveling Boca Chica castle (see *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 [June 1741]: 305). Smollett also uses the phrase "blown up" in *Roderick Random* (chap. 34).

TEXTUAL COMMENTARY

PUBLICATION HISTORY

What is known of the circumstances surrounding the composition of *The Adventures of Roderick Random* has been set out in the introduction to this volume. Although the history of the composition must remain somewhat speculative, an unusually accurate record of the printing of the eight lifetime editions and the first posthumous edition of *Roderick Random* has survived in the printing ledgers of William Strahan.[1] According to Strahan's main ledger, the 1748 first edition of *Roderick Random* was printed in two thousand copies, a large printing for a first novel in the mid-eighteenth century.[2]

1748		
January	Roderick Random 30 ½ Sheets No. 2000	
	@ £1:16:0	£54:18:0
	Two Reams of Paper	£ 1: 4:0

John Osborn, Smollett's usual bookseller, entered the novel in the Stationers Company register a day before its publication.[3]

		January 20th 1747 [1748]	
John Osborn	The Whole	Then Entred for his Copy	
		The Adventures of Roderick	VJ
		Random. In two Volumes.	
		Receed nine books.	

Osborn, after ordering such a large first printing of *Roderick Random*, did not leave the recovery of his investment to chance. An announcement that *Roderick Random* was forthcoming appeared as early as 12 December 1747 in the *Jacobite's Journal*. In less than a week, advertisements began to appear in other London newspapers; the *General Evening Post* (15–17 December), for example, stated that the novel would be published "Next Month." By the issue of 7–9 January of the same newspaper the publication date was given precisely as 21 January. The publication was then promptly announced in the issue for 19–21 January and was repeated in the next twelve issues. *Roderick Random* continued to be advertised in periodicals in London and Scotland until mid-February.[4]

Osborn's confidence in Smollett as a novelist was not misplaced, for this novel by an unknown author proved to be a quick seller. The demand for a second edition arose almost immediately, as this announcement in the *General Evening Post* for 29–31 March 1748 indicates: "In a few days will be published, the second edition, in two neat pocket-volumes (price bound 6s.), with the addition of two new frontispieces designed by Hayman, and engraved by Grignion, the Adventures of Roderick Random." The same newspaper announced publication of the novel in the issue for 5 and

7 April.[5] Immediately below the entry for the first edition, Strahan has written in his ledger:

Do 2d Edit. 21 Sheets No. 3000	
@ £2:6:0 p Sheet	£48: 6:0
Recomposing first Sheet of Do	£ 0:18:0[6]

Since the second edition was published on 5 April, it seems to have been printed in eight or nine weeks. The novel has a total of thirty sheets, which includes the half sheet in each volume. Since Strahan charged Osborn for printing only twenty-one sheets, the other sheets must be accounted for elsewhere. The necessity to print the work quickly to take full advantage of the excitement generated by the first edition and to make copies available before the demand slackened meant that Strahan printed the sheets only through G of volume 2 and gave the remaining sheets to another printing house or houses to be printed simultaneously. (Casting off copy was a relatively simple matter, as the second edition, with minor adjustments to accommodate the revisions Smollett made in a copy of the first edition to be printed in the second edition, is a page-for-page reprint of the first edition.) This evidence that some press or presses other than Strahan's were responsible for printing the remainder of volume 2 after sheet G is corroborated by the facts that none of the sheets after G have press figures, which Strahan habitually used, and that the paging between G and H skips from 156 to 169. The compositor who set up H apparently did not have the first part of volume 2 before him and assumed that H began with page 169, as would be normal in a duodecimo beginning with signature A.[7] He had not been told that the first six leaves of A were taken up with preliminary matter and that page 1 of the text began on A7—hence, a hiatus of twelve in the paging. Still another printer may have been involved in printing sheets O, P, and Q of volume 2, as these sheets are printed in a type different from that appearing elsewhere in the two volumes.

The sheet recomposed by Strahan is signature B in volume 1; it exists in two type settings.[8] The setting of the type for the 1748 second edition from Smollett's revised and corrected copy of the 1748 first edition almost certainly began with sheet B, the usual practice of printers in the period, as the preliminaries were set last when it was certain that the page numbers in the table of contents were correct and that nothing new was to be added. In the 1755 fourth edition, for example, the apologue was added. Probably Osborn had originally intended to print an edition of two thousand copies, the same size as the first edition. But the rapid sale of the first edition must have suggested to him that a larger edition was necessary, and the size of the edition was increased from two thousand to three thousand copies. The decision to increase the size of the second edition was made after sheet B had been printed and the type distributed. The sheet was again set, and an additional one thousand copies were printed. The remainder of the sheets were printed in three thousand copies. For the first setting of sheet B, Smollett's marked copy of the 1748 first edition was used. The second setting of sheet B, however, followed the first setting made for the 1748 second edition instead of returning to Smollett's marked copy of the first edition. When Smollett revised and corrected a copy of the 1748 second

edition for the 1750 third edition, the copy he marked contained the second setting of sheet B with its additional layer of compositorial normalization and errors.

As late as 18 July 1749 copies of the second edition were still available, but sales of the novel by fall or early winter had reduced the supply to the point where a new edition was thought necessary.[9] Strahan made the following entry in his ledger:

1749		
Novr	Roderick Random 3d Edition 26 Sheets no 1500	
	@ £1:13:0 p Sheet	£42:18:0[10]

The *General Advertiser* for Saturday, 6 January 1750, announced that the edition would be published on 18 January; the advertisement was repeated the following Monday. The edition, revised a second time by Smollett, at last appeared on 19 January, according to the *General Advertiser* for that date.

With Osborn's bankruptcy and the selling of the copyright of *Roderick Random*, the names of the purchasers of the shares of the copyright begin to show up in the imprint of the novel, beginning with the fourth edition.[11] Smollett, for the last time, made revisions and polished his style. An entry in Strahan's rough book records the printing of this edition:

1754	Partners in Rod. Random	
August	Printing do. 26 sheets No. 1000	
	@ £1:8:0	£36:8:0
	Copy of Do. to print by	£ 0:4:0
	Paid March 29. 1755.[12]	

This edition of the novel appears to have been printed by August 1754, although the imprint reads 1755. Postdating of this kind was a common practice in the trade—a relatively harmless trick to assure the public that they were, in fact, purchasing the most recent edition. Almost certainly the partners wanted London to fill for the winter season before investing in advertising to promote the novel. An announcement in the *Public Advertiser* for 30 October 1754 states: "Next month will be published in 2 vols. duodecimo a new edition (being the fourth) revised & corrected by the author. Adorned with a frontispiece to each vol. . . . *The Adventures of Roderick Random*." The same newspaper announced the publication of the edition on 10 November.

The 1760 fifth edition of *Roderick Random* appears to have been printed by Strahan by midsummer 1759.[13]

1759	Partners in Roderick Random	
July	Printing 26 Sheets, no. 1000	
	@ £1:18:0	£36:8 :0
	Reprinting the Titles of Do.	£ 0[:]6:0
	Settled Decr. 29. 1759	

As in the case of the fourth edition, the partners seem to have waited for the town to fill before advertising the publication of the new edition, this time in the *London Chronicle*

for 5–8 January 1760. The reason for reprinting the title pages for the two volumes is unclear, since no copy with the original title pages has survived. Shares in the novel were bought and sold among the trade in December, and Smith plausibly suggests that the imprint on the title pages was changed to reflect the new partners.[14]

A sixth edition had been printed by Strahan by March 1763.[15]

1763	Partners in Roderick Random	
March	Printing Do. 26 Sheets, No. 1000	
	@ £1:8:0	£36:8:0
	Paid March 31. 1763.	

It was advertised as published in the *London Chronicle* for 12–14 April 1763.

The printing of a seventh edition was completed by August 1765, according to Strahan's ledgers.[16]

1765	Partners in Roderick Random	
Augst	Printing Do. 26 Sheets No 1500	
	@ £1:13:0	£42:18:0
	Paid Novr, 14. 1765	

It was advertised as published on 28 January 1766 in the *London Chronicle*.

An eighth edition, dated 1770 on the title page, is also recorded in Strahan's ledgers.[17]

1769	Partners in Roderick Random	
July	Printing Do. 8th Edit. 26 Sheets No. 1500	
	@ £1:13:0	£42:18:0
	Paid Sepr. 2. 1769	

It was published, according to the *St. James's Chronicle*, on 16 September 1769.[18]

Finally, the first posthumous edition, published, according to the *Public Advertiser*, on 28 September 1774, is recorded in Strahan's ledgers.[19]

1774	Mr. Thomas Cadell Drs.	
July	Roderick Random. 9th Edit. 26 Sheets. No. 1500	
	@ £1:13:0	£42:18:0

"AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION AGAINST CARTHAGENE"

In spite of what appears to have been his best efforts, Smollett never was able to establish a medical practice. Unable to make a living as a surgeon, he had earlier turned to writing and translating for the booksellers to supplement his income. He had some early success with *Roderick Random* and his translation, *The Adventures of Gil Blas* (1749), but his second novel, *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* (1751), failed to find an audience. Smollett's third novel, *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* (1753), received little critical attention and failed to sell; a second edition did not appear until 1771.[20] Undoubtedly, Smollett was disappointed, and he did not turn again to writing fiction

for seven years. But with a wife and a young daughter to support and a desperate need for money, it was necessary to find a source of income. With great reluctance, he was forced to accept the fact that the only alternative available to him for anything like a steady income was to become a journeyman author, giving himself entirely to writing and translating for the booksellers.

Among the projects he turned to for money was *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*, one Smollett certainly would have labeled a "Bookseller's Jobb."[21] For this project, Smollett, in early May 1753, signed an agreement with a congeries of booksellers:

> May 5th 1753
>
> It is this day agreed between Dr Smollet of the one part and Robert Dodsley, James Rivington and William Strahan on the other part as follows, viz.
>
> The said Dr Smollet engages to complete with all convenient speed so as the whole be finished on or before the first day of August 1754 *A New Collection of Voyages and Travels* from the best books on these subjects extant, to be finished in seven volumes in duodecimo, in the same manner as a book called *A Tour through Great Britain* and to contain in the whole one hundred sheets or thereabouts: In consideration of which the said Robert Dodsley, James Rivington and William Strahan agree to pay Dr Smollet at the rate of one guinea and a half per sheet to be paid on the Delivery of the copy of each volume.
>
> Witness our hands,
> Ts. Smollett
> R. Dodsley
> Jam. Rivington
> Will: Strahan[22]

With all of the projects Smollett was working on more or less simultaneously—and with his high literary standards, even for what he considered bookseller's jobs—it is no surprise that he missed the deadline and that the anonymous seven duodecimo volumes were not published until 29 April 1756.[23] In part the delay was caused by the extra care with which Smollett read the proofs, as Strahan charged the partners for extra corrections.[24] Volume 5 of the *Compendium* contained Smollett's "Account of the Expedition against Carthagene."[25]

1756		
April	Partners in Voyages	
	Printing Do. 93 Sheets No. 1000	
	@ £1:8:0	£130:4:00
	Extra Corrections in Do.	£ 7:3:00
	Paid Novr. 27. 1756	£137:7:00

A second edition of the *Compendium* appeared in 1766. The "Account" in that edition is a line-for-line reprint of the 1756 first edition text. The compositor introduced a few corrections, none of which can be attributed to Smollett, and at the same time introduced additional errors and made changes in punctuation and spelling to suit himself, as he had authority to do. Strahan made the following entry in his ledger:

1765	Partners in Smollett's Voyages	
	Printing Do. 93 Sheets no. 1000	
	@ £1:8:0	£130: 4:0
	Book to print by	£ 0:17:0
	For advertising	£ 11:13:0
		£142:14:0[26]

EDITORIAL PRINCIPLES

The first edition of *The Adventures of Roderick Random* was set from an autograph manuscript or a fair copy made from it. The second edition was set from a marked copy of the first, the third from a marked copy of the second, and the fourth from a marked copy of the third. But neither a manuscript nor a marked copy of the first, second, or third edition is extant. In fact, no printer's copy for any of Smollett's works has survived. The nature of the manuscript from which the novel was originally set can only be deduced from letters, never intended for publication, and from an examination of manuscript revisions the author made in a copy of the 1766 first edition of *Travels through France and Italy* for a new edition that was never to appear.[27] The revisions for the *Travels* include additions, translations of passages in foreign languages, and corrections to the printed text. It might be argued that Smollett, by the mid-1760s largely free from his numerous editorial tasks, had new leisure to correct the *Travels*; but an examination of other works he saw through the press shows much the same care, for he left uncorrected only the kinds of errors that none but the most exacting proofreaders might have caught.[28]

The revisions to the *Travels* are written in Smollett's neat hand, which, after more than two centuries, can be read with ease. A compositor, then, would have had no difficulty reading the author's manuscript of *Roderick Random*, but in the process of setting the type an overlay of normalization no doubt occurred. As John Smith notes in *The Printer's Grammar* (1755), "By the Laws of Printing, indeed, a Compositor should abide by his Copy, and not vary from it. . . . But this good law is now looked upon as obsolete, and most Authors expect the Printer to spell, point, and digest their Copy, that it may be intelligible and significant to the Reader; which is what a Compositor and the Corrector jointly have regard to, in Works of their own language." The compositor peruses his copy but, before beginning to compose, "should be informed, either by the Author, or Master, after what manner our work is to be done; whether the old way, with Capitals to Substantives, and Italic to Proper names and Emphatical words." The compositor should set nothing "to Italic but what is underscored in our Copy." When composing from printed copy and "such Manuscripts as are written fair," Smith continues, we "employ our eyes with the same agility as we do our hands; for we cast our eyes upon every letter we aim at, at the same moment we move our hands to take it up; neither do we lose our time in looking at our Copy for every word we compose; but take as many words into our memory as we can retain."[29] Since *Roderick Random* and the *Travels* are printed in the new way, numerous changes must have occurred between the manuscripts and the printed books, including some normalization of spelling.

In the lengthy manuscript additions to Letter II of the *Travels*—the English translation of a Latin letter to Antoine Fizes and the professor's reply in French—Smollett followed the old practice, though somewhat inconsistently, of capitalizing nouns and some adjectives. Schooled to capitalize substantives, he continued in his habitual way.[30] But he certainly knew that his capitalization and his use of the ampersand for "and" would be brought into conformity with the rest of the book. He seems to have accepted the new style, or at least acquiesced in it. In the printed text of the *Travels*, he corrected such small matters as a transposed letter, "muscels" (the bivalve mollusk) to "muscles," and the verb "affords" to "afford"; at the same time he allowed to stand variant spellings such as "paltry"/"paultry," "ake"/"ach," and so on. Smollett was not consistent in his spelling, although he did have a preferred spelling for some words; but the compositors, by taking as many words into their memory as they could retain, sometimes introduced their preferences. Smollett appears to have been content with the resulting inconsistencies in spelling as long as they were correct, and he did not attempt to restore his capitalization and punctuation.

The 1755 fourth edition of *Roderick Random*, printed from a copy of the third edition revised and corrected for the last time by Smollett, has been chosen as copy-text for this edition. As the historical collation indicates, the revisions were detailed and extensive. As expected, Smollett corrected errors in the first edition but failed in reading proof to catch some new errors that crept into the resetting of the type for the second. This procedure was followed when the second edition was revised for the third and the third edition for the fourth. An argument might be made for accepting the 1748 first edition as copy-text, retaining its punctuation and spelling as most nearly reflecting Smollett's manuscript and inserting the later verbal changes into the fabric. This editorial procedure was rejected on several grounds. In the first place, the number of verbal changes in the second, third, and fourth editions and the required punctuation changes in the 1748 first edition mitigate against this procedure. In the second place, as the copy of the *Travels* shows, Smollett accepted the overlay of compositorial changes for the first edition: he corrected none of them.[31] His manuscript additions also show that he expected the compositors would normalize his text. All of this suggests that the carefully revised 1755 fourth edition reflects Smollett's final intentions for this text, inasmuch as can ever be known.

Compositors, paid according to the amount of type they set, in general were not interested in emendation and improvement. They normally followed their copy with some care, since they knew they would be penalized for failing to do so. Hence, the normal assumption is that substantive revisions are authorial, although an alert compositor or proofreader might have corrected an occasional typographical error. Most changes in the second, third, and fourth editions, however, are beyond the reach of a compositor and only could have been made by someone familiar with the novel.[32]

Smollett clearly took out time from his busy schedule of writing and publication to make a number of verbal changes. Revising and correcting were habitual with Smollett, and he liked doing both in public. Among his important works, only the *Travels* and *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* (1771) received the care and revision they needed before reaching print. In the first editions of *Roderick Random* as well as *The Adventures*

of Gil Blas, *The Devil upon Crutches* (1750), *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, and *The History and Adventures of the Renowned Don Quixote* (1755) appear signs of hasty composition: verbosity, run-on sentences, awkward and redundant phrases, faulty pronoun references, unintentional alliteration, and so on. In the revisions for the second, third, and fourth editions of *Roderick Random*, Smollett seems to be primarily concerned with ridding his translation of these signs of haste in composition.[33]

"An Account of the Expedition against Carthagene" was set from Smollett's autograph manuscript or a copy made from it, but the manuscript has not survived. The 1756 first edition of volume 5 of the *Compendium*, therefore, has been chosen as copy-text and represents the author's final intention for his essay. A second edition appeared ten years later but contains no authorial revisions.

In the present edition no attempt has been made to achieve a general consistency in spelling, punctuation, and capitalization, because in the absence of the manuscript one cannot determine whether Smollett or the compositor was responsible for their variations. Hence the spelling, punctuation, and capitalization of the 1755 fourth edition of *Roderick Random* and the 1756 first edition of the "Account" have been retained except when they are clearly in error or when they obscure meaning or distract the attention of the reader. All emendations to the copy-text have been made on the authority of the textual editor. Hyphenated words at a line-end have been adjusted according to the usual practice of the fourth edition insofar as that practice could be ascertained from other appearances or parallels. Only the following changes have been made silently: all turned letters or wrong fonts have been corrected, the long *s* has been replaced by the modern letter *s*, "CHAP." has been spelled out as "CHAPTER," and the display capitals that begin the first paragraph in each chapter have not been exactly reproduced. Printers' ornaments have been omitted between chapters and elsewhere. Quotations have been indicated according to modern practice, and the punctuation in relation to the quotation marks has been normalized. Except in the instances where the length of a dash has significance in how Smollett intended the reader to read the text, the length of dashes has been normalized to follow modern practice.

APPARATUS

A basic note in the list of emendations provides the page-line reference and the emended reading in the present text. Except for the silent alterations described above, every editorial change in the first edition copy-text has been recorded. Following the square bracket is the earliest source of the emendation and the history of the copy-text reading up to the point of emendation. The historical collation follows the same form, except that the square bracket is followed by the subsequent history of the substantive variants in the texts examined. The historical collation is confined to substantive variants in the first four editions, whether they are emended first edition readings or rejected unauthoritative readings. Emendations not found in the first four editions are marked "W" and are the responsibility of the present textual editor, whether they originated here or with a previous editor. A wavy dash (~) is substituted for a repeated word associated with pointing, and an inferior caret (ˬ) indicates pointing absent in the

present text or in one of the editions from which the variant was drawn. The form of the readings to the right and to the left of the bracket conforms to the system of silent alterations, and there is no record of any variations except for the instance recorded. When the matter in question is pointing, for example, the wavy dash to the right of the bracket signifies only the substantive form of the variant, and any variation in spelling or capitalization has been ignored. Emendations from catchwords are indicated as *cw*. A vertical stroke (|) indicates a line-end.

All hyphenated compounds or possible compounds appearing at line-ends in the copy-text are recorded in the word-division list. The reader should assume that any word hyphenated at a line-end in the present text, but not appearing in this list, was broken by the modern typesetter.

COLLATION

The present edition has been printed from a photocopy of the 1755 fourth edition copy-text of *Roderick Random* owned by the textual editor. It was sight-collated against photocopies of the 1748 first edition in the University of Iowa Library; the 1748 second edition in the Beinecke Library, Yale University; and the 1750 third edition in the Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas. The "Account" has been printed from a photocopy of the 1756 first edition copy-text of volume 5 of the *Compendium* in a copy privately held. It was sight-collated against a photocopy of the 1766 second edition in the British Library (1045.a.10). Initially, the first nine editions of *Roderick Random* were sight-collated, during which thousands of variants, mostly compositorial, were discovered. Once it was ascertained that only the first four editions had been revised and seen through the press by Smollett, these four editions were sight-collated twice more (for more details, see the bibliographical descriptions). The historical collation attempts to record Smollett's revisions in the first four editions, the only authoritative texts, but includes a sprinkling of variations that might be attributed to either Smollett or the compositor.

Notes

The textual commentary portion of this edition is lovingly dedicated to the memory of my former doctoral student and friend Gary Layne Hatch (1964–2010). I wish to thank Cynthia Burns, my wife and best friend, for her confidence in me and her encouragement and commonsense advice at a time when I most needed them. I am especially grateful to Kerrie Savage for sorting through the thousands of variants and making a manuscript draft of the textual tables. When she completed her doctorate and was no longer able to assist, I checked the tables against the various editions and made revisions. I am responsible for any errors. This volume could not have been completed without the wisdom and guidance of my two administrative assistants in the University of Iowa Center for Textual Studies, James H. Sutton and Donald H. Stefanson. I am also grateful to my dedicated students on the staff of the center who assisted me in wrestling with the complexities of this text forty years ago: Kathy Anderson, Nick Arn, Diane Abel, Fred Barnett, Janice A. Bear, Thomas Deans, John Deason, Lois

Fields, L. Goulet, Nancy Harding, Robert E. Heymann, Ellen Heywood, Alan Holst, Suzanne McConnell, Kenneth Miller, Virginia Oehlerking, Deborah Owen, Jerry Sies, Linda Tevepaugh, Elizabeth Voss, Susan Wille, and Dennis Wonderlich.

1. See Albert H. Smith, "The Printing and Publication of Early Editions of the Novels of Tobias George Smollett, with Descriptive Bibliographies" (PhD diss., University of London, 1975), 1:1–143.
2. See Strahan's ledger, BL, Add. MSS 48800, opening 63. Strahan usually made the entry in his main ledger upon the completion of the printing. Two leaves, I9 in volume 1 and E4 in volume 2, were canceled in this edition; Strahan does not seem to have charged Osborn for the extra printing, although it is possible that Smollett paid to have the leaves canceled.
3. See *Stationers Company Entries of copies 1746 to 1773*, fol. 39. "VJ" refers to the entry fee of sixpence having been paid; the nine copies had to be deposited at Stationers Hall to be distributed to the libraries named in the Copyright Act of 1709. For an account of John Osborn, see Smith, "Printing and Publication," 3:441–46; Patricia Hernlund, "Three Bankruptcies in the London Book Trade, 1746–61: Rivington, Knapton, and Osborn," in *Writers, Books, and Trade: An Eighteenth Century English Miscellany for William B. Todd*, ed. O M Brack, Jr. (New York: AMS, 1994), 100–108. Osborn was Smollett's bookseller for a number of his early works, not only *Roderick Random* but also, for example, *Advice* (1746) and *Reproof* (1747), *The Adventures of Gil Blas* (1749), *The Regicide* (1749), and *The Devil upon Crutches* (1750).
4. *Jacobite's Journal*, 16 and 25 January; *London Evening Post*, 9 and 21 January; and *St. James's Evening Post*, 17 December, 9 and 21 January. See Luella F. Norwood, "A Descriptive Bibliography with Notes Bibliographical and Biographical of the Creative Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D. 1746–1771 with the Posthumous Ode to Independence, 1773" (PhD diss., Yale University, 1931), 56–62; Smith, "Printing and Publication," 1:4; O M Brack, Jr., and James B. Davis, "Smollett's Revisions of *Roderick Random*," *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 64 (1970): 295. In the weekly *Salisbury Journal*, Benjamin Collins ran an advertisement for *Roderick Random*—"In a few Days will be Published"—on Monday, 4 January 1748, stating that it was "Printed for J. Osborn in *Paternoster-Row*, *London*; and Sold by B. Collins in *Salisbury*; J. Moore at *Newport*; T. Burrough at *Devizes*; and W. Pitt at *Blandford*." It was announced as published on Monday, 8 February 1748. Collins advertised a number of Smollett's other works and owned a share in *Humphry Clinker*, where his name appears in the imprint. See O M Brack, Jr., textual commentary to Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, ed. Thomas R. Preston and Brack (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1990), 441–54, 477–79. By the time of Benjamin Collins's death in 1785, agencies for his newspaper extended from Taunton to Guilford and from Bristol to Newport. He must have been important to London booksellers in advertising and distributing their publications. Unfortunately, little is known about his relationship with the London booksellers. See C. Y. Ferdinand, *Benjamin Collins and the Provincial Newspaper Trade in the Eighteenth Century* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1997).
5. See also *St. James's Evening Post* for 5 and 7 April 1748 (Norwood, "Descriptive Bibliography," 89–90).
6. BL, Add. MSS 48800, opening 63.
7. Smollett may have revised the part of the novel printed by Strahan in one copy and the remainder of the novel in a second copy, as he did for *Peregrine Pickle*. See O M Brack, Jr., textual commentary to Smollett, *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, ed. John Zomchick et al. (Athens: University of Georgia Press, forthcoming). See also Smollett to an unidentified bookseller, 1757 (*Letters*, 63–64).
8. See Albert H. Smith, "A Duplicate Setting in the Second Edition of Smollett's *Roderick Random*," *Library* 28 (1973): 309–18.

9. According to the *General Advertiser* for 11 June 1749 and the *St. James's Evening Post* for 18 July 1749, the second edition was still available (Knapp, 107 n. 70; Norwood, "Descriptive Bibliography," 90).
10. BL, Add. MSS 48800, opening 63.
11. After canvassing the evidence for why Osborn "left off trade" in 1751, Hernlund concludes that he was bankrupt ("Three Bankruptcies," 100–108). The selling of Osborn's shares of copyright in Smollett's works has nothing directly to do with the text of *Roderick Random* but does indicate that other booksellers thought his works worth an investment. When Osborn owned the entire copyright, he alone could decide when a new edition was needed. After shares were sold to a number of booksellers, all of them had to agree before a new edition was published.
12. BL, Add. MSS 48802A, opening 9.
13. BL, Add. MSS 48802A, opening 36.
14. Smith, "Printing and Publication," 1:28.
15. BL, Add. MSS 48802A, opening 53.
16. BL, Add. MSS 48802A, opening 60.
17. BL, Add. MSS 48801, opening 8.
18. Advertisements also appeared in the *London Chronicle*, 19 September 1769, and the *Public Advertiser*, 22 September 1769 (Norwood, "Descriptive Bibliography," 121).
19. BL, Add. MSS 48801, opening 57.
20. See Jerry C. Beasley, introduction to Smollett, *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, ed. Beasley and O M Brack, Jr. (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1988), xxvi.
21. Smollett to John Moore, 1 March 1754 (*Letters*, 32). For Smollett's numerous writing and editing projects and his financial difficulties from 1753 to 1756, see letters to various friends and other correspondents in *Letters*, 32–47.
22. *The Letters of Tobias Smollett*, ed. Edward S. Noyes (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1926), 23–24.
23. On Monday, 16 April 1756, the *Salisbury Journal* carried an advertisement for the *Compendium* announcing, "On Thursday the 29th of April will be published," and announced it as published in the issue of 3 May 1756. On the title page of the first edition, the last name in the imprint is "T. Jefferys" (see the bibliographical descriptions, 604–5 below). In the advertisement of the *Compendium* in the issue of 3 May, Collins adds his own name to the imprint, "and B. Collins, in Salisbury," which suggests that he was a silent partner and owned a share in the work. After his name he adds: "and sold by T. Burrough, at Devizes; S. Knight, at Newport; S. Poole, at Andover; W. Crouch, and R. P. Durnsard, at Marlborough; and J. Whiting, at Romsey." These were the agents for the *Salisbury Journal* at the time (see above, n. 4).
24. See Louis L. Martz, "Smollett and the Expedition to Carthagene," *PMLA* 56 (1941): 428–46; Martz, *The Later Career of Tobias Smollett* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1942), 23–64; Knapp, 159–60, 167, 184–86.
25. BL, Add. MSS 48802A, opening 19; see *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*, ed. Smollett, 5:313–42.
26. BL, Add. MSS 48802A, opening 59. The date of publication remains undiscovered.
27. This copy of the *Travels* is in the British Library, shelfmark C.45.d.20, 21. Apart from the manuscript revisions of the *Travels* and a relatively small number of holograph letters, little survives in Smollett's hand: a one-leaf holograph note on the reign of Edward III in the Berg Collection, New York Public Library, and about a dozen signed receipts and documents (see *Letters*, xvi–xvii).
28. Smollett was content to make small changes because the *Travels*, written at a relatively slow pace, did not require the extensive stylistic revisions of the earlier works. In the works of his

later career, revision seems to have been carried out before publication; by this time he was a more experienced writer. For discussion of the composition of the *Travels*, see the introduction by Frank Felsenstein to *Travels*, xxxv–xli.

29. John Smith, *The Printer's Grammar* (London, 1755), 199, 201–2, 209.
30. Bertrand H. Bronson, *Printing as an Index of Taste in Eighteenth Century England* (New York: New York Public Library, 1958), 17.
31. Or at least he acquiesced in the compositorial changes; the evidence can no longer be recovered.
32. Compositors are subject to the usual human weaknesses, of course, such as allowing the mind to wander when involved in a repetitious or boring task. An emendation by a compositor of the 1755 fourth edition copy-text is particularly amusing. When Roderick is traveling to Paris with Frère Balthazar, a Capuchin, they lodge one night at a peasant's house near Abbé Ville. A half hour after they retire to the barn to sleep, they are visited by the landlord's two daughters. After a night of making love, the two "paramours" treat the men to breakfast before they depart. For "breakfast" the compositor has set "breastfast"!
33. The revisions in *Roderick Random* are discussed in detail by Brack and Davis in "Smollett's Revisions." See also Smith, "Printing and Publication," 1:4–22; and the historical collation.

LIST OF EMENDATIONS

[The following sigla appear in the textual apparatus of the Georgia Edition: 1 (first edition, London, 1748); 2 (second edition, London, 1748); 3 (third edition, London, 1750); 4 (fourth edition, London, 1755); W (present edition).]

4.17 excite]1–3 exite 4

10.8 Strap$_{\wedge}$—]1–2 ~.— 3–4

10.15 adventures]W Adventures 1–4

10.39 ordinary.]1–2 ~$_{\wedge}$ 3–4

13.6 noise.]1–2 ~$_{\wedge}$ 3–4

14.8 consequence]1–3 consequences 4

14.25 find]1–3 finds 4

15.2 me—]1–2 ~$_{\wedge}$ 3–4

15.18 we]1–2 We 3–4

19.2 in-|curring]1–2 incur-|ing 3–4

19.25 daughter-]1–3 ~$_{\wedge}$ 4

26.4 addicted]1 predicted 2–4

27.5 decease]1–3 disease 4

28.24 went]1–3 want 4

29.1 old rascal]1–3 hold rascal 4

29.2 through]3 thorough 4; thro' 1–2

29.28 dragging]1–3 drag-|ing 4 (*cw*)

36.4 wheresoever]1–3 wheresover 4

36.31 carbuncles;]1–2 ~! 3–4

44.16 right.] 1–2 ~$_{\wedge}$ 3–4

45.17 fired it at]1–3 fired at it 4

45.23 appearance]1–3 apperance 4

55.32 kitchen]1–3 kithen 4

56.43 virtue?]1 ~$_{\wedge}$ 2–4

58.2 scene.—]1–2 ~$_{\wedge}$—. 4; scence.— 3

59.3 trembling]1–2 strembling 3–4

61.11 voice,]1–3 ~$_{\wedge}$ 4

63.12 cried,]W ~$_{\wedge}$ 3–4; cried out, 1–2

63.16 known]1–3 know 4

63.44 “Waunds]1–3 ^~ 4

64.15 officer.]1–2 ~, 3–4

68.12 whipping up his]1–3 whipping us his 4

70.21 on end]1–3 an end 4

75.1 luck to-day]1–2 ~-~^~ 4; ~^~^~ 3

75.29 answered, No. “No,]1–3 ~, ~, ~, 4

90.33 arbitration]1–3 ar-|britration 4

97.25 French,]1–3 ~^ 4

106.15 and pronounced,]W ~ ~^ 4; and heard him pronounce, 1–3

126.25 admitted]1–3 admit-|ed 4

127.38 applying it to] 1–3 applying to 4

129.21–22 brought him on board]1–3 brought on board 4

131.30 immediately.]1–2 immedi-|diately, 3–4 (*cw*)

136.12 him]1–3 hm 4

137.15 expended]1–3 expanded 4

138.14 stopping]1–2 stooping 3–4

138.26 known]1–3 know 4

145.4 about]1–2 abouty 3–4

146.14 dock’d?]1–2 ~! 3–4

151.4 trudge]1–3 trugde 4

151.4 a scullion]1–3 ascullion 4

152.43 (said he]1–3 ^~ ~ 4

152.45 Roman.”]1–3 ~”. 4

159.21 you?”—“Here’s]1–3 ~?—^~ 4

160.4 to strengthen]1–3 tostreng then 4

169.41 betrayed!]1–3 ~? 4

176.8 bringing to]1–2 bringing too 4

176.20 belonging]1–2 belong 3–4

185.29 disappointment]1–3 disappointent 4

186.3 importunity^]1–3 ~. 4

188.10 adventures^]1–3 ~. 4

193.6 begged]1–2 beg-|ed 3–4

193.31 butt-end]W but-|end 4; but-end 1–3

200.30 Mrs.]1–3 Mr. 4

203.12 in flames]1–3 on flames 4

205.23 a coffin]W or coffin 1–4

207.9 Unheard]1 Unhear'd 2–4

207.16 recourse]1–3 recouse 4

208.12 *relieve*]1–3 *relive* 4

208.29 quitted]1–2 quit-|ed 3–4

209.37 acquainted]1–3 acquanted 4

211.11–12 notwithstanding]1–3 notwitstanding 4

213.17 begging]1–2 beg-|ing 3–4

213.37 man$_{\wedge}$]1–3 ~, 4

213.39 (continued]1–2 $_{\wedge}$~ 3–4

214.6 seaman]1–3 seamen 4

217.3 heart]4 (*cw*) hearts 4 (*text*)

218.9 breakfast]1–3 breastfast 4

218.18 downright]1–3 downwright 4

220.29 symptom]1–2 sympton 3–4

226.42 Monsieur]1–2 Mon-|steur 3–4

228.3 undebauched]1–3 undebauced 4

231.1 XLV]1–3 XLII 4

231.38 length]1–2 lenth 3–4

233.34–35 of his own country]1–3 of own country 4

235.5 "Don't]1–3 $_{\wedge}$don't 4

238.12 Sir$_{\wedge}$)]1–3 ~,) 4

241.21 (replied]1–2 $_{\wedge}$~ 3–4

258.37 momentous]W momentuous 4; moment'ous 1–3

259.39 sensibly]1–3 sensible 4

265.44 importunities]1–3 opportunities 4

268.21 proud than]1–3 proud that 4

270.22 me he had]1–3 me had 4

273.33 was not to be]1–2 was not be 3–4

275.13 asleep]1–3 sleep 4

276.15 compromise]1–3 conpromise 4

276.28 tremendous]1–2 tremen-|duous 3–4

276.31 gentlemanly]2–3 gentlemany 4, 1

277.16 praised!—a white]W ~!ˆ|~ ~ 4

282.23 think]1–3 thing 4

284.13 horse officer]1–2 ~,|~ 4

285.41 these occasions]1–3 those occasions 4

293.16 punctilios]1 punctilio's 2–4

295.24 dining-room]1–2 dinning-room 3–4

296.20 "Sir?"]3 "~"? 4; "~?ˆ 1–2

301.37 R——."]W ~.ˆ 1–4

304.39 marriage]1–3 mariage 4

310.31 bewitching]1–3 betwitching 4

313.23 apartment where]1–3 apartment were 4

318.26 debt of hers]W debt of her's 2–4; debt her's 1

318.28 anxiety]1–3 anxity 4

325.31 acquiesce]1–3 acquiese 4

326.2 good-natured man]1–2 good natured-man 3–4

326.42 'Half a guinea!']W "~ ~ ~!ˆ 2–4; "A guinea!ˆ 1

328.6 LXIII.]W LXII. 1–4

342.18 equal admiration and]W equal admiration as 4; as much admiration as 1–3

343.33 from Bath]W from the Bath 1–4

346.9 you?]W ~! 1–4

350.38 splendidly]1–3 spendidly 4

352.36 memoirs.]W ~, 1–4

357.10 from Narcissa]1–3 for Narcissa 4

358.9 widow]1–3 window 4

358.19 turpentine]1–3 turn-|pentine 4

359.34 bewitching]1–3 betwitching 4

367.6 Rory?]1–3 ~. 4

378.13 Beauclerc]2 Beaulerc 1

382.7 April 7th]2 April 7 1

384.6 enemies']W enemiesˆ 1–2

WORD-DIVISION

1. LINE-END HYPHENATION IN THE GEORGIA EDITION

[The following compounds, hyphenated at a line-end in the Georgia Edition, are hyphenated within the line in the 1755 copy-text of *Roderick Random* and in the 1756 copy-text of the *Compendium*.]

19.27	hard- | hearted	167.10	mess- | mates
30.15	ship- | mates	167.29	fellow- | mate
39.44	prize- | money	175.11	moon- | light
56.36	stink- | pots	198.37	news- | paper
69.39	dinner- | time	199.20	cook- | maid
93.38	milk- | woman	213.29	quarter- | master
131.12	quarter- | masters	214.16	under- | secretary
131.30	tilt- | boat	308.23	brow- | beat

2. LINE-END HYPHENATION IN THE 1755 COPY-TEXT OF *RODERICK RANDOM* AND THE 1756 COPY-TEXT OF THE *COMPENDIUM*

[The following compounds or possible compounds are hyphenated at a line-end in the 1755 copy-text of *Roderick Random* and in the 1756 copy-text of the *Compendium*. The form in which each has been given in the Georgia Edition, as listed below, represents the usual practice of the 1755 copy-text of *Roderick Random* and the 1756 copy-text of the *Compendium*, insofar as it may be ascertained from other appearances or parallels.]

15.4	state-room	90.37	Newgate
20.39	right-hand	123.40	
21.21	ferry-boat	94.9	overshadowed
36.30	powder-horn	95.7	overturn
42.25	to-day	98.1	never-failing
49.36	fellow-lodger	100.31	breast-bone
50.26	school-master	100.32	footpad
52.16	half-penny	115.35	stair-case
55.31	second-hand	121.11	landlady
62.19	pitch-fork	137.20	mess-mates
64.34	bed-fellow	144.6	*overtaken*
73.9	penny-weight	156.8	cockpit

183.30 cook-wench
202.13 fellow-servants
217.25 fellow-traveller
217.29 eyebrows
220.5 landlord
328.17
224.33 overruled
225.27 grey-hounds
246.10 overcome
253.38 coffee-house
270.20 thunder-struck
283.14 fellow-travellers
285.36 highwayman
311.6 overlooked
311.31 waiting-maid
317.32 bed-chamber
342.20 post-chaise
349.23 country-house
352.27 manyfold

3. SPECIAL CASES

[The following compounds or possible compounds are hyphenated at a line-end in the Georgia Edition, the 1755 copy-text of *Roderick Random*, and the 1756 copy-text of the *Compendium*.]

137.30 over- | powered
311.6 over- | looked

HISTORICAL COLLATION

3.32 so many remarkable] so remarkable 3

4.17 excite] exite 4

4.36 intelligent] diligent 4

5.6 discourse in which they occur] discourse are commonly interlarded 1

9.10 adversity—I form] adversity—form 1–2

9.11 pedant—am debarred] pedant—debarred 1–2

10.8 Strap,—] ~.— 3–4

10.15 adventures] Adventures 1–4

10.37 an ale-house] the ale-house 1–2

10.39 ordinary.] ~, 3–4

11.9 misfortune; he] misfortune, who 1–2

11.17 advice—write] advice—I write 1

11.19 character—find] character—I find 1

11.31 qualification] qualifications 1–2

12.2 wounded—suspect] wounded—I suspect 1

12.3 opinion—concert] opinion—I concert 1

12.11 friends—I hire] friends—hire 2

12.12 condition—I relieve] condition, and relieve 2

12.19 the person] the same person 1–2

13.6 noise.] ~, 3–4

14.2 lament the] lament over the 1

14.8 consequence] consequences 4

14.21 assault, and take] assault, take 2

14.24 consequence] consequences 1–2

14.25 find] finds 4

15.2 me—] ~, 3–4

15.6 board of the] board the 1–2

15.18 we] We 3–4

17.10 success, in the station] success, in quality 1–3

17.12 father (his] ~, (~ 3; ~,^ ~ 1–2

17.12 falling] fell 1–2

17.13–14 gentleman . . . I was the first fruit of that marriage] gentleman, and performed the office of house-keeper; whom he privately espoused; of which marriage I am the first fruit 1–2

17.15 much that her husband] much that my father 1–2

17.15 a highland seer] a seer 1

17.20–21 violence, and enter the earth, beneath] violence, and earth itself beneath 1–2

17.25–26 flourish in happiness and reputation] flourish with great reputation and happiness 1–2

17.27 of certain familiarities] of familiarities 1–2

17.29 time for him to think of settling; and that] time for him to enter into the holy state of matrimony, and that 1

18.1 would have been to] would be to 1–2

18.3 exceptions] exception 1

18.3 be taken] be made 1–3

18.4–5 his care] his consideration 1–2

18.8 should always] would always 1–2

18.10 and to the provision] and the provision 1

18.10 made for] made to 1–2

18.22 and his resolves being] and as his resolves were 1–2

18.22 as the laws] like the laws 1–2

18.27 father chose to endure] father endured 1–2

18.28–29 inconveniencies . . . delivered] inconveniencies she would be exposed to, if she must be delivered 1–2

18.32 which was now irrevocably past.] which could not otherwise be amended. 1–2

19.2 in-|curring] incur-|ing 3–4

19.12–13 when one of his grandchildren . . . who] when the son of his deceased eldest son, a pert boy, who 1

19.14 observe no] preserve no 1

19.25 daughter-] ~^ 4

19.26 as to send] that he sent 1–2

19.26 and he ordered] and ordered 1–3

19.32 could not be] could never be 1–2

19.32 heard of, a circumstance which] heard of, which 1–3

20.8 was strengthened] was supported 1

20.10 supported his resolution] strengthened his resolution 1

20.21 promise to take] promise he would take 1–2

20.23 he never paid] he neither paid 1–3

20.31 would lie] should lie 1–2

20.38 writ] wrote 1–3

21.1 manner . . . use] manner, that I was effectually debarr'd the use 1–2

21.4 at his ungenerous] at this ungenerous 1–2

21.10–11 wants . . . exposed, and] wants I was espoused to, and 1–2

21.24 correction] vengeance 1–2

21.31 was allowed . . . the best] was confessedly the best 1

21.34 in hope] in hopes 1–3

22.8 being closely] being so closely 1–2

22.19 to the course] to course 1–2

22.19 live, for, he was already] live, being already 1–3

22.21 hounds in] hounds into 1

22.24 clerk] clerk ever after 1

22.27 *him — he goes*] *him goes* 1–2

22.36 also of the ways] also unaquainted with the ways 1–2

23.7 in buckle] in the buckle 1

23.13 seized] seizing 1–3

23.18 field; and my] field. My 1

23.32 who, looking behind him, perceived] who, upon turning about perceived 1

24.10–11 dog," (pulling] dog, don't" (pulling 1

24.12 coldness of civility] civility and coldness 1–2

24.17 to want.—I] to misery and want.—I 1–2

24.19–20 Is not he as near] Is he not as near 1–3

24.20 Is he not much] Is not he much 1–3

24.26 protector.—"Scurvy] protector, who stopped his ears with his fingers, and cried out, that all the devils in hell had broke loose upon him.—"Scurvy 1–2

24.30 were vented against] were leveled against 1

24.35 he rather] he the rather 1–2

24.43–26.1 was a lying . . . the best] was guilty of a damn'd lie, for he was allowed by those who understood those matters, to be the best 1

26.4 addicted] predicted 2–4

26.4–6 affirm . . . old gentleman.—As] affirm, but very much exposed to ill usage, by your neglect, on which occasions, d'ye see, he never fails to show his spirit, which has been misrepresented to you.— As 1

26.20–21 at the end of a fit] after a fit 1

26.31 affection.—My uncle approached] affection.—I know not whether or not he perceived my uncle, who approached 1

26.33 Upon which, the dying] But the dying 1

26.33 languid] sunken 1

26.34 us, and Mr. Bowling went on—] us,—when my uncle went on.— 1

27.5 decease] disease 4

27.21 make him a] make a 1–3

27.22 further] farther 1–2

27.26 witness to] witness of 1–2

27.33 interest; some] interest. Some 1–2

27.39 of my father] towards my father 1–2

28.4 there were no legacies?"] there was no legacies?" 2–3

28.4 and was] and she was 1

28.12 to the old man] of the old man 1

28.12 this exclamation, than] this, than 1–3

28.13 reviler] reveler 1–2

28.13–14 rest in peace?] rest in the grave till the resurrection? 1–2

28.16 had certainly] had most certainly 1–2

28.22 d——ned] damned 1–2

28.24 And away] and away 1–3

28.24 went] want 4

28.32 pace increased] pace was increased 1

28.32 was left] was often left 1–2

28.32–33 way: then he waited for] way, which when he perceived, he waited for me 2–3; way, which when he perceived, he would wait for 1–3

28.33 called] call 1

28.35 hauled] haul 1

28.36 great share] good share 1–2

28.36 he said] he would say 1

29.1 old rascal] hold rascal 4

29.2 *through*] *thorough* 4; *thro*' 1–2

29.7 dropt, by] dropt, at 1–3

29.23 of my departure] of departure 1

29.23–24 I resolved to take] I was to take 1–3

29.26–27 to my master] to the master 1–2

29.28 dragging] drag-|ing 4 (*cw*)

29.32 reinforce] inforce 6–7

29.32–33 undertaken for] undertaken by the rest of the boys for 1–2

29.35 village time out] village out 2

29.36–37 river . . . drowned.—I] river where he was on the point of being drowned, dragging him ashore; I 2; river where he was on the point of being drowned, and by the help of swimming, dragging him ashore; I 1

29.39 and many] and I had many 1–2

29.42–43 behalf, he having] behalf, having 1–3

29.43 service that I had done Gawky] service as I had afforded to Gawky 1

29.44 offences that I] offences I 1–2

30.2–3 because they intended] as they intended 1–2

30.7 enraged at his insolence, and] enraged beyond all composition, and 1–2

30.7–8 refrain from telling] refrain | telling 3

30.14 God] G—d 1

30.15–16 be your ship-mates] be that your ship-mates 1–2

30.29 was humbled] was soon humbled 1

30.34 bade] bid 1–2

30.36 with the son] with this son 3

30.39–40 having secured . . . back.—In] having fastened his hands behind his back, pulled down his breeches, and tucked up his garments and shirt, as far as they would go—In 1

31.3–4 earnestness, he] earnestness, that he 1–2

31.13–14 cursed . . . bedlamite] cursed, blasphemed, and acted to the life, the part of a frantick bedlamite 1–2

31.20 His offer] This offer 1

31.21 us; but this invitation he refused] us, but this he refused 3; us, which he refused 1–2

31.22 benefactor, he] benefactor, that he 1–2

31.24 be our schoolmaster] be schoolmaster 1–2

31.30 me; in being] me; being 1–3

31.31–32 ship, having] ship, after having 1–2

32.18 pieces] morceaus 1–3

32.18–19 that met with . . . reception] that brought me a great deal of reputation 1–2

32.24 mother, since the] mother, after the 1–3

32.25 fortune equally] fortune (which was considerable) equally 1

32.28 contempt, my] contempt, which I endeavoured to return by the most perfect neglect, my 1–2

32.33 they had effectually] they effectually 1

32.34 satisfaction] rapture 1–2

32.36 intimates . . . mortified] intimates: this mortified 3 intimates, which mortified 1–2

32.37–38 degree . . . indifference.—The] degree, that they rendered themselves universally ridiculous in satisfying their resentment against me. The 1

33.3 brought] intailed 1

33.14–15 apprentice . . . window] apprentice, emptied a close stool out of the garret window 1–2

33.20 neither should] neither would 1–2

33.24–25 you the greatest wrong] you most wrong 1–3

33.27–28 confident, who betrayed] confident, and prevail on him to betray 1–2

33.31 busy] busied 1–2

33.33 much altered] so much altered 2; so altered 1

33.34 dinner, and enquiring] dinner, that upon enquiring 1–2

33.39 she should] she would 1–2

34.3 *To Mr.* Roger Potion] *To* Roger Potion 1

34.11 sent over to] sent home to 1–2

34.13 God] G—d 1

34.28–29 Hispaniola) I had no] Hispaniola) was no 1–3

35.3–4 me: thither] me; hither 1–3

35.7–8 him, a favour which] him, which 1–3

35.11 He did not] He did no 1

35.12 himself from his confusion] himself out of his confusion 1–3

35.22 which desire I yeilded] which I yielded 1–3

35.24 opportunity of making] opportunity to make 1

35.25 my comrade] my old comrade 1–2

35.26–27 fencing, and other modish qualifications.] fencing; and to see the world. 1–2

35.31 quarter-day, he having] quarter-day, having 1–3

35.32 this assertion might] this might 1–3

35.33 expressed any] discovered any 1–2

36.2 because I] because now I 1–2

36.4 wheresoever] wheresover 4

36.8 billet: and I] billet.—Whereupon, I 1–3

36.23 mixing] tossing 1

36.23 brandy with a] brandy into a 1

36.28 feet] foot 1–2

36.31 carbuncles;] ~! 4

36.34 practitioner, was better imployed than he, and] practitioner, had engrossed more business than he, and 1–3

37.5 of lamentation] of sorrow 2; of blood 1

37.6–7 when I received the message of Crab] when I was sent for by Crab 1–3

37.10 There's a sneaking] Here's a sneaking 1–3

37.22 offer, which] offer, of which 1

37.22 accept] avail myself 1

37.23 I was to be entertained] I should be entertained 1

37.23–24 footing! d——n my blood, (cried he)] footing (d——n my blood, cried he) 1–3

37.24 and a couple] and couple 1–3

37.29 Potion] Portion 2

37.35–36 potion?"—Upon] potion? answer me to that."—Upon 1

37.36 answering in] answering him in 1–3

37.42 revenge, by] revenge, in 1–3

38.2 this circumstance, together] this, together 1–3

38.6 address, in my power.—And] address I was master of.—And 1

38.22 service; I therefore snatched] service; whereupon I snatched 1–3

38.23 without a cause] without cause 1

38.23 I should see] I would see 1–2

38.32 aspect; and] aspect with regard to me; and 1

39.3 set about] set himself about 1–2

39.21 her; taking the advantage of which, I] her; of which availing myself, I 1

39.22 much better purpose] much greater advantage 1

39.24 endeavours] endeavour 1–2

39.29 the part] that part 1–2

39.33–34 this scheme he] this he 1–3

39.35 acquainted with] satisfied with 1–2

39.36 he would not] he did not 1–3

39.40 world.—Before] world.—By G—d, before 1

39.43 of surgeon's] of a surgeon's 1–2

40.3 as I had no friend] having no friend 1–3

40.6 money, sufficient not] money, not 1–2

40.8 on board of some ship.] aboard ship. 1–3

40.9–10 was no other . . . departure;) and] I was to make his chamber-maid lay the child to me after I was gone) and 1–3

40.12–13 pair of worsted . . . thread stockings] pair of worsted stockings, as many thread 2–3; pair worsted stockings, as many thread 1

40.16 business effectually.] business. 1–3

40.19 *walk together to*] *walk in company to* 1–3

40.24–25 horse-back; and this scheme I] horse-back, and this I 2–3; horse-back, this I 1

40.34 time; a journey which] time; which 1–2

41.1 Scotchman." I] Scotchman." To which I 1–3

41.2 from what part] of what part 1–3

41.4 agitation.—I] agitation.—At which I 1–3

41.4–5 offended at this profusion, that] offended, that 1–3

41.6 at meeting] in meeting 1–2

41.13 mirth for] mirth to 1–2

41.17 bade] bid 1–2

41.30 carry my baggage all] carry my baggage as well as his own, all 1

41.30–31 should be fatigued . . . journey, it] should find ourselves fatigued, it 1

41.32 take the advantage] take the opportunity 1–3

41.37 me also.] me likewise. 1

41.38 the plan] our plan 1

41.39–40 each (my companion . . . knapsack;) and] each, my companion being charged with the furniture of us both, crammed into one knapsack, which he carried after the manner of soldiers on a march; and 1–2

41.43 stages, were] stages, we were 1

41.43–44 inn, so that we were compelled to] inn, which compelled us to 1–3

41.44 stood on] stood by itself on 1

42.6–7 apartment, furnished with two] apartment, where were two 1–3

42.17–18 table with] table in company with 1–3

42.18 before him] before them 1–3

42.20 bitch] b——h 1–3

42.23 saying he might be] saying, that he might possibly be 1–2

42.27 ever will] never will 1–3

42.33 other gentlemen of the road?"] other adventurer?" 1

42.35 from the captain] out of the pockets of the captain 1

42.39 girl, with a picture] girl, with a young gentleman's picture 1

43.1 who missing] who, mistaking 1

43.1 lodging in the house] lodging there 1–3

43.2 matter—I'll] matter—by G—d, I'll 1–3

43.3 ran] run 1–2

43.7 pedlar, for] pedlar there, for 1–2

43.11 lay in the agonies of fear; so] lay without sense and motion, so 1–2

423.13 he had seen] we had seen 1–2

43.15 And Rifle] Rifle 1–3

43.23–24 pin's point] half-penny 1–2

43.24 the present danger.] his present distress. 1–2

43.24–25 not his disburthening] not this disburthening 1–2

43.26–27 asleep, and snored in concert] asleep, which he understood by their snoring in concert 1–3

43.27 which making fast] and making it fast 1–3

43.28 it, he opened] it, opened 1–3

43.29 dexterity; then he] dexterity; which having done, he 1–3

43.30 bade] bid 1–2

43.30 ran] run 1–2

43.31–32 escape: and lastly, shaking] escape: then shaking 1–3

43.33 danger . . . above a yard] danger, the ground not being above a yard 2–3; danger to the ground, which was not above one yard 1

43.36 disappointment; as he certainly] disappointment, for he certainly 3 disappointment, who certainly 1–2

43.42 profession, and suggested, that] profession, and put him in mind, that 3; profession, by putting him in in mind, that 1–2

43.43 road, he] road (which was far from being impossible) he 1–3

44.1 withal . . . Betty's good-nature] withal, the confidence I had in Betty's good-nature 1–2

44.4 our window] the window 1–3

44.12 cold, exclaimed] cold, she exclaimed 1

44.13 with feigned] with a feigned 1–2

44.13 God] G—d 1

44.16 right.] ~^ 3–4

44.22 should set] could set 1–2

44.31 cried] cried out 1–3

44.32 staring] startled 1

44.36 he had been terrified] he was terrified 1–2

44.37 timidity] timorousness 1–3

45.16 but you] but by G—d, you 1–3

45.17 fired it at] fired at it 4

45.21–22 perceiving] perceived 1–3

45.22 up, he rode] up; whereupon he rode 1–3

45.23 appearance] apperance 4

45.24 company consisted] company, which consisted 1–2

45.24 armed, with an officer] armed, was headed by an officer 1–2

45.27 road, and assuring] road, assuring 1–3

45.32 changed] vanished 1–2

45.35 them that he] them he 1–3

45.35 before; and] before them; and 1–2

45.35–36 and to beg] and beg 1–3

45.37–38 he should pursue] he pursued 1–3

45.39 making the] made the 1–2

45.39 snort, he] snort in such a manner, that he 1–2

46.8 situation. Mean] situation in the least.—Mean 1–3

46.9 body of Strap, in] body of Strap to one side, in 1–2

46.10 upon which I] whereupon I 1–3

46.11 recover; he having] recover; having 1–2

46.11–12 fear had inflicted] fear inflicted 1–3

46.12 raised him] got him 1–3

46.13 Strap who was not] Strap being not 1–3

46.14 time,] time after, 1–3

46.15 him] himself 1

46.18 which service he] which he 1–3

46.19 this event and dinner] this and dinner, 1–3

46.22–23 two farmers, who were partners, had to] two farmers being partners, having to 1–3

46.27 a character] an animal 1–3

46.29 done to the] done the 1

46.30–31 them at dinner] them with a dinner 1

46.31 singing in concert, all the while.] singing all the while in concert. 1–2

46.33 all present] all hands 1–3

46.36 He immediately] And immediately 1–2

46.42 questions . . . enquired about] questions of some present who enquired about 3; questions of some present who knew him, about 1–2

47.1 To which interrogation he] To which he 1–3

47.4 rose] got up 1–3

47.4–5 moved . . . door, where] moved towards the door with the same dignity as when he entered; where 1–3

47.6 the facetious curate] this facetious parson 3; this facetious person 1–2

47.6 kitchen, held forth] kitchen, began 1–3

47.8 Gad] G—d 1–2

47.11 comparisons are] comparisons, you know, are 1

47.16 she visits regularly] she goes to see regularly 1–3

47.19 ate] eat 1–3

47.19 chearfulness. When] chearfulness and satisfaction. When 1

47.22 finesse, than] finesse, then 1–2

47.23 began to open with] began with 1–3

47.35 company—these qualifications make him] company—this makes him 1–3

47.38 Here he] At this he 1–3

47.38 who asked why] who asked him, why 1–3

47.44 this demand the exciseman] this the exciseman 3; which the exciseman 1–2

48.11 *evidence*] *evidences* 1–3

48.17 hallooing] hollowing 1–3

48.19 mounted as] mounted at 3

48.26 hours before] hours ago 1–2

48.26 such terror] so much terror 1–2

48.28 declared, he] declared, that he 1–2

48.35–49.1 we had proposed to follow—About] we proposed.—About 1–2

49.2–3 whom (we understood) he] whom he 1–2

49.6 roof] leads 1–3

49.7 and entered another] and got into another 1–3

49.13 reached a] got to a 1–3

49.17 were any waggon] was any waggon 1–3

49.18 London next] London to-morrow or next 1–2

49.19 to London] for London 1–3

49.21 and, after having made] and after making 1–2

49.32 ran against] run against 1–2

49.34 fire!" a cry which] fire!" which 2–3; fire!ˌwhich 1

49.41 along with him] along him 1

50.6 till morning] till the morning 1–2

50.8 which hope, however] which, however 1–3

50.8 disappointed for that] disappointed that 1–3

50.15 hope] hopes 1–3

50.20 regard enough; but] regard, but 1–3

50.31 lay on] lay one 1

51.7–8 till the morning] till tomorrow morning 1–3

51.12 in a corner] in the corner 3; in corner 2

51.17 an unconscionable] a very unconscionable 1

51.32 was but a young man,] was a but young man 1

52.23–24 which declaration he] which he 1–3

52.28 we reached it] we came up with it 1–3

53.5 coptain] captain 1–2

53.8 "Hell . . . smart for this!"] "By God I won't be used so, d——n——n seize me if I am!" 1–2

53.15–16 I thought . . . death.] I thought the supposed son of Anak intended to press me to death. 3; I thought the supposed son of Anak intended to smother me. 1–2

53.17–18 are squeezed into a pancake, by] are almost squeezed out by 1–2

53.29 began] begins 1–2

53.33 Is not] Is'n't 1–3

53.39 in a transport] in transport 1–3

53.39 faultering] wavering 2; quavering 1

53.43–44 having alighted from the waggon, I] having got out of the waggon first, I 1–3

55.6 waist-coat] waste-coat 1–3

55.12 captain in] captain leading in his wife; in 1–2

55.14 grey eyes] grew eyes 3

55.19 five feet] five foot 1–3

55.24 consisted of a] consisted in a 1

55.28 and with the other] and in the other 1–3

55.30 that had I not been a novice in the world, I] that had I then known as much of the world as I do now, I 1–3

55.32 kitchen] kithen 4

55.37 manner, he should be very well pleased.] manner, with all his heart. 1–3

55.40 this hint the captain] this the captain 1–3

56.2 do you] d'ye 1–3

56.5 Agad, you] By G—d, you 1–3

56.11 louse] f——t 1–3

56.12–13 of the disturbance] of it 1–3

56.13 take umbrage] take so much umbrage 1–3

56.13 and leave] as to leave 1–3

56.15 shewed] shewn 1–3

56.16 I, to one] I, were conducted to one 1–3

56.18 backward; but in] backward; in 1

56.18 entered] he entered 1

56.20–21 vessel . . . leaky] vessel, his own chamber-pot being leaky 1–3

56.22 toward] towards 2

56.23 head covered with] head with 1–3

56.23 night-cap, than] night-cap on it, than 1–3

56.23–24 he had mistaken Miss] he was got to Miss 1–3

56.34 arose] got up 1–3

56.35 by the bed-side] at the bed-side 1–2

56.36 roared] cried 1–3

56.43 virtue?] ~^ 2–4

58.1–2 diverting scene] diverting a scene 2

58.2 scene.—] ~^—. 4; scence.— 3

58.4 the counterpane] the covering 1–2

58.4 sobbing] crying 1–2

58.5 with his] with nothing on him but his 1–2

58.8 weep, told] weep and told 1–2

58.9 bad] bid 1–2

58.10 begged to] begged for Christ's sake to 1–3

58.11 which he had no sooner obtained, than] which was no sooner done, than 1–3

58.13–14 he) you know . . . succeed] he, with a faultering voice) you know you laid this snare for me—but you shan't succeed 2; he, with a faultering voice) thou knowest thou did'st spread this snare for me—but thou shall not succeed 1

58.14 you shall] thou shalt 1

58.20 sighing] sobbing 1–2

58.24 stole away] got away 1–3

58.36 who had entered the] who by this time had got into the 1–3

59.3 trembling] strembling 3–4

59.9 disdain, that it] disdain, it 1–2

59.14 And] An 1–2

59.22 colour change] colour to change 1–3

59.24 recovering] recovered 1–2

59.29 backward at every push, till] backward every time, till 1–3

59.29–30 I pinned him up] I got him pinned up 1–3

59.32 scream: In this emergency, Weazel] scream: Upon this, Weazel 3; scream, and swooned: Upon this, Weazel 1–2

59.33 granted; and at last was] granted; and after his lady had recovered, was 1–2

59.36 namely, miss] to wit, miss 1–3

59.38 rose in the morning] got up this morning 1–3

59.39 At that instant] At this moment 1–3

61.2 turned] turning 1–3

61.6 which advice he] which he 1–3

61.11 trembled, and] trembling like an aspen-leaf, and 1–2

61.11 quavering] faultering 1–2

61.11 voice,] ~^ 4

61.16–17 should be found] would be found 1–2

61.19 of me] from me 1–3

61.23–24 which accommodation the sick] which the sick 3; which this sick 1–2

61.27 us he had once] us of his having once 1–2

61.28 him; tweaked] him; of tweaking 1–2

61.29 fork . . . challenged a] fork; and of his sending a challenge to a 1–2

61.30 which exploits he] which he 1–3

61.31–32 observed "the last affair . . . which I] observed such a thing happened that day, "I 1–2

61.43 would never] could never 1–3

62.2 which information they] which they 1–3

62.6 observed] proposed 2; propose 1

62.8–9 for all the world] for the world 1–2

62.11 weapon] sword 1–2

62.11 ran] run 1–2

62.14 cried] cried out 1–2

62.17 this proposal with] this, with 1–3

62.19 hand, and swore] hand, swore 1

62.26 into a conversation] into conversation 1

62.31 life, by this conveyance.] life, in the manner we found her. 1–3

62.34 character. That] character, as follows: That 1–2

62.36 when] whereupon 1–3

62.38 army. This] army; this 1–3

62.42 as soon as an horseman should appear] as soon as we should discover an horseman appear 1–2

62.42 This scheme we] This we 1–3

63.12 cried,] ~^ 3–4; cried out, 1–2

63.16 known] know 4

63.17 the scheme] our scheme 1–2

63.18 within.] within it. 1–2

63.19 we got] you got 1

63.20 Here's] Here is 1

63.31 him out from] him from 1–2

63.35 So saying] Having said this 1–2

63.38 ask him how] ask how 1–2

63.44 "Waunds] ^~ 4

64.1 own neame] true neame 1–2

64.2 a laugh] the laugh 1–3

64.3 is no matter] was no matter 1

64.4 since he has] since he had 1–2

64.4 And we] And that we 1–2

64.8 so well pleased] so pleased 1–2

64.13 throat.—The] throat;—the 3; throat;—which the 1–2

64.14 hold of this menace, said] hold of, said, 1–2

64.15 officer.] ~, 3–4

64.22 *an ale-house*] *the ale-house* 1–2

64.26 to rise] to get up 1–3

65.4 shrunk under] shrunk my head under 1–2

65.15 he reached] he got to 1–3

65.21 turned to] turned about to 1

65.25 morrice] morris 1–2

65.29 this interpretation] his interpretation 1–2

65.32 telling him the] telling him that the 1–2

65.32–33 had been an idiot some years] had turned idiot some years ago 1

65.38 put up] halted 1–2

65.44 shirt, and my] shirt, my 1–2

68.5 manner; but] manner than me; but 1–2

68.12 whipping up his] whipping us his 4

68.15 we was] we were 1–3

68.15 deliberating upon what was to] deliberating what was next to 1–2

68.18 which exploit he] which, he 1–3

68.23 a fire] the fire 1–2

68.23 the public] a public 1–2

68.25 that we were from Scotland, came] who we were, came 1

68.25 a grave] a very grave 1

68.26 asked how] asked me, how 1

68.31–32 I thought myself by] I was by 1–2

68.33 told him in a] told him with a 1–2

68.34 Then the] Whereupon, the 1–3

68.44 This assurance gave] This gave 1–3

69.3 Then I attempted to keep him down, in] Here I attempted to get a-top of him, in 1–3

69.6 fight, for he was not quite] fight, not being quite 1–3

69.8 as well as of my] as well as my 2–3; as did also my 1

69.12 altogether as] every bit as 1–3

69.13–14 We betook ourselves therefore to] Whereupon we betook ourselves to 1–2

69.16 bade] bid 1–2

69.18 which perambulation we] which we 1–3

69.26 us, found] us, we found 1–2

69.26 river, a circumstance that perplexed] river, which perplexed 1–3

69.30 shop-keeper was my] shop-keeper my 1–2

69.33 us, Mr.] us, that Mr. 1–2

69.35 asked if] asked him if 1–3

69.35 lodging. He readily gave us] lodging, which he readily did, by giving us 1–3

69.36–37 there we hired] here we hired 1–3

69.40–41 live? To which interrogation we answered] live, to which we answered, 1–3

70.3 people, rich] people, and rich 1–2

70.4–5 gentleman with a laced waistcoat, dine] gentleman bedaubed all over with lace, dine 1–2

70.8 conducted us] carried us 1–3

70.8 bade] bid 1–2

70.10 descending very successfully, found] descended very successfully, where I found 1–2

70.12 company of] company consisting chiefly of 1–2

70.17 she carried] she was carrying 1–3

70.21 on end] an end 4

70.30 bade the woman] bid the woman 1–2

70.33 useless. He] useless; he 1–2

70.34 eaten] eat 1–2

70.34 bad] bid 1–3

70.35–36 foreseeing . . . promised] foreseeing it would all land at him, promised 1–2

70.36 drummer, which] drummer with, which 1–2

70.37 this accommodation our] this our 1–3

72.9 before] ago 1

72.17 was frightfully pitted] was very much pitted 1–3

72.17 small-pox, and] small-pox, his eyes blear'd, and 1–2

72.24 words, eyed] words, he eyed 1

72.32–33 house of Mr.] house Mr. 1

72.39 to give very] to do very 1–3

73.4 bade] bid 1–2

73.12 ten] fifteen 1–2

73.19 ran] run 1–2

73.20–21 opening in the second story of the next] opening up two pair of stairs in the next 1–3

73.38 bade] bid 1–2

73.41 pence, assured] pence I assured 1–2

74.1 refused to take any] refused any 1–3

74.7 open; and as] open. As 1

74.8 are from] are come from 1–3

74.9 and I am so prepossessed in] which has prepossessed me so much in 1–3

74.21–22 flip? To] flip; to 1–2

74.22 which question we] which we 1–3

74.28 in his way] into his way 1–2

74.34–35 I was not much inclined to gaming] I had no great inclination for gaming 1

74.38 found in the house at] found at 1–2

75.1 luck to-day] ~-~$_{\wedge}$~ 4; ~$_{\wedge}$ ~$_{\wedge}$ ~ 3

75.4 revenge, and] revenge, with which he complied after some intreaty, and 1–3

75.9 This loss mortified] This mortified 1–3

75.16 him to a game of piquet for a crown] him to continue the game for a crown 1–3

75.29 answered, No. "No,] ~, ~, ~, 4

75.36 amounted to] came to 1–2

76.3 *misfortune; he*] *misfortune; who* 1–2

76.9–10 this observation I] this I 1–3

76.17–18 for having refused] who had refused 1–3

76.19 asked,] asked him, 1–2

76.20 to such looks] with such looks 1

76.24 myself upon] myself into 1–2

76.25 resolved to perish, rather] resolving to perish for want, rather 1–2

76.29–30 done.—If] done,—if 1

77.7 two were] two was 1

77.8 he had run] they had run 1–2

77.11–12 from such scenes of iniquity] from scenes of such iniquity 1

77.18 I should desire] I desired 1–3

77.38 I replied] To which I replied 1–3

78.2 have been glad of an opportunity to] have thought it an happiness to have it in his power to 1–2

78.10 and often] being often 1–3

78.16 than running] then running 1

78.18 after Mrs.] how Mrs. 1–2

78.19 ladies;] ladies did; 1–2

78.23 need] needed 1

78.24 business.] business for me. 1–3

78.26 civilly: This address I looked] civilly: This I looked 3; civilly, which I looked 1–2

78.30 I perceive, says he, you] I perceive (says he) you 1–3

78.36 promises, until his money] promises so long, that his money 1–3

78.41 raised a] raised him a 1–2

78.44 and, he said, the] and the 1–3

78.44 company were to] company to 1

79.6 which question I] which I 1–3

79.22 condoled me] condoled with me 1–2

79.22 bad] bid 1–2

79.24 He] 'Tis true he 1–3

79.29–30 money he wanted at] money he pleased at 1–2

79.38 set foot] set my foot 1–2

80.4 *advice—write*] *Advice—I write* 1

80.5 *character—find*] *Character—I find* 1

80.9 I rose] I got up 1–3

80.11 hope] hopes 1–3

80.12 breach of promise.] perfidy. 1

80.17 writ] wrote 1–3

80.29 way towards] way to 1–2

80.35 good principle] good enough principle 1–2

80.35 at bottom] at the bottom 1–3

81.2 equip himself] equip him 1–3

81.10 for third mate] for a third mate 1–2

81.12 hope] hopes 1–3

81.14–15 had the mortification] had | had the mortification 1–2

81.28 which would come on in] which was to happen in 1–3

81.30 this expedient I] this I 1–3

81.41 signify] signifies 1–3

82.2 those things] these things 1–2

82.24 also of reaping] also reaping 1–2

82.25 this | hope my] this | my 1–3

82.25 tho'] notwithstanding 1–2

82.26 have moderated my expectation.] have taught me better. 1–2

83.3 Deer] Dere 2; Dire 1

83.4 infernally] constanstanously 1

83.5 Murfy] morfeus 1

83.5–6 sends his puppies . . . mortals] sheds illeusinary puppies upon the I's of dreeming mortals 1

83.6 when Febus] when lustroos febus 1

83.6 merrydying] kotidian 1

83.6 Whereupon] wheerpon 1

83.7 propose] slumbrs 1

83.8 loafseek] lovesick 1

83.8 harms] harrums 1

83.8 faithfool] faithful 1

83.8–9 commend, Clayrender.] commend 'till death. Clayrender. 1

83.9 Wingar-yeard] Vingar-yeard 2; Vingar-yard 1

83.12 cried,] cried out 1–2

83.14 ought] aught 1–2

83.22 praises of a country] praises a country 3

83.27 ask'd, how] ask'd him, how 1–2

83.28 (he replied)] (replied he) 1–2

83.34 there is (said he)] there is (replied he) 1–2

83.38 this question he] this he 1–3

83.42 pawn—upon] ~^~ 1

84.3 I have got?] I have got^ 1–3

84.5 sixteen shillings] eighteen shillings 1–2

84.6 pounds] pound 1

84.7 that will do] it will do 1

84.10 first of the money] first money 1–2

84.16 suppose you should sell this] what would you think of selling this 1–2

84.18 or agad] or by G—d 1–2

84.20 of the three] of three 1–2

84.29 change, counted] change, I counted 1

84.33–34 which declaration he] which he 1–3

85.1 ran away] run away 1–2

85.9 flour] flower 3

85.21 *Jackson—am*] *Jacson—I am* 1

85.29 quaking] trembling 1–2

85.34 place; he] place; to which he 1–3

86.9 been the sound of the last] been the last 1–3

86.10–11 table; one] table. One 1–3

86.11 bad] bid 1–2

86.18 I informed] I had informed 1–3

86.23 friends would have done] friends had done 1–2

86.23 made me] made we 2

86.29 need not to be] need not be 1–2

86.30 bidding] biding 3

86.32 asking if] asking me if 1–2

86.33 and I] to which I 1–3

86.44 you had tied] you tied 1–2

88.3 intestines?] ~. 1–3

88.21 again, received] again, and received 1–3

88.23 bad] bid 1–2

88.25 saying, I should] saying, I would 1–3

88.34 slouched] sloutched 1–2

89.13 gaity] gaiety 1–2

89.16–17 walk thro' streets . . . unknown to me] walk in a town where I was a stranger 1–2

89.18 according to his promise] which he faithfully promised 1–2

89.18 conducted] carried 1–3

89.19 continued] remained 1–3

89.21–22 which demand Jackson] which Jackson 1–3

89.27 I should have made] I had made 1–3

89.27–28 suiting with my] suiting my 1–2

89.33 those charmers] these charmers 1–2

89.41–42 and swore . . . Bridewell.] and swore if they did not immediately restore his money, he would charge a constable with them. 1–2

89.44 she proceeded] she went on 1–3

90.1–2 assault upon] assault against 1–2

90.7 custody, an arrest which] custody, which 1–3

90.16 business.] business as this is. 1–3

90.16 house in the] house in this 3

90.18 all of her] all her 2

90.21 desire of them] desire them 1–2

90.26–27 retrieving . . . lost, he] retrieving what he had lost, it 2; restoring what they had stol'n, he 1

90.30 returning to us, acquainted] returned to us, where he acquainted 1–2

90.33 arbitration] ar-|bitration 4

90.41–42 chagrin] regret 1

90.42 o'clock] a-clock 1

91.1–2 appeared very much dejected] appeared with a dejected air 1–2

91.5 returning] return 3

91.8 this declaration he] this he 1–3

91.14 assertion] declaration 1–3

91.14 outrage upon] outrage against 1–2

91.20 his confusion his] This his 1–3

91.29 you'll] you will 1–2

91.33–34 story: which having learned, he] story: upon which he 1–3

91.40 lifted off] lifted from off 1–2

92.2 *qualification*] *qualifications* 1–2

92.8–9 accordingly we went thither] upon which we repaired thither 1–3

92.12 To which interrogation he] To which he 1–3

92.13 At which question he] At which he 1–3

92.15 us another word] us one word 1–2

92.19 whom some of the] whom the 1

92.19 c——] c—mm——rs 1–3

92.19–20 each of them had] each had 1–2

92.21 who (far] who (so far 1–2

92.22 to purchase a] to buy me a 1–2

92.23 yet determined] determined yet 1–2

92.29 had come to visit me] had been to visit me 3; had been to see me 1–2

92.35 Strap should happen] Strap happened 1–2

93.11 pass by an] pass about an 1

93.29 worth stealing] worth the stealing 1–2

93.35 night-cap; I] night-cap instead of hat and wig; I 1–2

93.37 mouth, namely, "that surely London] mouth, *viz*. "London 1–2

93.44 choose] chuse 1–2

94.5 day, be the event what it would—This] day, *coute qui coute*.—This 1–3

94.12 this office] this manner 1

94.20 is to no purpose] is not to the purpose 1–2

94.24 grandmother's] grandfather's 1

94.27 and I interrupted] and interrupted 3

94.29 tell me without] tell it without 1–2

94.34 played] plaid 1

94.38 by the bye] by the by 1–3

94.44 up, insisted] up, I insisted 1

94.44 immediately accompanying me] accompanying me immediately 1–2

95.1 lose] loose 3

95.5 broke out into] broke out in 1–3

95.15 here's] here is 1

95.23 young] yong 1–2

95.36 begun upon that] begun that 1–2

95.40 an handle] a handle 1–3

96.15 shilling to promote the match] shilling as long as he should live 1–2

96.18 disposition she resembled her mother] disposition her mother join'd 1–2

96.18–19 these hints] the hints 1–3

97.10 heart; this] heart; which 1–2

97.19 reasons] reason 1–3

97.25 French,] ~^ 4

97.27–28 great, for, he was the] great, he being the 1–3

97.37 service. Among] service among 1

97.41 cure by] cure with 1

98.3 of roots and greens, and] of it, and 1

98.9 gone to visit,] visiting 1

98.10 drove] drove off 1

98.17 up with his own hand.] up himself. 1

98.25 as to treat] as treat 3

98.28 my head] mine head 1–3

98.30 enter'd, and said] entering, said 1

98.38 perfectly well satisfied] perfectly satisfied 1–2

98.40 into the parlour] into a parlour 1–2

98.42–43 This circumstance soon convinc'd] This soon convinc'd 1–3

99.3–4 opportunity . . . parents—Accordingly] opportunity of the other's absence (for she had got leave to go and visit her sick father who liv'd at Richmond) to reap the fruits of my conquest: Accordingly 2; opportunity of the other maid's absence . . . to avail myself of my conquest: Accordingly 1

99.13 left hand, when] left when 1

99.16 bad] bid 1–2

99.24–25 by the revenge I enjoyed in understanding from] by understanding from 1

99.30 out; so I retir'd] out; whereupon, I retir'd 1–3

99.33 enter'd my] enter'd into my 1–3

99.35 chair, he was] chair, was 1–3

99.40 explanation] eclaircissement 1–3

99.44 not only having betrayed] having not only betray'd 1–2

100.8–9 another; therefore] another. I therefore 1

100.18 *opinion — concert*] *opinion — I concert* 1

100.23 for dead] as dead, 3

100.30 the finishing stroke, having been directed] the *coup de Grace*, being directed 1–3

101.4 o'clock] a clock 1

101.13 inamorata] enamorata 1–3

101.15 asked if] asked me if 1–2

101.16 assassin?] ~: 1–3

101.20 with regard] in regard 1

101.21 I should enterprize] I enterpriz'd 1–3

101.26 This uncertainty I] This I 1–3

101.34 There] three 2

101.34 was no room] was now no room 1–2

101.38 this assault my] this my 1–3

102.1 ourselves with] ourselves in 1

102.5 is gone to] is sent for to 1–2

102.23–24 who vied with each other in] who vied in 3; who vied one with the other in 1–2

102.26 unguent for his sores.] unguent to anoint him with. 1–2

102.28 by the ulcers of which I] by the sores and ulcers I 1–2

102.28 cause; and] cause of; and 1–2

102.33 writ] wrote 1–3

103.9 decamp . . . performed in one] decamp; and this he performed in one 3; decamp: which he performed one 1–2

103.13 that the contents were sufficient] of the contents being sufficient 1–2

103.16 which task I] which I 1–3

103.23 owed to this] owed this 1–2

103.25 creditable, was] creditable, I was 1

104.19 who were miserably] who seemed to be miserably 1–2

104.26 He was no sooner disengaged] He no sooner found himself disengaged 1–3

104.38–105.1 being considerably] being so considerably 3

105.21 though spoken ironically] though meant ironically 1–2

105.22 just; by] just; for by 1

105.26 that, in less] than in less 3

105.30 which the match was] which it was 1–3

105.40–41 desirous as himself] desirous as he 1–3

106.4 his suspicion] this suspicion 1

106.14 he pulled out] I saw him pull out 2–3; I saw them pull out 1

106.15 and pronounced,] ~ ~$_{\wedge}$ 4; and heard him pronounce, 1–3

106.15 venus] venues 1

106.20 this detection to] this to 1–3

106.33 impression upon] impression on 1–3

106.41 of his having] of having 1

106.41–42 for which injury he] for which he 1–3

107.12 this threat I] this I 1–3

107.13–14 punishing thee for thy] revenging thy 1–3

107.17 and they rolled] and rolled 1–2

107.26 shild?] child? 1–3

107.27 called to them, and] called to them herself, and 1–3

107.28 further] farther 1–2

107.28–29 which request her] which her 1–3

107.40 body was infected] body infected 1–3

107.44 lodged; where] lodged; there

109.1 hope] hopes 1–3

109.2–3 this supposition I] this I 1–3

109.7 O C——st! said, "That] "O C——st!" said, "That 2–3; "O C——st!" said, "that 1

109.10–12 should Daniel . . . veracity."] should the genius of truth appear I would question its veracity; and if Daniel would rise from the dead I should think him an imposter." 1

109.13–14 which remark he] which he 1–3

109.30 immediately ran] immediately run 1–3

109.36 embrace. She] embrace; she 1–2

109.42 all her intentions with regard to me] all the injury she had designed for me 1–2

110.1 and said I] and I 1–3

110.2 with this expression, took] with what I said, took 1–3

110.4–5 eyes, she relapsed] eyes, relapsed 1–3

110.6 have had on mine] have on mine 1–3

110.9–10 herself: This aim with] herself: This with 3; herself, which with 1–2

110.17 gaining ground] getting ground 3

110.17 she became] she was become 1

110.17–18 herself, and offensive to others; when] herself as well as to everyone else, when 1

110.24 persisted in her threats to turn] persisted to turn 3; persisted in threatening to turn 2

110.26 me, an expedient that would save] me, which would save 1–2

110.27 would undertake] would myself undertake 1

110.28 conveniencies that I] conveniencies I 1–2

110.29–30 I found, in her] I found to my great satisfaction, in her 1–2

112.15 read Shaftsbury, Tindal, Hobbs] read Locke, Shaftsbury, Tindal, Hobbs 1

112.16–17 should soon] would soon 1–2

112.40 caught] catched 1–3

113.7 receiving] received 3

113.10 In this dilemna I] Upon this I 1–3

113.24 concluding that you was his brother] concluding him your brother 1–2

113.42–43 of further] of a further 1–3

113.43 which request he] which he 1–3

114.4 This task he] This he 1–3

114.10 a proper] a | a proper 1

114.13 frequently, in] frequently, which we did in 1–2

114.30 —At last by] —But by 1

115.9 marriage were spread] marriage spread 1–3

115.33 should then die] would then die 1–2

115.35 I was seized] By this time I was seized 1

115.36 footmen; and in] footmen; in 1

115.36 situation felt] situation I felt 1

115.42 proposed] pretended 1–2

116.4 lodgings] lodging 1

116.8–9 resentment of the father's infidelity.] resentment against the father. 2; resentment of the wrongs done me by the father. 1

116.12 me, he having] me, having 1–3

116.16–17 time, and not being . . . with me?] time, and not being able to recollect his face, demanded, with a faultering accent, what his business was with me? 3; time, but could not remember to have seen him before; then with a faultering accent, demanded what his business was with me? 1–2

116.20 bad] bid 1–3

117.19 should be dearer] would be dearer 1–2

117.19 I then should] I should 1–2

117.23 difficult matter . . . honour.] difficult matter to satisfy you in that. 1

117.26 venial] venal 3, 1

117.35 as well as destroy] as well destroy 1

117.40 man] men 1

117.42 deposes] depresses 2

118.6 paid to me] paid me 1–2

118.12 of; whoever] of. Whoever 3; of; who ever 1–2

118.12 give any] give an 1

118.15 reason] reasons 1–2

118.36 condoled me] condoled with me 1–2

119.3 country. He] country; he 1–2

119.10 *the person*] *the same person* 1–2

119.16 in, one] in one, one 3

119.16 accosted] accustomed 3

119.22 she not begged] not she begged 1–2

119.25 writ] warrant 1–3

119.29 rather be in your house than in a common jail."] rather have your house for a prison than a common jail." 1–2

119.33 While they waited for the convenience she] While this was a-doing she 1–3

119.33 bad] bid 1–3

120.2 which proposal, after] which, after 1–3

120.8 have you] have we 1–3

120.16 Then we] Upon this we 1–3

120.37 an officer] any officer 1–2

121.9 having been either] being either 1–3

121.18 Then] Whereupon 1–3

121.18 lodgings] lodging 3

121.25 business is to] business it is to 1–3

121.29 those sons] these sons 1–2

121.36 supped in] supped *tête a tête*, in 1–3

121.38–39 room. This circumstance gave] room. This gave 3; room; this gave 1–2

121.41 rose] got 1–2

122.2 that particular, ran] that, ran 3; that, run 1–2

122.15 that idea; for] that; for 3; that conjecture; for 1–2

122.15 the notion] the idea 1–3

122.22 cap] cape 1

122.36 madness, during which I] madness, wherein I 1–3

123.5–6 dozen of damsels] dozen damsels 1–2

123.11 master came and told me] master coming up, told me 1

123.22 not to be rejected] not be rejected 1

123.28 education, I] education over most of my rivals, I 1

123.31 whisper'd among her] whispered about among her 1

123.38 enough to mollify] enough to attempt to mollify 1–2

123.39 bad] bid 1–3

123.44 be as that is the case] be the case 3; be that be the case 1–2

124.16–17 heiress . . . might] heiress, whereby I might 3; heiress, which might 1–2

124.32 length attracted] length, I attracted 1–2

124.37 mind to] mind enough to 1–2

125.4 night, when] night, opening the street door, when 1

125.9 should contract] could contract 1–2

126.23–24 plaintiff will not appear to] plaintiff appears not to 1

126.25 admitted] admit-|ed 4

126.27 lowest class] canaille 1–3

126.28 into a brutal] into a state of brutal 1–2

127.13 this situation] this new situation 1–2

127.13 than she] than till she 1–2

127.14 could pick] should pick 1–3

127.18 school-fellow, who (I] school-fellow of mine, (who I 2–3; school-fellow of mine, who (I 1

127.24 hope] hopes 1–3

127.24 company . . . whistled] company; which he perceiving, whistled 1–2

127.31 my head] the head 1–2

127.38 applying it to] applying to 4

128.3 circumstances] circumstance 1–2

128.14 should be freed] would be freed 1

128.20 fowls] fowl 2

128.25 kinsman . . . connexion, he] kinsman; at which he 1–3

128.36 writ] wrote 1–3

129.6 he's] he is 1–2

129.10 ran down] run down 1–2

129.13 then] hen 3

129.13 lubber] lubbard 2; swabbard 1

129.21–22 brought him on board] brought on board 4

129.26 ship's] ships 1–3

129.33 this circumstance being] this being 3; which being 1–2

129.37–38 which remained] which still remained 1–2

129.43 the ship's books] the books 1–2

129.44 enquired of] enquired at 1–2

130.2 met] me 3

130.4 this question I] this I 1–3

130.7 Damn] D——n 1–2

130.7 bitch] b——ch 1–2

130.15 not easy] not so easy 1–2

130.20 this address he] this he 1–3

130.27 bad] bid 1–3

131.8 entered in his] entered his 3

131.10–11 after-powder-room] mizen-mast 1–2

131.12 as well as from the] as the 1–2

131.30 immediately.] immedi-|diatel, 3–4 (*cw*)

131.40 a box] his box 1–2

132.15 go to him] go to to him 3

132.16 pelly] belly 1–3

132.16 as saffron] as a saffron 1

132.16 blue] plue 1–3

132.17 or green] or as green 1–2

132.17 this declaration somebody] this somebody 1–3

132.21 oons] vons 1

132.22 and education] and my education 1–2

132.23 shentleman's] gentleman's 1–3

132.30 was dying] was a dying 1–3

132.30 God] G—d 1–2

132.30 he would] he'd 1–2

132.32–33 whither he . . . morning] whither he had carried some of the sick in the morning 2; where he had been with sick people 1

133.2 approached] approaching 2

133.20 breach in their] breach of their 2

133.36 his homely] this homely 1

133.38 pest] best 1–2

133.38–39 began to be in better humour] began to shew a great deal of good humour 1–2

133.40 family, than] family then 1–2

133.44–134.1 which, with two more of check which I received from Mr.] which with two of check Mr. 1–2

134.3 when the Welchman] when Mr. Welchman 1

134.9 desire to be!—] desire in a summer's day!— 1–2

134.12 behold] pehold 1–3

134.22 mess, ran] mess, run 1–2

134.27–28 other abridged in] other in 1

134.31 example, as it] example, and it 3

135.3–4 surprised . . . die] surprised to see people die 2; surprised to find people die 1

135.4 than that any sick person should recover] than astonished to find any body recover 1–2

135.6 inches space] inches of space 1

135.20 conceive] conjecture 1–2

135.21 situations; when] situation.—When 1–2

135.22 strip] stript 1–3

135.23 keep] kept 1–2

135.25–26 kind; and he] kind; he 1

135.27 roll; this motion alarming me,] roll; this alarming me, 3; roll, which alarming me; 2; roll, which alarmed me; 1

135.30 nose] nostrils 1

135.35 first essay] *coup d'essaì* 1–3

136.2–3 advantage, had] advantage, I had 1–2

136.10 situation] embaras 2–3; embarras 1

136.11 on the sick] on the (otherwise) sick 2; of the sick 1

136.12 him] hm 4

136.15 had descended half way] had got half way 1–3

136.17 believe] pelieve 1–2

136.20 birth, and threatened] birth, threatned 1

136.21 he ever] ever he 1

136.28 into the praise] into praises 1

136.32–33 I entered in my] I should enter in my 2; I went into the birth in my 1

136.35 pickle, I should] pickle, I would 2

136.36 encountering me;] encountering with me; 1–2

136.41 hurry, for, they were in] hurry, being in 1–3

137.4 Lavement; and the] Lavement. The 1

137.15 expended] expanded 4

137.18 was now arrived] was by this time arrived 1–2

137.20 the birth] our birth 1–2

137.20 beheld my mess-mates] beheld each of my mess-mates 1–2

137.21 their respective nests] his respective nest 1–2

137.39 of my] of | of my 1

137.40 o'clock] o-clock 3; a-clock 1–2

137.40 rising] getting up 1–3

137.41–42 which visitation, my] which my 1–3

138.1 invited] inviting 1–2

138.10–11 *at liberty*] *a liberty* 3

138.14 stopping] stooping 3–4

138.16–17 fortune, he interested] fortune, interested 1–2

138.19 I filled] I now filled 1–2

138.19 and in this good office he] and in this he 3; and this he 1–2

138.19 engaged, when] engaged in, when 1–2

138.26 known] know 4

139.1 so valuable a friend] such a valuable friend 1–3

139.10 this bad] his bad 1–2

139.15 account with] account in 1

139.24 embraced by us both; and] embraced; and 1

139.27 of Hockley] at Hockley 1–2

139.30 strength] spirits 1–2

139.41 and enquired into the] and assured himself of the 1–2

141.4 bad] bid 1–3

141.7 cautious in behaviour] cautious of his behaviour 1–3
141.12 Atkins; for he was grosly] Atkins; being grossly 1–3
141.29 shentleman] gentleman 3
141.32 degree: and this] degree, which 1–2
141.37 bad us leave] bid us leave 1–3
141.39 board] poard 1–2
142.1 time, bad] time, bid 1–3
142.13 captain bad] captain bid 1–3
142.22 sick: but] sick:—but 3; sick when he was not;—but 1–2
142.40 puttoc shrouds] foot-hook-shrouds 1–3
143.8 services] service 1–2
143.11 bore him] bore to him 1–3
143.17–18 on his being] upon his being 1–3
143.29 it is an arrant] 'tis an arrant 1–2
143.34 devil] tevil 1–2
143.34 his caution] this caution 1–2
144.18 bottom (by which means, important] bottom, by which, important 1–2
145.4 about] abouty 3–4
145.8 cracking] creaking 1–2
145.14 I rose and] I got out of bed and 1–3
145.16 sight have been] sight be 1–3
145.22 mast] masts 1–2
145.24 sailors ran] sailors run 1–2
145.25 undetermined what] unknowing what 1–2
145.40 Dr.] doctor 1
145.43 subject of] object of 1–3
146.1 bade] bid 1–2
146.2 time, said he, I will] time (said he) I will 3; time he would 1–2
146.3 to get ready] in getting ready 1–2
146.5 mast] masts 1–3
146.14 dock'd?] ~! 3–4
146.25 saving my] saving of my 1–2

146.39 he asked if we] demanded to know if we 1–3

146.40 To this question Morgan] To this Morgan 1–3

147.33 stir on the outside of our] stir against our 1–3

148.1 could perceive] could evidently perceive 1–2

148.6 time marking] night marking 1–2

148.6–7 week after this exploit, as] week thereafter, as 1–3

148.13 which I] which time I 1–2

148.16 condoling me] condoling with me 1–2

148.16 hinted, that] hinted to me, that 1–2

148.17 given an] given in an 1–2

148.25 man that] man who 1–2

148.27 called out] called up 1–3

148.28 bad me] bid me 1–3

148.32 excepted] expected 3

148.34 incorruptible, harrassed] incorruptible, he harassed 1–2

148.37 sail to] sail of ships to 1–2

148.39 should have occasion] would have occasion 1–2

149.16 frantic; I vented my rage] frantick; vented my rage 1–2

149.27 bad him] bid him 1–3

149.40 misery: but our discourse being] misery; which being 1–2

149.42–43 this information soon] this soon 1–3

150.1 attending the] attending and dressing the 1–2

150.1–2 wounded, as well as the cruelty of Mackshane, must] wounded, must 1–2

150.2 shoulders, grew] shoulders, as well as the ill usage of Mackshane, grew 1–2

150.25 was missing] was a missing 1

150.25–26 night; and this was] night; which was 1–2

150.28 *lament the*] *lament over the* 1–2

150.37 must have been conscious] must be conscious 1–2

151.2 unfetter him; and he] unfetter him; he 3; unfetter him; when he 1–2

151.4 trudge] trugde 4

151.4 a scullion] ascullion 4

151.10 damn] d——n 1–2

151.12 damn] d——n 1–2

151.19 that take] who take 1–2

151.38 God] G—d 1–2

152.5–6 me, captain] me, that captain 1–2

152.7 that there] that here 1–3

152.15–16 son of a bitch] Son-of-a-b——ch 1–2

152.17 Damn] D——n 1–2

152.22 with all his] with his 1–3

152.23–24 for calling the] for having called the 1–2

152.24 peast] beast 1–2

152.27 made use of these] made these 1–2

152.28 man or] man nor 1–3

152.30 on the examination] in the examination 1–2

152.43 (said he] ˄~ ~ 4

152.45 Roman."] ~". 4

153.4 a real] the real 1–2

153.8–9 Which accusation . . . evidence of our] To support which accusation, they adduced the testimony of our 1

153.11 which expressions it] which it 1–3

153.23 me!—As] me;—and as 1–2

154.4 although I] notwithstanding I 1–3

154.5 with other writings] to other writings 1–3

154.5 in their possession] in possession 1–2

154.18 contemptuous] contemptible 1

154.24 this detection, that] this, that 1–3

155.8 be in Greek] be Greek 1

155.25 *West-India*] *West-Indian* 1–2

156.1 by want] for want 1–2

156.1 could scarce persuade] could not persuade 1–2

156.13 shirts, of which] shirts, which 1–2

156.13 plundered him.] plundered him of. 1–2

156.21–22 peggarly] beggarly 1–2

156.23 this misfortune happened] this happened 1–3

156.24–25 Caractacus] Cadwallader 1–3

156.25–26 to remedy this] to make up for this 1

156.26 mischance] misfortune 1–3

156.27 after this transport, the] after, the 1–3

156.31 our future conduct, and] our conduct in time to come, and 1

156.40 "Fellows," of which] "Fellows," which 1–2

156.40 notice.] notice of. 1–2

157.9 those seas] these seas 1–2

157.14–16 saying . . . Spaniards to] saying, this was not only throwing away time, which was very precious considering the approach of the rainy season, but also giving the Spaniards time to 1–2

157.17 themselves from the terror occasioned by the approach] themselves at the approach 3; themselves, and recover from the consternation they were thrown into at the approach 1–2

157.23 beach,] beech, 3

157.23 enemies] enemy's 1–2

157.28 This expedient again] This again 1–3

157.32 loth] loath 3

157.32 or, the colonels] or, may be the colonels 1–2

157.35 which refusal, no] which, no 1–3

158.8–12 battery . . . ply it on the other.] battery played it on the other, strengthened with twenty mortars and twenty-four cohorns. 2; battery plyed it on the other, strengthened with two mortars, and twenty-four cohorns. 1

158.19 that part of a ship] that place 1–3

158.19–20 small redoubts] small forts 1–2

158.28–29 sea; nevertheless he was] sea; but was 1

158.33 with others] with the others 1–2

158.35 cable—And the] cable.—The 1

159.3–5 from eighty-four great guns . . . four] from Bocca Chica mounting eighty- four great guns, besides a mortar and small arms; from fort St. Joseph, mounting thirty six; from two faschine batteries, mounting twenty; and from four 1–2

159.6–8 by our land battery . . . that fired] by us, from our land-battery, mounting twenty-one cannon; our bomb battery, mounting two mortars, and

twenty-four cohorns, and five men of war, two of eighty, and three of seventy guns, which fired 1–2

159.14 damn'd] d—mn'd 1

159.15 bade him] bid him 1–2

159.21 know] knows 1–3

159.21 you?"—"Here's] ~?"—^~ 4

159.23 coming] come 1–3

159.24 with a grape] with grape 1–2

159.28–29 pay; and that now was as well] pay now as well 1–2

159.43 number] degree 1–3

160.2 This remonstrance effectually] This effectually 1–3

160.4 to strengthen] tostreng then 4

160.32 he of exposing] he, to expose 1–2

160.38 by express] by his express 1–2

160.38–39 which reply he] which he 1–3

160.42 delivered my] delivered up my 1

160.43 instructions: whereupon,] instructions. Hereupon, 1

161.2 the service] that service 1–2

161.4 *gave*] *give* 1–3

161.17 evening was quite] evening quite 3

161.33 this step our heroes] this our heroes 3; this our Heroes 1–2

162.16 were distributed] was distributed 1–2

162.19 board, for, there was at] board, there being at 1–3

162.24 simple] simply 1

162.34 a piece of service that detained] which detained 1–2

162.38 galleons and two men of war that] galleons that 1

162.38 had sunk in] had in 3

162.39 ships, that] ships of war, that 1

162.39 a second] the second 1–2

163.2 only: This was] only, which was 1–2

163.9 few of] none of 1

163.10 of their surgeon] of either surgeon 1–2

163.13 amidst] amid 1–2

163.13 of the sores] of their sores 1–3

163.15 duty; an expedient which] duty, which 1–2

163.26 though] although 1–2

163.29 only to signify,] only signify 1–3

163.35 night,] night-time, 1–2

163.36 six hours] four hours 1

163.37 thirty pieces] forty pieces 1

163.39 or navy,] or the navy 1–2

163.43 he should] he would 1–2

163.44–164.1 to force the town to a capitulation] to a capitulation 3; to bring the Spaniards to a capitulation 1–2

164.11 to have rendered] to render 1–2

164.13–14 by these means] by this means, 1–2

164.25 lye a-breast, almost] lye a-breast in, almost 1

164.28 must have inevitably happened] must inevitably happen 1–2

164.28 happened, had we] happen, if we 1–3

164.30 their bodies] the bodies 1–2

165.14–15 of the juices] of their juices 1–3

165.17 conquests; and this we] conquests, which we 1–2

166.9 notwithstanding which] notwithstanding of which 1–3

166.13 a great] a good 1–2

166.26 I made] I had made 1–2

167.6 expressed great] discovered great 1–3

167.8–9 which questions I] which I 1–3

167.14–15 In the mean time . . . suffocation, I] But before that happened, was in great danger of suffocation, upon which I 1–3

167.27 alive still] still alive 1–2

167.37–38 remaining silent, Morgan was confirmed in] remained silent, which confirmed Morgan in 1–3

168.12 But he] Of this he 1–3

168.13 examined it, and] examined, and 1–2

168.18 punctilio] punctilio's 2–3; punctilios 1

168.25 bitches] b——ches 1–2

168.31 this declaration he] this he 1–3

168.32 fist, and] fist at me, and 1–3

168.41 the reverse] quite the reverse 1–2

168.43 flowed upon] flowed down upon 1–2

169.7 inlaid with gold] inlaid with figures of gold 1–2

169.11–12 fixed with a curious ring on] fixed with a ring set with a ruby on 1–2

169.12 of each hand.—In] on each hand.—In 3; one hand, and by one set with a topaz on that of the other.—In 1–2

169.22 same, (neither of them very clean)] same, neither very clean 1

169.25 cap] cape 1–2

169.30 who on seeing him] who at first sight of him 1

169.32 first mate] first | first mate 1

169.41 betrayed!] ~? 4

171.1–2 lavender, a] lavender, and a 1–2

171.10 blood] plood 1–3

171.31–32 cabbin: And . . . sweetning] cabbin: This I immediately performed, sweetning 3; cabbin, which I immediately performed, sweetening 1–2

172.1 spy-glass. He having] spy-glass, who having 1–2

172.1 manner, bade] manner, bid 1–2

172.21 bad me begone] bid me begone 1–3

172.22 with difficulty] with some difficulty 1–2

172.38 bile.—I] bile proceeding therefrom.—I 1–2

173.8 ship being under] ship was under 1–3

173.8 orders, I was] orders, and I was 1–3

173.8 hope] hopes 1–3

173.10 gave us] gave me 1–3

173.12–13 between ourselves] among ourselves 1–2

173.26–27 by my staying] by staying 1–3

173.34–35 lay along side] was along-side 1

173.42 joy at seeing] joy in seeing 1

173.43–44 and master's] and the master's 1–2

173.44 a-shore] a shore 3; ashore 1–2

174.3 my surprize] my great surprize 1–2

174.6 by dint] by the dint 1

174.15 having weathered the] having got round the 1–3

174.18 well, we put] well, were put 1–3

174.25 should] would 1–2

174.31–32 going on shore] going ashore 1–3

175.15 bad] bid 1–3

175.16 concern.—I] concern, for he would stand by me.—I 1–2

175.18–19 this address, after] this, after 1–3

175.33 madman] mad man 3; mad-man 1–2

175.35 dream!"—He] dream!"—Then I relapsed into tears.—He 1–2

175.38 This task he] This he 1–3

176.1 recollected my spirits] recollected myself 1–3

176.8 bringing to] bringing too 4

176.11–12 to find] of finding 1–2

176.12 without other support] without support 1–3

176.20 belonging] belong 3–4

176.35 thought] thoughts 1–3

176.37 This promise he] This he 1–3

177.3 each other] one another 1–2

177.6 difficulty] reluctance 1

177.20 ate] eat 1–3

177.24 and my patients being all] and as my patients were all 1–3

177.40 wait for a] wait a 1–2

177.44 This request the] This the 1–3

178.10 doubloons] double doubloons 1–2

178.22 sale] vendue 1–3

178.26 William, and] William to this time, and 1–3

178.26 service, would] service, should 3

178.27 applied] employed 1–2

178.29 of a midshipman] of midshipman 1–2

178.31 ministry; and we] ministry; accordingly we 1–3

183.14 crawl to a barn] crawl into a barn 1–2

183.23 Timothy—examine] Timothy—I examine 1

183.27 My mistress is] She is 1–2

183.35 sea-side—am] sea-side—I am 1

183.36 Bulloign—find] Bulloign—I find 1

184.3 profession] professions 1–2

184.11 success—make] success I make 1

184.12 relief—grow] relief—I grow 1

184.13 soldiers] sailors 3

184.15 about politicks] upon politics 1–2

184.15 to the field] into the field 1–2

184.18 XLIV. In] XLIV. The Gascon does not use his victory with all the moderation that might have been expected — In 1–2

184.29 enquire for] enquire about 1–2

184.30–31 adventure—dine at an ordinary] adventure—I go to an ordinary 1

185.2 made of a] made on a 1–2

185.5–6 is soon cooled] is soon is cooled 1

185.13 gives an] gives us an 1–2

185.18 made up, am] made up, I am 1

185.21 duel—propose] duel—I propose 1

185.28 disappointed—grow] disappointed—I grow 1

185.29 disappointment] disappointent 4

186.3 importunity,] ~. 4

186.6 being exhausted] being near exhausted 1–2

186.22 with the cry] by the cry 2

186.23 my own defense] my defense 1–2

186.25 taken—return] taken—I return 1–2

186.34 Nash] N——h 1–2

186.35 check—squire] check—I squire 1

187.4 guesses] guessing 1

187.12 hers] her's 1–2

187.14 partner at a ball] partner at the ball 1–2

187.22 retreat discover] retreat I discover 1

187.29 reports] report 1–2

187.36 me—rebuke] me—I rebuke 1

187.40 awaked] waked 1–2

188.2 caressed—am] caressed—I am 1

188.4 but am dissuaded] and am dissuaded 1–3

188.4 friend—engage] friend—I engage 1

188.10 adventures,] ~. 4

188.12 my misfortune] his misfortune 2

188.26 arrive at] arrive on 1–2

189.19 determining] determines 1–2

189.22 and one of] and of 1–2

191.20 disappointments. He had] disappointments, and had 1

191.21 ship;—and in] ship.—In 1

191.22 sentiments, never] sentiments, he never 1

191.24 Whether] But whether 1

192.7 after he had made] after having made 1–2

192.9 as memorials] as remembrances 1–3

192.11 sorrows] griefs 1

192.28 for which conduct he] for which he 1–3

192.36 this expedient was] this was 1–3

193.1 likelihood he should] likelihood he would 1–2

193.6 begged] beg-|ed 4

193.20 of my shins] of one of my shins 1–2

193.31 butt-end] but-|end 4; but-end 1–3

193.42–194.2 sensation.—In this deplorable situation . . . recovered] sensation.—In this deplorable situation, exposed to the rage of an incensed barbarian, and the rapine of an inhuman crew, I remained for some time; and when I recovered 3; sensation.—When I recovered 2; sensation.—When I received 1

194.2 of understanding, I found] of understanding, found 3; of my understanding, I found 1–2

194.4–5 this have been to me] this be to me 1–3

194.16 light than that] light from that 1–3

194.17 rise] get up 1–3

194.22 so that I concluded] which had made me conclude 3; which made me conclude 1–2

194.22 was gone] had gone 1–2

194.24 he left] we left 1–2

194.25 probably] possibly 1–2

194.26–27 commander should have deserted] commander had deserted 1–3

194.27 which piece of service he] which he 1–3

194.28 This scheme he] This he 1–3

194.28 executed] performed 1–3

195.1 no body; however, I] no body; upon which I 1–3

195.8 hair bristling up] hair erect 1–3

195.9–10 diverted by] diverted with 1–2

195.10 near ten minutes, during] near a quarter of an hour, during 1

195.21 Ghost] Ghosty 1–2

195.22 man] mon 1–2

195.31 to produce] to cause 1–3

195.36 those clowns] these clowns 1–2

195.40 if a dies] if he dies 1–3

195.42 carry en] carry him 1–3

197.5 towards] toward 1

197.35–36 This discovery was made while] This was done while 1–3

198.9–10 been the friend] been friend 1

198.16 by want] for want 1–2

198.19 many] may 1

198.37–38 the news-paper] a news-paper, 1

199.6 footman; having been represented] footman; being represented 1–3

199.7 who was bred up to the sea] who having been sent to sea 1–3

199.7–8 his will . . . shipwreck, which] his will, was shipwrecked and robbed; which 3; his inclinations, was shipwrecked and robbed, which 1–2

199.13 country] county 1

199.15 contempt of] contempt for 1–2

199.16 as, by these means] as by these means 3; as by that means 1–2

199.25 eats like other people] eats as other people do 1–2

200.14 eyes were large] eyes large 1–3

200.15 nose was long] nose long 1–3

200.22 left-hand lay] left lay 1–2

200.23 chair.—She being] chair.—Being 1–3

200.28 towards] toward 1–2

200.30 Mrs.] Mr. 4

200.33 thou was] thou wa'st 1–2

200.35 swam on shore] swam ashore 1–3

200.37 bad] bade 3; bid 1–2

201.3 to vie with each other] to outvie with one another 1–2

201.4 me.—And from] me.—From 1–3

201.6 There was a] There being a 1–3

201.7 deceased, and it fitted] deceased, I dressed myself in it, and found it fitted 1–3

201.11 bad] bade 3; bid 1–2

201.12 which operation . . . with some] which having done with some 1–3

201.13–14 the time, as being] the time, being 1–3

201.15 understood were for] understood was for 1–3

201.16 and her niece] and niece 3

201.17 this work,] this operation, 1–3

201.18 accompanied by the] accompanied with the 1–2

201.25–26 whole person so] whole so 1–3

201.27–28 excess! I began to curse] excess! How often did I curse 1–3

201.28 so far beneath] so infinitely beneath 1–2

201.29 and yet I blessed my] and how often did I bless my 1–3

201.35 the other particulars] the particulars 1–3

201.43 parson; the description of which] parson: which 2–3; parson; which 1

202.16 promised] proposed 1

202.22 I arose] I got up 1–3

202.29 which examination I] which I 1–3

202.38 philosophers; of] philosophers; and of 3

202.41–42 ignorance in these] ignorance of these 1–3

203.1 by the hunters] with the hunters 1–2

203.2 munch for breakfast] munch for her breakfast 1–2

203.2 expressed my] testified my 1–2

203.3 she gave me to understand that] she let me know that 1–3

203.12 in flames] on flames 4

203.12 bad] bid 1–3

203.16 those occasions] these occasions 1–3

203.20 outcries] cries 1–2

203.33 this request, notwithstanding] this, notwithstanding 1–3

203.35 so I] so that I 1–2

204.19 conversation turned] conversation had turned 3

204.29 from which] from whence 1–3

204.32–33 this explanation she] this she 1–3

204.34 French? To] French, to 1–2

204.34 To which question I answered] to which I answered 3; to which I answering 1–2

204.37 —Then she] —Whereupon she 1–3

205.1 repent of my] repent my 1–3

205.2 education, for learning] education, learning 3; education, because learning 1–2

205.7 me great uneasiness] me much uneasiness 1–2

205.13 bade] bid 1–2

205.20 scrap] scrape 1

205.23 a coffin]W or coffin 1–4

205.35 besought] beseeched 1–3

206.35 my vital] thy vital 2

207.9 Unheard]1 Unhear'd 2–4

207.13 sphere so far] sphere far 3

207.14–15 jealous of each other] jealous of one another 1–2

207.16 recourse] recouse 4

207.16 avenged] revenged 1–2

207.19 for, it was disclosed] being disclosed 1–3

207.24 combat. He] combat; he 1–2

207.24 bad] bid 1–3

207.25 box me] box with me 1–2

207.29 —nay, I swore, that should he give his] —nay more, that if he gave his 1–3

207.30 would crop] should crop 1–2

208.3 those inamoratas] these inamoratas 1–2

208.12 *relieve*] *relive* 4

208.15 which I thought myself intitled] which I was intitled 1–2

208.24 regard to] regard for 1–2

208.29 and he perceiving me, quitted] which he perceiving, quitted 1–2

208.29 quitted] quit-|ed 3–4

209.8 moved an] got an 1–3

209.9 Timothy rise and walk] Timothy get up and move 1–3

209.13 could justify] would easily justify 1–2

209.20 present, by saying] present, saying 1–2

209.26 bad] bid 1–3

209.29 and love you] who loves you 1–2

209.30 were I] were he 1–2

209.31 bury my] bury his 1–2

209.37 country, as being] country, being 1–3

209.37 acquainted] acquanted 4

210.3 eyes, bade] eyes, bid 1–2

210.7 feet, bad] feet, bade 3; feet, bid 1–2

210.11 spy, I would] spy, I should 3

210.14 a hour] an hour 1–3

210.21 me, and some] me, whom some 1–3

210.21 amongst] among 1–3

210.22 thrown me overboard] throw overboard 2; thrown overboard 1

210.27 this being punishment] which would be punishment 1–2

210.35 this declaration I] this I 1–3

211.1–2 into England] to England 1–3

211.6 brandy, the] brandy on the table, the 1–2

211.11–12 notwithstanding] notwitstanding 4

211.21 me the hearing for a few minutes in] me hearing for a few minutes in 3; me a few minutes hearing in 1–2

211.34 with observing] by observing 1–2

211.42 which relation he] which he 1–3

213.4 with this piece] at this piece 1–2

213.17 begging] beg-|ing 3–4

213.28 to France] to old France 1–2

213.33 a skipper] another skipper 1–2

213.37 man$_{\wedge}$] ~, 4

213.39 (continued] $_{\wedge}$~ 3–4

213.42 I shall have] I will have 1–2

213.44 besides] beside 1–3

214.6 seaman] seamen 4

214.20 credit I want] credit I would 1–2

215.7 France, at all events] France, *coute que coute* 1–3

215.14 situation, particularly] situation, and asked particularly 1–2

215.21 obscure or] obscure and 1–2

215.37 of people] of the people 3

215.38 religion could] religion would 1–2

216.19 which assurance he] which he 1–3

216.20 ate] eat 1–2

216.29 Lieutenant Bowling] lieutenant Thomas Bowling 1–2

216.33–34 insurmountable] unsurmountable 1–3

216.34–35 prospect; that] prospect! That 1–3

216.38 guessed his] guessed at his 3

217.3 heart] hearts 4 (*text*)

217.4 to divine] to the divine 1–2

217.8 come in] come into 3

217.18 me letters] me the letters 1–2

217.32 strongly] strong 1–2

217.39 eaten] eat 1–2

217.39 of small wine, we] of *vin du Pais*, we 1–3

218.1 love, and] love, or 1–2

218.2 *tendre* for me?] *tendresse* for me 1–2

218.4–5 respect that I] respect I 1–2

218.9 breakfast] breastfast 4

218.13 rapture] raptures 1

218.14 *morceau pour le*] *mourçea pour la* 3; *mourçeau pour la* 2; *morçeau pour la* 1

218.18 downright] downwright 4

218.19 this hint he] this he 1–3

219.10 sour] sower 1–3

219.13 by stings] with stings 1–2

219.18 ran] run 1–2

219.21 wake, that he] wake he 1–2

219.33 all the world over] all over the world 1–2

219.37 great deal] good deal 1–2

220.2 me to do] me do 1–2

220.29 symptom] sympton 3–4

220.41 in praise] in the praise 1–2

220.42 pleasures of] agreemens of 1–3

222.7 accoutrements.—Then I] accoutrements.—Whereupon I 1–3

222.12 English, Hanoverians, Austrians,] English, Austrians, 1–3

222.14 been hitherto a stranger] been a stranger hitherto 1–2

222.23 those miserable] these miserable 1–2

222.39 compulsion, I] compulsion, as having been pressed into the service, I 1–3

223.3 wretches as him] wretches as he 1–2

223.10 proverb. In] proverb: *Le roy d'Angleterre*, | *Est le roy de l'Enfer*. In 1–3

223.11 I repeated] I adduced 1

223.31–32 for affronting] for my presumption in affronting 1–2

223.32 This proposal I] This I 1–3

223.34 nor any] nor none 1–3

223.34 situation ought to perform] situation perform 1–2

223.35 musket, when we] musket, at which weapon we 1–3

224.14 heard of my] heard my 1–3

224.31 express surprize] profess a surprize 1–3

225.11 This circumstance was] This was 1–3

225.15 that eclipsed all] that would have shamed all 1–2

225.18 the third] a third 1–2

225.30 bad] bid 1–2

225.31 always be] be always 1–2

225.36 this onset] his onset 1–3

225.40 which demand he] which he 1–3

225.41 skin on] skin of 1–2

225.43–44 which triumphed] which had triumphed 1–2

226.6 ordered into] ordered to 1–2

226.8 day, far] day, so far 1

226.25 scarcely should] scarce should 3; scarce would 1–2

226.28–29 conceive] conjecture 1–2

226.42 Monsieur] Mon-|steur 3–4

227.10 honour of being] honour to be 1

227.17 had been whipt] has been whipt 1–3

227.18 Lord! O Lord!] L——d! O L——d! 1–2

227.25 ramble for me] ramble to me 1

227.26 Lord! O Lord!] L——d! O L——d! 1–2

227.39 that kind] this kind 1–3

227.39 yet familiarised] yet quite familiarised 1–2

227.40 could scarce] would scarce 1–2

227.42 ran] run 1–2

228.3 undebauched] undebauced 4

228.3 to corrupt] of corrupting 1–3

228.5 asparagus] sparrowgrass 1

228.5–6 which repast he] which he 1–3

228.7 This request I] This I 1–3

228.33 by this sudden] with this sudden 1–3

228.35 which hint he] which he 1–3

229.8 insurmountable] unsurmountable 1–3

229.8 neither should] neither would 1–2

229.11 any feasible] one feasible 1–2

229.12 of the dear] of my dear 1

229.15–16 addressed himself to me] addressed me 1–3

229.21 thought had occurred] thought occurred 1–3

229.38 with all] in all 1–2

229.39 of a valet] of valet 1–2

229.39 This expedient will] This will 1–3

230.4 This truth will] This will 1–3

230.22 the top] the lid 1–3

230.27 valet, visited] valet. I visited 1

230.30 Italian comedy, opera, and] Italian opera, and 1–2

230.32 capital.—Then we] capital.—After which we 1–3

231.1 XLV] XLII 4

231.6 enquire for] enquire about 1–2

231.6–7 the Union Flag in] the Samson and Lion in 1

231.14 and was vain enough to believe] and had vanity enough to make me believe 1–3

231.19 I rose and] I got up and 1–3

231.35 this piece of unpolite weakness] this impolite piece of weakness 1–2

231.38 length] lenth 3–4

232.6 or a coach] or coach 1–3

232.7 success: by] success, there being none to be found; by 1–3

232.10–11 up a loud] up the loud 1–3

232.11 This note aroused] This aroused 1–3

232.13 proposed to conduct] proposed that I should conduct 1–3

232.22 seemed however too] seemed too 1–3

232.24–25 with gaiety] with more gaiety 1

232.26 lodgings, a request which] lodgings, which 1–3

232.31 of complexion] and complexion 1

233.1 her good] her a good 1–2

233.4 As I made no answer, she] I made no answer: Upon which she 1–3

233.6 appellations; concluding] appellations; and concluding 1–3

233.7 in my pocket] in pocket 3

233.28 As there was an] There being an 1–3

233.34–35 of his own county] of own county 4

233.42 produced] introduced 1–2

234.9 This freedom introduced] This introduced 1–3

234.16 he should not] he would not 1–2

234.29 of the French] of French 1–2

235.5 “Don’t] ‸don’t 4

235.7 Lookee you, monsieur, you] “Lookee, monsieur, you 1–3

235.23 this remonstrance the] this the 1–3

235.25 often through whim] often for whim 1–3

235.41–42 this interrogation the] this the 1–3

235.44 them an epaulement when] them what an epaulement is, when 1–3

235.44 majesty should think] Majesty thought 1–3

236.8 understanding.] intellects. 1–2

236.12 and told me, to] and let me know, to 1

236.37 for putting] of putting 1–3

236.39 by name] by the name 3

236.39 this method will] this will 1–3

237.18 He stared] Upon which he stared 1–3

238.1 again to me, made] again to me, making 1–2

238.1 pretending to make] pretending to making 2

238.2 thing, a piece of caution which, he said] thing, which he said 1–3

238.12 Sir‸)] ~,) 4

238.19 what’s] what is 1

238.25–26 for his coffee] for the coffee 1–3

238.28 intrusion”—and walked off] intrusion,”—and walked away 1–3

238.34 —He told me, it] —He let me know, that it 1–3

239.12 That I had] That I have 1–2

239.22 of my appearance] in my appearance 1–2

239.27 trifles, that he was a] trifles, of his being a 1–2

240.23 This feat I] This I 1–3

240.31 particulars of] particular pieces of 1–2

240.31 famous performance] famous collection 1–2

240.38 of the north] in the north 1–2

241.11 indigestion, for, he was troubled] indigestion, he being troubled 1–3

241.21 (replied] ˄~ 3– 4

242.10 the last Hampstead assembly] the Hampstead assembly 2–3

242.12 with telling] with the telling 2

242.20 damn] d——n 1–2

242.25 God] G—d 1–2

242.27 bitch] b——ch 1–2

242.40 the muscle] that muscle 1–2

243.1 were uttered: the wine] were passed; the wine 1–3

243.2 ate] eat 1–2

243.10 at which message the] at which the 1–3

243.13 bad] bid 1–2.

243.18 occupation.] condition. 1–2

243.27 or hell] and hell 1–2

243.32 sex, and] sex, madam, and 1–2

243.36 well I know] well I|I know 3

244.1 ran] got 1–3

244.23 in being] of being 1–2

244.27 renewed] began 1–3

244.27 lamentations, and] lamentations afresh, and 1–3

244.35 rejected the proposal, and] rejected, and 3; rejected the expedient, and 1–2

244.38 bad] bid 1–2

244.42 her; when she laid] her; she laid 1

245.8 So saying he] With these words he 1–3

245.14 application, which being perceived] application. This was no sooner perceived 3; application; which was no sooner perceived 1–2

245.15 sat by me, he, with] sat by me, than with 1–3

245.15 quarrel, whispered] quarrel, he whispered 1–3

245.22 less discretion, than] less prudence than 1–3

245.24 This particular I] This I 1–3

245.29 Mr. Ranter] Mr. Banter 1

245.40 bent on] bent in 3

246.33 of simper upon his face] of a simper on his face 1

246.33 face, gave me to understand he] face, let me know he 1–3

247.4 (said he] (said be 1

247.10–11 those circumstances] these circumstances 1–2

247.20 was a luscious creature.] was luscious creature. 2

247.30 wish] wished 1

247.43 her at the next assembly] her the next assembly 1–2

248.1 inexpressible] unexpressible 3

248.5–6 them daily increase] them increase daily 1–2

248.13 —There] —Here 1–3

248.15 manner and] manner of receiving me, and 1–2

248.22 bade] bid 1–2

248.22 that since] that while 1–2

248.27 to an account for] to account for 1–3

248.28 insolence, a proposal which] insolence, which 1–3

248.44 ran through] run thro' 1–2

249.5 within the vehicle.] within it. 1–3

249.12 opportunity . . . soft things, which] opportunity to say soft things in the mean time, which 1–2

249.13 satisfied of her fair] satisfied with her fair 1–2

249.33 conversed for two days] conversed these two days 1–2

250.2 bade] bid 1–3

250.11 expence had amounted] expence amounted 1–2

250.40 be a jesuit] be Jesuit 1

250.40 another thinks] another believes 1

250.43 nearly] near 1–2

251.4 or situation] and situation 1–2

251.17 her fortune] her own fortune 1–2

251.30 —He then gave] —Whereupon he gave 1–3

251.38 it an Herculean] it a Herculean 1–3

251.41 cards, far] cards, so far 1–2

252.23 in reducing which] in the reducing of which 1–3

252.35 and he was put to] which put him to 1–2

253.12 morning chanced] morning, I chanced 1–2

253.41 I am sure] I'm sure 1

254.17 and to form] and form 1–3

254.27 supped in great good humour.] supped with great harmony and satisfaction. 1–2

255.9 letter, *To*] letter, directed *To* 1–2

255.10–11 challenge contained] challenge, couched 1–2

255.21–22 part in which he asserted his] part, where he asserts his 1–3

255.23 her good sense and penetration.] her penetration. 1–3

255.24 defiance] invitation 1–3

255.30 than he] than without any preamble, he 1–3

255.31 it without the least preamble.] it. 1–3

256.7 remembrance, far] remembrance, so far 1–3

256.13 desired that he] desired he 1–2

256.15 written] wrote 1–3

256.21 that far from] that so far from 1–2

256.22 could choose with] could with 1–3

256.27 at sight of] at the sight of 1–3

256.38 home] homeward 1–2

257.1 unsuccessful, was] unsuccessful, he was 1–2

257.19 ran with] run with 1–2

257.25 ran down] run down 1–2

257.27 having heard] having often heard 1

257.29 I gave him to understand that] I let him know, that 1–3

257.31–32 corporal, thanked] corporal, I thanked 1–2

258.6 bade them good morrow] wished them a good-morrow 1–2

258.12 dozen of letters] dozen letters 1–2

258.31 were together by ourselves, complained] were *tete a tete*, complained 1–3

258.34–35 She told me, with] She let me know with 1–3

258.37 in such a momentous] in an affair of such moment'ous 1–2

258.37 momentous] momentuous 4; moment'ous 1–3

258.41 on her mother] on the mother 1–2

259.20 at a parlour-window, as] of a parlour window, as 1

259.29 for informing my] for acquainting my 1–2

259.29 of every thing] with every thing 1–2

259.39 sensibly] sensible 4

260.25 life, far] life, so far 1–2

261.3–4 lodgings, as I had by] lodgings, having by 1–2

261.10 myself with a] myself in a 1–3

261.11 should infallibly] would infallibly 1–2

261.34 such a fury] such fury 1

261.43 ran] run 1–2

262.8 that night] this night 1–3

262.18 grew] got 1–3

263.2 should call] would call 1–2

263.8 understood, the gentleman] understood, that the gentleman 1–3

263.44 my correspondent] my supposed correspondent 1

264.18–19 engrossed by] engrossed on 1–2

264.19 to suffer him to be affected] to be affected 1–3

264.24 wept with joy] wept for joy 1–2

265.3 at first appearance] at her first appearance 1–2

265.41 this step my] This my 1–3

265.44 importunities] opportunities 4

267.5 by these means] by that means 1–3

267.14 ran] run 1–2

267.14 as if the devil] as the devil 1–2

267.23 nor something] nor of something 1–3

267.25 this suggestion he] this he 1–3

268.18 with protestations] with the protestations 3

268.21 proud than] proud that 4

268.28 who ruled] that ruled 1–2

268.36–37 of finding my account in his] of profiting by his 1–2

268.37 to profit by this permission] to avail myself of his permission 1

269.3 me in private] me *tete a tete* 1–3

269.4 This invitation] The invitation 2

269.8 I asked if] I demanded to know if 1–3

269.11 which intimation this] which this 1–3

269.32 countenance, bade] countenance, bid 1–2

269.41 bade me make] bid me make 1–2

269.44 in acknowledgments of my own] in my own 3

270.2 arms, and hugged] arms, hugged 1–3

270.4–5 then rose] then got up 1–3

270.7–8 day, when . . . three] day, when he was at leisure, which was three 1–3

270.10 even from Strap] even Strap 3

270.19 who was to set out] who would set 1–2

270.21 which submission he] which he 1–3

270.22 me he had] me had 4

270.30 wit] sense 1

270.44–271.1 miserable and deserted] miserable deserted 1–2

271.17 that vice] this vice 1–2

271.34 person—told him that] person—let him know that 1–3

271.39 need] needed 1

271.41 it had cost] it cost 1–3

271.43 should look] would look 1–2

272.4 this reception] my reception 1–3

272.9 bring] bringing 1–2

272.15 had passed] had befallen 1–3

272.19 our success] my success 1

272.31 pimping for] pimping to 1–3

272.34 that, far] that so far 1–2

272.36 in the Customs or Excise] in Chelsea hospital 1–2

272.37 ran] run 1–2

272.41 and the whole] and that the whole 1–2

273.7 seems, had been the] seems, was at present the 1–2

273.22 enabled me] enable me 3

273.26 should have thought] would have thought 1–3

273.33 was not to be] was not be 3–4

274.1 and told me] and let me know 1–3

274.6 I thus] I had thus 1

274.8–9 floor, when] floor, which 1–3

274.9 probability, the fall would disorder] probability would disorder 1–3

274.11 and then, I] and had this happened, I 1–3

274.15 levee, he being] levee, being 1–3

274.32–33 character of] character and appearance of 1–2

274.39 I had kept five] I had had five 1–3

274.42 imagined; my] imagined; for my 1–3

275.1 it. This I] it, which I 1–2

275.13 and far] and so far 1–2

275.13 asleep] sleep 4

275.23 bad] bid 1–3

275.27 conductor told me this] conductor let me know that this 1–3

275.28 who using the] who availing himself of the 1

275.34 sight! and signified] sight! I signified 1–3

275.35–36 were sharpers] were composed of sharpers 1

275.39–40 used, because people were] used, people being 1–3

276.14 amongst] among 1–2

276.15 compromise] conpromise 4

276.28 tremendous] tremen-|duous 3–4

276.31 gentlemanly] gentlemany 4, 1

276.43 bad] bid 1–3

277.11 success, which when he heard, he] success, on the hearing of which, he 2–3; success, on hearing of which, he 1

277.11 extasy, crying "God] extacy, "God 1

277.16 praised!—a white] ~!^ | ~ ~ 4

277.25 bade] bid 1–2

277.28 which information I] which I 1–3

277.30 world] word 3

277.30 treacherous behaviour to me] treacherous usage of me 1–3

277.41 which event her] which her 1–3

278.9–10 school-master; but far] schoolmaster, but so far 1–2

278.10 in his attempt] in my attempt 1–2

278.13 itself;—I therefore] itself;—therefore 1–3

278.14 I would yield] I yielded 1–3

278.24–25 that, far] that so far 1–2

278.25 a resentment] any resentment 1

279.32 should make] would make 1–2

280.9 for her unfriendly] for unfriendly 1

280.14 girl will be] girl shall be 1

280.20 drawn up and] drawn and 1

280.22–23 set forward accordingly.] set out accordingly. 1–2

280.29 damme! whiz." I] damme!" I 1

280.44 the old proverb] the proverb 1–2

281.5 and I resolved] and resolved 1

281.9–10 boasting, d——me! whiz!"—So] boasting, G—d d——me!—So 1

281.10–11 of the Black] of Black 1

281.16 a prize] his prize 1–2

281.17 him, sink me!] him, damme! 1

281.17–18 man, damme! whiz! and] man, damme! and 1

281.20 ran] run 1–2

281.20 by G—d] by God 2

281.28 God] G—d 1–3

281.37 was made over] was made during a *tete a tete*, over 2–3; was performed during a *tete a tete*, over 1

282.3 Would you task] Would task 1

282.23 think] thing 4

282.25 hour, except] hour thereafter, except 1–2

284.7 but this expedient did not answer my] but so far from answering my 1–3

284.7 expectation: he] expectation, that he 1

284.13 horse officer] ~,|~ 4

284.20 She then told him] She let him know 1–3

284.24 that far from] that so far from 1–2

284.33 she would] she should 1

284.41 began to scream] began scream 1

285.27 carried] guarded 1

285.28 and I, having] and having 1–2

285.41 these occasions] those occasions 4

285.44 eyes upon] eyes on 1

286.6 oath aloud during] oath during 1

286.42–43 observed, for, she was bent] observed, being bent 1–3

287.2 with each other.] with one another. 1–2

287.5 for twenty] these twenty 1–3

287.16 This task he] This he 1–3

287.26 he might have] he would have 1–2

287.30 cut off the lawyer's ears, if] cut the lawyer's ears out of his head, if 1–2

287.30–31 he should give his] he gave his 3

288.17 of notice] of my notice 1–2

288.30 would not much] could not much 1–2

289.19 ourselves merry] ourselves very merry 1–2

289.26–27 which was finished next day, when] was ended about twelve a-clock, when 1–2

289.28–29 lodgings in the morning] lodgings next morning 1–2

289.30–31 place, in] place: This I did in 3; place, which I did in 1–2

289.33 foresaw they should] foresaw they would 1–2

290.27 to each other] to one another 1–2

290.38–39 company . . . service, which was] company; upon which I offered my service, and was 1–2

290.43 be gone] begone 1

291.29–30 her, to disclose the] her, and disclosing the 1–2

291.31–32 All my powers being engrossed] My whole powers being engrossed 1–3

291.36 of mind; and] of behaviour; and 1–3

291.42 time . . . I was] time I should have been prodigiously alarmed at her suspicion, but at that instant, I was 1

292.7 Pump-room] Bath 1–3

292.13 her so well] her well 1

292.16 should please] would please 1–2

292.17 unengaged] disengaged 1–2

292.20 recommended] introduced 1–2

292.23 and excused her curiosity on account of the] and ascribed her curiosity to the 1–2

292.29 when I had brought] Having therefore brought 1–3

292.33 time; in] time,—that in 1–3

292.33 of which trust] of that trust 1–3

292.36 at this piece] with this piece 1–2

292.38 might] would 1–2

292.38–39 had she not been satisfied of my honour before—As] had she not been satisfied with my honour before.—As 2; had not my honour been clear enough to her as before—As 1

292.39 in condition] in a condition 1–2

292.40–41 sooner reached her lodgings] sooner come home 1–3

293.5 learn the name] learn tidings of the name 1

293.12 be, you may depend upon it, she] be, this you may depend upon, that she 1–3

293.16 punctilios]1 punctilio's 2–4

293.22 being introduced to her mistress, she] being made acquainted, she 1–3

293.26 drank] drunk 3, 1

293.32 mistake] *faux pas* 1–3

294.21 rising early] getting up early 1–3

295.10 should procure] could procure 1–2

295.24 dining-room] dinning-room 3–4

295.28 on the shoulder] upon the shoulder 1

295.35 gentleman who] gentleman (meaning me) who 1–3

295.42 which] who 3

296.10–11 hour, for, he had luckily] hour, having luckily 1–3

296.12 he took his leave] he went away 1–2

296.12 to come back time] to be back time 2–3; to be back in time 1

296.20 "Sir?"] "~" ? 4; "~?$_{\wedge}$ 1–2

296.25–26 need of them.] occasion for them. 1

296.34 ceased speaking recovering] ceased, recovering 1–3

296.35 me, she thought] me, that she thought 1–2

296.40 I should refuse] I could refuse 1–2

297.1 In consequence of this remonstrance, I] Upon this, I 1–3

297.6 enchanted by] enchanted with 1–2

297.8 myself to her] myself or her 1–2

297.9–10 each other, and] one another, and 1–2

297.32 the situation] the present situation 1–2

297.38 and who had, by] and by 1–2

298.3–4 having been seized] being seized 1–3

298.16 brandy . . . usual way.] brandy; we sipped some in the ordinary way: 1

298.20 should be blest] would be blest 1

298.20 with more of his] with his 1

298.30 in a more] on a more 1–2

298.38 and quick] and a quick 1–2

299.13 bad] bid 1–3

299.13 which he having] which having 1–3

299.20 cup, began] cup, I began 1–2

299.26 heartily glad] heartily rejoiced 1–2

300.30 should not want] would not want 1–2

301.6 This expedient I] This I 1–3

301.19 in an apoplexy of] in a kind of apoplexy of 1–2

301.26 hopes, the chilling fears] hopes, and chilling fears 1–2

301.34 tongue! and to rejoice] tongue! to rejoice 1–3

301.35 approbation, which will banish] approbation, and banish 1–3

301.37 R——."] ~.^ 1–4

302.13 it devoutly, I] it with great devotion, I 1–3

302.34 consent to] consent, with regard to 1–3

303.4 impatience] patience 1–2

303.16 that I should have been tempted] that I was tempted 1–3

303.26 constraint] restraint 1–2

303.37 ran] run 1–2

303.41 of life] of the life 1–2

303.44 able] enabled 1

304.22 complaisance! at length he] complaisance! when he 1

304.24 no reply, but assumed a grim] no other reply than a grim 1–3

304.27 bad] bid 1–3

304.39 marriage] mariage 4

304.39 nuptials a few months until] nuptials, until 1–2

304.42–43 success against] success with 1–2

305.6 influence execute] influence with him execute 1–3

305.31 being seized] been seized 1

306.5 a ferment;] a new ferment, 1–2

306.27 fair nymph] kind nymph 1–3

306.38 to follow me] to dodge me 1–2

306.44 and cautioning] and caution 1–2

307.22 and from thence I drew an] and thence I conceived an 1–2

307.25 hand, he returned] hand, returned 1–3

307.38 estate; who] estate to recommend me; who 1–3

307.40 this malice, I] this, I 1–3

308.5–6 I assumed.] I appeared to be. 1–3

308.12 I was thunderstruck] Thunderstruck 1–3

308.15–16 consolation gave me to understand, that] consolation let me know, that 1–3

308.21 this task I] this I 1–3

308.21 have perform'd] have done 1–3

308.28 to inform me of the] to acquaint me with the 1–3

308.29–30 disclosed every] informed him of every 1–3

308.30–31 other circumstances entertained] other things entertained 1–3

308.33 the fountain] the source 1–2

308.35 its source: but,] its origin; but 1–2

309.27–28 mistress, I told her] mistress, and telling her 1–3

310.31 bewitching] betwitching 4

310.32 time, I presented] time, presented 1–3

310.34 passion I] passion that I 1–2

310.37 vows being thus] vows thus 1–3

310.44 letter which] letter for me, which 1–3

311.1–2 received the following letter, which] received a letter from him, which 1–3

311.2–3 answer. "SIR] answer: Upon which I opened it, and read "SIR 1–3

311.17 bad] bid 1–3

311.18–19 angel: for, so] angel—So 1

311.21 resolving] resolved 1–2

311.25 such magisterial] such a magisterial 1

311.40 mother that] mother who 1–3

312.15 ran] run 1–2

312.22 his house] his on house 2; his own house 1

312.22 whispering, that] whispering to me, that 1–2

312.27 horror: I comforted him with] horror; and (after having recovered him from his exstasy, with 1–2

312.28 damage, and explained] damage) to explain 1–2

312.33 twenty thousand wounds] twenty dreadful wounds 1–2

312.37–38 happened, hoping that it would] happened, which I did not doubt, would 1–2

313.8 the duel] this duel 1–2

313.10 me; for, he was told] me, having been told 1–3

313.19 persons who had shunned] persons, who shunned 1–2

313.23 apartment where] apartment were 4

313.24 When we were left] Being left 1–3

314.3 hope] hopes 1–3

314.11 ran] run 1–2

314.15–16 to make him acquainted] to acquaint him 1–3

314.16 refuse telling] refuse to tell 1–2

314.21 and the attachment] and attachment 1–2

314.21 maid, who] maid, which 1–2

315.9 road. While] road; save that, while 1–3

315.26 much as if] much if 2

315.32–33 I succeeded] I had succeeded 1–2

315.33 and put] and to put 1–2

315.36 Then I returned] I returned 1–3

316.1 I should never] I could never 1–2

316.5 ever we should] ever it should 1–2

316.9 of seeing] of finding 1–2

316.10 arrived, for the] arrived, the 1–2

316.11 shot athwart my soul] shot athwart the darkness of my soul 1–2

316.32 miscarrying might] miscarrying must 1–2

316.35 He approved of her] He approved her 1–2

317.1 was startled] was a little startled 1–3

317.22 bade] bid 1–2

317.24 indeed, put an end to a] indeed, rescued me from a 1–2

317.25 state of horrible expectation: but I refused] state of horrible expectation. I refused 3; horrible visit. I refused 2; horrible suspence in which I had lived since his first visit. I refused 1

317.25 I heard] I had heard 1–2

317.26 called, was] called, I was 1–2

317.29 I had money] I had got money 1–2

317.33 let for half the money] let at eighteen pence 1–2

318.2 by name] by my name 1–2

318.3 his person] this person 1–2

318.4 acquaintance Jackson] acquaintance beau Jackson 1–2

318.5 him cordially, expressed] him, expressed 1–3

318.6 condoled him] condoled with him 1–2

318.8 Our mutual compliments being past, I enquired] After our mutual compliments were over, I enquired 1–3

318.9 a happy] an happy 1–2

318.11 know," said he,] know, (said he) 2–3; know, (said she) 1

318.15 that far] that so far 1–2

318.19 rose] got up 1–3

318.24 home a] home in a 1–3

318.26 debt of hers] debt of her's 2–4; debt her's 1

318.28 anxiety] anxity 4

318.36 When we were left] Being left 1–3

318.40 infected by] infected with 1–2

318.44 began] begun 1–2

319.2 ate] eat 1–2

319.5 talked cavalierly of my misfortune.] talked of my misfortune *en Cavalier*. 1–3

319.9 which purpose I] which I 1–3

319.11 same time I] same I 2–3

319.12–13 letter] letters 1–2

319.35 he had uttered] he uttered 1–3

319.44 be acquainted] be better acquainted 1–2

321.1 perceiving that I had] perceiving that I was not illiterate, and that I had 1

321.3 this point too] this too 1–3

321.37 Strow vernal flow'rs] Wilt thou strew flow'rs 1–2

321.38 lie easy on] lie light upon 1–3

322.3 could not otherwise] would not otherwise 1

322.5–6 despondence, during the] despondence, the 1–3

322.6 awoke] awaked 1–3

322.8 and, I believe] and believe 1–2

322.8 own, I] own, that I 1–2

322.12 would be able not only to save] would not only save 1–2

322.18 ate] eat 1–2

322.18 I made him acquainted with] I acquainted him with 1–2

323.11 conversation, and] conversation from this subject, and 1–2

323.15 ate] eat 1–2

323.38–39 after that period my] after, my 1–3

324.9 author, a circumstance that would] author, which would 1–2

324.20–21 he should approve] he shall approve 1

324.26 day, at what time it] day, when it 1–3

324.30 I should find] I would find 1–2

324.32 door which] door, that 1–3

324.33 iron: through this a servant] iron, through which a servant 1–3

324.33 me for some] me some 1–2

325.6 he said] he pronounced 1–3

325.22 who told me] who let me know 1–3

325.31 acquiesce] acquiese 4

325.32 for the next] to the next 1–3

325.42 writ] wrote 1–3

326.2 good-natured man] good natured-man 3–4

326.18 desired me to leave] desired I would leave 1–2

326.22 this rebuff] his rebuff 1–3

326.23 those occasions] these occasions 1–2

326.24 me, the town] me, that the town 1–2

326.39 with an inundation] by an inundation 1–2

326.42 demanded half a guinea] demanded a guinea 1

326.42 'Half a guinea!'] "~ ~ ~!^ 2–4; "A guinea!^ 1

327.27 in the quaintness] in that quaintness 1–2

327.32 servant-maids] serving maids 1–2

328.3 those children] these children 1–2

328.3 that life] that my life 1–2

328.4 LXIII.] LXII. 1–4

328.11 besides] beside 1–3

328.11 approve of your] approve your 1–2

328.35 This task he] This he 1–3

329.7 as that juncture] as at that juncture 1–2

329.23 bad me beware] bid me beware 1–3

329.44 bad me call] bid me call 1–3

330.34 lordship was just on] lordship was on 1–3

332.1 demanded] demanding 1–3

332.9–10 should be admitted] would be admitted 1

332.18 months.—You] months, without my knowledge or suspicion.—You 1–2

332.37 he read] he had read 1–2

333.2 friend] friends 1–3

333.14 spoken] spoke 1–3

333.21 for its representation] for the *jeu de theatre* 1–3

333.24–25 advantage, and this I] advantage, which I 1–2

333.31 company; as he] company; for he 1–3

233.34 to get rid] to be rid 1–2

333.39 a sanguine] a very sanguine 1–2

334.16 in a few days] in few days 1–2

334.18 other author; for] other; for 1–2

334.20 time that blessed me with] time in which I was blessed with 1–3

334.25 with; and he promised] with; upon which, he testified much joy, and promised 1–2

334.31–32 with the business] with my business 1–3

335.4 burden] burthen 1–2

335.11 (who as I told] who (as I told 2; who (as told 1

335.15 cajoling me with] cajoling with 1–2

335.37 of quality] of the quality 1–2

335.43–44 not be, unless] not happen unless 1–2

336.27 turned] turning 1–3

336.28 streets] street 1–3

337.10–11 they would . . . uttering one] they could not utter one 1–2

337.11 lives had depended] lives depended 1–2

337.13 the base] that base 1–2

338.1 hopes] hope 1

338.2 ran] run 1–2

338.8 mistake, but this I] mistake, which I 1–3

338.8 which he instantly] that he instantly 2–3

338.12 he gave me to understand, that] he let me know, that 1–3

338.16 which exploit he] which he 1–3

338.28 him; then giving] him; and giving 1–3

340.5 should severely] would severely 1–2

340.27 coat, broke] coat, he broke 1–2

340.38 should be no more] would be no more 1–2

340.43 that then I] that I 1–2

340.43–44 had I been ever . . . agreement] had I been ever so much disposed thereto 3; should I be never so much disposed thereto 1–2

340.44 bade] bid 1–2

341.10 one third] one thousand 1–3

341.16 bestowed.] bestowed upon me. 1–3

341.28–29 this gentle] that gentle 1–2

342.1 further] farther 1–2

342.3 that as I should set] that being to set 1–3

342.4 come to] come thither to 1–3

342.5 should certainly have] should have 1–2

342.14 should not be long] would not be long 1–2

342.18 equal admiration and] equal admiration as 4; as much admiration as 1–3

342.19 them, and was well-nigh] them all, being well-nigh 1–3

342.20 caresses; next] caresses; and next 1

342.22 we reached the] we got as far as the 1–3

343.7 reached a] gained a 1–3

343.12 writ] wrote 1–3

343.33 from Bath] from the Bath 1–4

343.42 adventure attended] adventure which would be attended 1–2

344.3 I was deaf] But I was deaf 1

344.12 arose] got up 1–3

344.15 alcove that] alcove which 1–3

344.20 alcove, stept] alcove, I stept 1–2

344.31–32 then startled . . . cried, “Good God!”] than startled at the resemblance, she cried, “Gracious God!” 2; than she startled, crying, “Gracious God!” 1

344.33 likeness, exclaimed,] resemblance, cried, 1

346.9 you?] ~! 1–4

346.23 the good] this good 1–2

346.24 her, and set] her, set 1–2

346.31 leagues to westward of the Land's end] leagues from the Land's end 1–3

347.7 seaman's] seamen's 1–2

347.9–10 main-top sail] main-top-sail 1–2

347.19 bad] bid 1–3

347.21 my assistant] an assistant 1–2

347.27 might take his choice either of going down] might either go down 1

347.27–28 Cockpit with me, or of staying upon] cockpit, or stay upon 1

347.41 loss would] loss will 1–2

348.1 make him] make them 1

348.2 lubbery] lubberly 1–2

348.14 ran] run 1–2

348.15 of us] of him 1–2

348.16–17 This command he obeyed with] This he performed with 1–3

348.26 fortnight after our separation we] fortnight after, we 1–3

348.29–30 out in gold] out chiefly in gold 1–2

348.38 tho' we were obliged] being obliged 1–3

349.10 kept possession] kept full possession 1–2

349.24 those parts] these parts 1–2

349.35 eyes very attentively] eyes attentively 1–2

350.3 he had sailed] he sailed 1–3

350.14 in obtaining] of obtaining 3

350.23 should hear] would hear 1–2

350.25 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

350.35 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

350.36 farther] further 1–2

350.38 splendidly] spendidly 4

351.2 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

351.2 with uncommon] with an uncommon 1–2

351.6–7 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

351.22 fail to discover] fail of discovering 1–2

351.25 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

352.16 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

352.17 particulars] circumstances 1–2

352.24 he should not] he would not 1–2

352.25 tear rushed into] tear stood collected in 1–3

352.36 memoirs.] ~, 1–4

352.39 a heart] an heart 1–2

352.43 bade] bid 1–2

353.25 pounds] pound 1–3

353.40 this? and have you fixed] this? what! and you have fixed 1–2

354.6 distress? you] distress? your 1

354.6 will soon] shall soon 1–2

354.10 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

354.16 rejoicings] rejoicing 1

354.17 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

354.20 Plata] Plato 1–2

354.34 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

355.9 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

355.11 a very valuable] a valuable 1–2

355.13 he gave me to understand that] he let me know that 1–3

355.24 writ] wrote 1–3

355.26 which precaution he] which he 1–3

355.26–27 to the task of loading] the loading 1–3

355.28 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

355.31 the ship's] the whole ship's 1–2

355.40 the cool] a cool 1

356.11 satisfied] gratified 1–2

356.11 this particular too] this too 1–3

356.12 after having been comforted] after being comforted 1–3

356.17 aboard of us] aboard us 1–3

356.20–21 expected, sent him] expected, he was sent him 1

356.24 at sight] at the sight 1–2

356.25 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

356.29 to Spithead] to an anchor at Spithead 1–2

356.39 which far] which so far 1–2

356.42 an happy] an unhappy 1

357.10 from Narcissa] for Narcissa 4

357.12 should forfeit] would forfeit 1–2

357.12 by marrying without] if she should marry without 1–2

357.22 he had hurried] he hurried 1–2

357.23 her own inclination] her inclination 1–2

357.40 ran] run 1–2

358.3 of old age] of her age 3; of age 1–2

358.9 widow] window 4

358.9 in that] of that 1–2

358.16 dear] tear 1–2

358.19 turpentine] turn-|pentine 4

358.32 recollection, said] recollection, he said 1–2

358.33 forgife him likewise] forgife likewise 2

358.37 bade] bid 1–2

359.3 the parlour] a parlour 1

359.5 ran] run 1–2

359.5 backward; but, I] backward; I 1–3

359.6 herself with an] herself by an 1–3

359.8 appearance might] appearance would 1–2

359.23 each others] one anothers 1–2

359.34 bewitching] betwitching 4

360.8–9 Paraguay had presented] Paraguay presented 1–2

360.10 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

360.20 said, she should] said, she would 1–2

360.26 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

361.10–11 bank-note of] bank-note for 1–2

361.15 well pleased with her] well pleased at her 1–2

361.17 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

361.38 you shall] you'll 1–2

362.7 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

364.4 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

364.9 her, clapped] her, he clapped 1–2

365.3 bad] bid 1–3

365.3 I rose] I got up 1–3

365.6 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

366.19 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

366.22–23 weeks. ¶[Here] weeks. People of our figure could not fail of attracting the notice of such a small place, where, as soon as our family was known, we were loaded with caresses, and Narcissa was so much pleased with the civilities she received, that she protested she would never desire to live in any other part of the world. ¶Here 1–3

366.23 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

366.23 that the fox-hunter had] that his nephew the fox-hunter had 1–3

366.25–26 bought all the land . . . father.] bought the whole of his father's land. 1–3

366.35 bade] bid 1–2

367.4 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

367.6 Rory?] ~. 4

367.17–18 morning. ¶[We] morning, when we 1–3

367.18 about twenty miles] about a dozen miles 1–2

367.18–19 place; and when] place. ¶When 1–3

367.19 house, were] house, we were 1–3

367.23 affection. My] affection, in getting out of the coach: My 1–3

367.24 after having been] after being 1–2

367.25 we entered] we got into 1–3

367.27 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

367.41 army, for which] army, at which 1–3

368.4 oration] speech 1–3

368.19 Rodrigo] Rodriguez 1–2

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS

1. THE FIRST EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *Roderick Random*. | [single rule] | *Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*. | Hor. | [single rule] | In TWO VOLUMES. | [single rule] | VOL. I. | [single rule] | [printer's ornament] | [double rule] | LONDON: | Printed for J. Osborn in Pater-noster-Row. | MDCCXLVIII.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume I except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."

Collation: 12° (174 x 100 mm). Volume I: A–O^{12} P^{6}. Pp. *i* title, iii–xi THE | PREFACE., *xii blank*, xiii–xxiii THE | CONTENTS | OF THE | FIRST VOLUME., *xiv blank*, 1–324 THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *RODERICK RANDOM*. Volume II: A–B^{6} C–Q^{12} R^{10}. Pp. *i* title, iii–xii THE | CONTENTS | OF THE | SECOND VOLUME., 1–366 THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *RODERICK RANDOM*., *367–68 blank*.

Press figures: Volume I: xiii-3 xxii-2 12-1 23-1 26-1 28-2 62-1 69-2 88-1 94-2 117-2 118-2 142-1 166-1 168-2 182-1 206-1 228-2 *or none* 229-3 *or none* 238-1 253-2 263-2 287-1 309-3 311-3 318-2. Volume II: viii-2 35-1 36-3 50-3 60-3 68-1 84-1 106-1 108-3 132-4 154-4 170-3 203-2 204-2 218-4 228-1 251-2 252-3 256-1 267-2 288-2 291-1 314-1 321-3 347-1 348-4 364-2.

Typography: Volume I: A2 = A, L4 = K4. Catchwords: xv ˄we] —we 26 "tions—] "tions."— 52 "to-day˄] "to-day.— 55 was] far 86 "deemed.˄] "deemed."— 105 peated˄] peated, 132 ˄man] "man 196 "matter] "to 302 "which˄] "which,. Volume II: 294 = 264. Catchwords: 43 ˄have] "have 123 ˄from] "from 133 liberation] deliberation 149 ˄In] —In 180 ˄manifestation] "manifestation 185 ˄I] "I 188 "what˄˄] "what?" 208 Surprized] Surprised 243 ˄of] "of 271 III˄] III. 290 length˄] length, 319 ˄with] "with 333 ˄Paris,] "Paris, 348 ˄perfection!] "perfection.

Notes: In most copies of the 1748 first edition, I9 is a cancel in volume I, and E4 is a cancel in volume II. The copies marked with a double dagger (‡) have I9 in its original state. All copies seen have E4 as a cancel. Luella Fredericka Norwood examined a copy belonging to Owen D. Young that has both I9 in volume I and E4 in volume II in the original state, but its present location is unknown. See her unpublished 1931 Yale University dissertation, "A Descriptive Bibliography with Notes Bibliographical and Biographical of the Creative Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D. 1746–1771 with the Posthumous Ode to Independence, 1773," pp. 58–60.

Copies: British Library (‡C.175.aa.30, C.95.aa.10); Cambridge University Library (‡7720.d.746–47); Cambridge University, Trinity College (Rothschild Library 1905, ‡1906); University of Chicago (PR3694 .A25.1748a); Cornell University (PR3694 R6 1748); Edinburgh University Library (JA 93b-937); Huntington Library (76966); Indiana University, Lilly Library (PR3694 R6); University of Iowa Library (xPR3694 R6 1748); University of Kansas, Spencer Library (B2207); University of London; McMaster University (‡B12813–14); National Library of Scotland (F.7.f.41); Newberry Library (Case Y 155 .S656); Oxford University, Bodleian Library (Don.F.147–48, Vet.A4.F.1401–2); University of Pennsylvania (Singer-Mendenhall PR3694 R6 1748); Princeton University (Ex3936.7.311.13, Ex3936.7.311.13 C. 2, Robert H.

Taylor); Rosenbach Foundation (EL2 S666r); ‡Sion College, London; University of Texas, Harry Ransom Center (Am Sm79 748a); University of Virginia (*PR3694 R6 1748); Williams College, Chapin Library; Yale University, Beinecke Library (‡Im Sm79 748, Im Sm79 748ad).

2. THE SECOND EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *Roderick Random*. | [single rule] | *Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*. | Hor. | [single rule] | In TWO VOLUMES. | [single rule] | VOL. I. | [single rule] | The SECOND EDITION. | [single rule] | [printer's ornament] | [double rule] | LONDON: | Printed for J. Osborn in Pater-noster-Row. | MDCCXLVIII.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume I except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."

Collation: 12^{o} (166 x 98 mm). Volume I: A–O^{12} P^{6}. Pp. *i* title, iii–xi THE | PREFACE., *xii blank*, *xiii*–xxiii THE | CONTENTS | OF THE | FIRST VOLUME., *xiv blank*, 1–324 THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *RODERICK RANDOM*. Volume II: A–P^{12} Q^{6} Pp. *i* title, *iii*–xii THE | CONTENTS | OF THE | SECOND VOLUME., *1*–372 THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *RODERICK RANDOM*.

Press figures: Volume I: x-3 4-1 *or none* 12-3 *or none* 14-4 *or none* 23-1 26-3 28-2 *or* 28-3 40-3 61-* 63-2 69–5 *or none* 85-2 86-3 118-3 119-4 *or* 120-1 *or* 120-4 132-3 *or none* 142-1 158-3 160 National Library of Scotland (‡AB5.1.91.31); -* 172-3 178-4 204-3 206-1 229-3 238-1 261-3 263-4 276-3 279-3 292-4 303-4 318-3. Volume II: 10-1 28-3 35-* 46-3 48-4 72-4 75-3 97-4 107-2 118-4 *or none* 123-1 *or none* 124-1 153-4 155-4 *or none*.

Typography: Volume I: 215 = 125 291 = 191. Catchwords: xv ^we] —we 86 "deemed."] "deemed.— 94 "Chiist] "Christ 105 peated^] peated, 190 rence] tence 204 evidences,] evidences^ 221 "Ben.] "Ben^ 240 jeopardy^] jeopardy, 247 son^] son, 302 "which^] "which,. Volume II: I6, O6, P6 unsigned. Catchwords: 43 ^have] "have 73 bouillé^] bouillé, 83 he] followed 149 ^In] —In 234 "Tartary^] "Tartary! 267 execution^] execution, 273 rible] visit. 289 sweetened] sweetned 293 ^ance] "ance 297 length^] length, 301 quaintance^] quaintance, 331 Narcissa^] Narcissa, 354 ^perfection!] "perfection!

Notes: As indicated above, sheet B of volume I appears in two settings. The first was set from the copy of the 1748 first edition that Smollett corrected and revised. Instead of returning to Smollett's copy when sheet B was set a second time, the compositor used the earlier setting made for the second edition (see above). The two settings are readily distinguishable by their press figures: the first setting (a) has press figures 12-3 and 23-1; the second setting (b) has press figures 4-1 and 14-4. The copies with the first setting (a) are marked with a double dagger (‡).

Copies: British Library (‡1476.aa.35); Cambridge University Library (‡S 727.d.74.8, ‡Keynes 5.3.35–36); University of Chicago (‡PR3694 .R6 1748); Huntington Library (‡349427); Indiana University, Lilly Library (PR3694 R6 1748); McMaster University (‡11828–29); National Library of Scotland (‡AB5.1.91.31); Newberry Library (‡Case Y 155 .S657); Oxford University, Bodleian Library (‡12 Θ 1593–94); University of Pennsylvania (‡Singer-Mendenhall PR3694 R6 1748b); University of Toronto (B-11 9927); Yale University, Beinecke Library (‡Im Sm79 748b).

3. THE THIRD EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *Roderick Random*. | [single rule] | *Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*. | Hor. | [single rule] | In TWO VOLUMES. | [single rule] | VOL. I. | [single rule] | THE THIRD EDITION. | [single rule] | [printer's ornament] | [double rule] | LONDON: | Printed for J. Osborn in Pater-noster-Row. | MDCCL.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume I except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."

Collation: 12° (166 x 97 mm). Volume I: A^4 a^4 $B–M^{12}$ N^8. P. *i* title, *iii*–viii PREFACE., *ix*–xvi THE | CONTENTS | OF THE FIRST VOLUME., *1*–280 THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *RODERICK RANDOM*. Volume II: A^6 $B–O^{12}$ P^2. *i* title, iii–xii THE | CONTENTS | OF THE | SECOND VOLUME., *1*–316 THE | ADVENTURES | OF *RODERICK RANDOM*.

Press figures: Volume I: vi-2 14-3 36-2 70-3 87-* 117-2 118-3 132-1 142-1 158-3 168-2 191-5 205-4 220-3 226-1 262-4. Volume II: 22-5 24-5 28-5 34-5 63-4 94-2 120-2 143-4 148-4 154-2 180-5 190-2 194-4 205-1 220-5 231-5 255-6 264-1 280-4 298-1 312-1 315-4.

Typography: Volume I: 192 = 912. Catchwords: xi, he] —he 45 booty] "booty 48 said] "said 68 say] "say 168—The] The 192 how] "how 193 where-] "whereby 199 man,] "man, 241 versaries] versaries, 247 to] "to. Volume II: 179 = 187 257 = 247 311 = 307. Catchwords: v the] —the vii I] —I 13 "manding—] "commanding— 14 apartment] "apartment 39 a pe-] "a petition 46 withstanding] notwithstanding 62 "your] "service." 106 guineas.] guineas— 108 con-] "conquered 142 of] "of 153 suppose] "suppose 162 you] "you 175 wine] wine, 204 "(Squire] "Squire) 218 "out] "out, 248 in-] "introduction 286 "Alas!] "—Alas! 291 half;] "half; 300 paid] "paid 302 said] said,

Copies: British Library (1208.b.27, 28); Huntington Library (348092); Indiana University, Lilly Library (PR3694 R6 1750); McMaster University (B17540–41); Oxford University, Bodleian Library (Vet.A4.F.466–47); University of Texas, Harry Ransom Center (Am Sm 79 7481c); University of Virginia (*PR3694 R6 1750); Yale University, Beinecke Library (Im Sm79 748d).

4. THE FOURTH EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *Roderick Random*. | [single rule] | *Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*. | Hor. | [single rule] | In TWO VOLUMES. | [single rule] | VOL. I. | [single rule] | THE FOURTH EDITION. | [single rule] | [printer's ornament] | [double rule] | LONDON: | Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand; | J. Hodges, near London Bridge; J. and J. Rivington, | in St. Paul's Church Yard; and R. Baldwin, | and M. Cooper in Pater-noster-row. | MDCCLV.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume I except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."

Collation: 12° (170 x 98 mm). Volume I: A^4 a^4 $B–M^{12}$ N^8. *i* title, *iii*–vi THE | PREFACE., *vii*–viii APOLOGUE., *ix*–xvi THE | CONTENTS | OF THE FIRST VOLUME., *1*–280 THE | ADVENTURES | OF | RODERICK RANDOM. Volume II: A^6 $B–O^{12}$ P^2. Pp. *i* title, *iii*–xii THE | CONTENTS | OF THE | SECOND VOLUME., *1*–316 THE | ADVENTURES | OF | RODERICK RANDOM.

Press figures: Volume I: v-2 xvi-5 24-3 39-2 60-1 64-1 87-8 98-5 109-2 144-8 146-4 168-5 181-1 202-6 205-2 224-3 226-7 252-2 254-3. Volume II: 2-7 12-2 45-5 60-4 70-2 85-6 95-3 106-3

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Typography: Volume I: Catchwords: xiii pon] on 48 said] "said 78 pitiful] "pitiful 131 brains] "brains 133 timents] timents, 168 —The] The 212 conscience] "conscience 239 dialect,] dialect 241 versaries] versaries,. Volume II: 3 unnumbered. Catchwords: 13 "mand-] "commanding 39 a pe-] "a petition 46 withstanding] notwithstanding 62 your] "your 108 con-] "conquered 248 in-] "introduction 285 name?] "name? 286 "Alas!] "—Alas! 300 paid] "paid.

Copies: O M Brack, Jr.; British Library (1478.e.38); Edinburgh University Library (E.B.82363); Oxford University, Bodleian Library (Vet.A5.F.2857–58).

5. THE FIFTH EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *Roderick Random*. | [single rule] | *Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*. | Hor. | [single rule] | In TWO VOLUMES. | [single rule] | VOL. I. | [single rule] | THE FIFTH EDITION. | [single rule] | [printer's ornament] | [double rule] | LONDON: | Printed for A. Millar, W. Strahan, John Riving- | ton, J. Rivington and J. Fletcher, R. Bald- | win, J. Ward, J. Richardson, S. Crowder, | P. Davey and B. Law, T. Caslon, T. Hope, | T. Becket and M. Cooper | MDCCLX.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume I except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."
Collation: 12° (170 x 98 mm). Volume I: A^4 (±A1) a^4 B–M^{12} N^8. Volume II: A^6 (±A1) B–O^{12} F^2.

Press figures: Volume I: vii-3 14-7 21-8 46-3 48-2 61-3 71-2 87-3 117-5 119-2 133-7 143-1 157-2 166-4 183-1 214-8 216-1 231-1 242-6 244-5. Volume II: 12-2 40-4 46-5 60-3 63-2 84-1 87-4 118-8 120-7 130-1 133-2 154-5 168-3 178-2 202-2 238-6 240-8 254-2 279-1 288-6 298-1 301-2 314-2.

Typography: Volume I: Page 237 = 137. Catchwords: xiii on] pon 48 ˄said] "said 63 "I'm] I am 168 —The] ˄The 239 dialect,] dialect˄ . Volume II: 132=232 304=430. Catchwords: 77 "the] "light 152 judice,] judice˄ 286 "˄Alas!] "—Alas! 289 "man] "man, 291 ˄half;] "half; 300 ˄paid] "paid 302 said˄] said, No catchword 79.

Copies: British Library (012646.c.44); Oxford University, Bodleian Library (Douce SS 5, 6); Yale University, Beinecke Library (Im Sm79 748dc).

6. THE SIXTH EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *Roderick Random*. | [single rule] | *Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*. | Hor. | [single rule] | In TWO VOLUMES. | [single rule] | VOL. I. | [single rule] | THE SIXTH EDITION. | [single rule] | [printer's ornament] | [double rule] | LONDON: | Printed for A. Millar, W. Strahan, J. Rivington, | R. Baldwin, W. Johnston, T. Richardson, T. | Caslon, T. Hope, T. Becket and P. A. De Hondt, | and J. Hinxman. | M, DCC, LXIII.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume I except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."
Collation: 12° (170 x 102 mm). Volume I: A^4 a^4 B–M^{12} N^8. Volume II: A^6 B–O^{12} P^2.

Press figures: Volume I: v-3 xii-3 22-9 34-4 40-9 76-4 85-4 95-3 111-9 117-8 124-7 134-9 156-6 159-1 178-8 181-2 196-8 215-3 229-8 238-9 256-* 262-9 270-4. Volume II: 22-6 24-8 39-6 58-8 87-6 106-3 122-4 132-3 148-9 159-8 190-3 202-1 216-8 238-1 240-8 242-4 278-2 288-1 309-3.

Typography: Volume I: Catchwords: xv captain,] captain^ 48 ^said] "said 78 'pitiful] "pitiful 168 —The] ^The 266 ^death!"] "death!" Volume II: Catchwords: v ^the] —the vii ^I] —I 88 coffee-] coffee^ 121 pany] Pany 187 table^] table— 192 judice,] judice^ 199 terest] interest 205 guish-] guishment, 215 warnth^] warmth, 218 "out^] "out, 286 "Alas!] "—Alas! 291 ^half] "half 300 ^paid] "paid.

Copy: Yale University, Beinecke Library (Im Sm79 748dp).

7. THE SEVENTH EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *Roderick Random*. | [single rule] | *Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*. | Hor. | [single rule] | In TWO VOLUMES. | [single rule] | VOL. I. | [single rule] | THE SEVENTH EDITION. | [single rule] | [printer's ornament] | [double rule] | LONDON: | Printed for A. Millar, W. Strahan, J. Rivington, | R. Baldwin, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, B. Law, | T. Becket and P. A. De Hondt, T. Lowndes, | J. Knox, W. Nicoll, T. Durham, | and M. Richardson. | MDCCLXVI.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume I except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."
Collation: 12° (168 x 94 mm). Volume I: A^4 a^4 B–M^{12} N^8. Volume II: A^6 B–O^{12} P^2.

Press figures: Volume I: vii-5 xiv-9 22-8 39-9 48-8 50-9 76-8 82-3 109-1 118-4 130-8 144-4 156-3 166-4 190-7 192-4 205-7 215-9 226-3 228-4 253-6 262-4 268-1. Volume II: 22-6 34-6 48-3 70-4 72-8 94-6 106-9 108-3 130-8 141-3 166-6 182-5 207-9 216-4 231-9 252-6 254-3 279-9 285-3 312-8.

Typography: Volume I: Catchwords: 48 ^said] "said 74 "here,] "here^ 168 —The] ^The Volume II: 125 a pawn-] a pawn^ 192 judice,] judice^ 286 "^Alas!] "—Alas!

Copies: British Library (012646.c.45); University of Illinois (x823 Sm7r 1766); University of Nebraska–Lincoln (823.63 W5 1766); University of Toronto (b-10 6472); Yale University, Beinecke Library (Im Sm79 748s).

8. THE EIGHTH EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *Roderick Random*. | [single rule] | *Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*. | Hor. | [single rule] | In TWO VOLUMES. | [single rule] | VOL. I. | [single rule] | THE EIGHTH EDITION. | [single rule] | [printer's ornament] | [double rule] | LONDON: | Printed for W. Strahan, J. Rivington, | R. Baldwin, | Hawes, Clarke, and Collins, W. Johnston, | T. Caslon, B. Law, | J. Johnson and Co. W. and | J. Richardson, T. Becket and P. A. De | Hondt, T. Lowndes, | E. and C. Dilly, | T. Cadell, J. Knox, W. Nicoll, and | T. Durham. | MDCCLXX.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume I except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."
Collation: 12° (166 x 94 mm). Volume I: A^4 a^4 B–M^{12} N^8. Volume II: A^6 B–O^{12} P^2.

Press figures: Volume I: xv-* 2-* 47-6 50-* 72-6 76-5 98-6 135-8 156-2 167-6 190-† 192-† 238-‡ 255-7. Volume II: vi-8 viii-4 12-8 22-3 28-† 58-3 87-2 112-* 135-3 159-4 161-‡ 183-7 202-2 238-‡ 254-9 256-2 279-1 280-4 302-4 302-4 312-†.

Typography: Volume I: Catchwords: x CHAP^] Chap. 48 ^said] "said 74 "here,] "here^ 168 —The] ^The 272 opportunies] opportunities. No catchwords: 25, 71, 104, 148, 173, 188, 198, 204, 237, 250, 257. Volume II: Catchwords: formation^] formation, 177 "pudent] "dent 192 judice,] judice^ 195 him] left him 286 "Alas!] "—Alas!. No catchwords: 6, 15, 30, 69, 86, 124, 157, 164, 296, 213, 262, 292, 304.

Copies: British Library (12612.de.20); University of Illinois (x823 Sm7r 1770); Indiana University, Lilly Library (PR3694 R6 1770); University of Pennsylvania (Singer-Mendenhall PR3694 R6 1770).

9. THE NINTH EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | *Roderick Random*. | *Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est*. HOR. | In TWO VOLUMES. | VOL. I. | THE NINTH EDITION. | LONDON: | Printed *for W. Strahan, J. & F. Rivington,* | *Hawes and Co.* | *W. Johnston, T. Caslon, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, T. Becket,* | *T. Lowndes, G. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Knox, W. Nicoll,* | *T. Durham, R. Baldwin, and J. Richardson*. | [short single rule] | M.DCC.LXXIV.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume I except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."

Collation: 12° (170 x 103 mm). Volume I: A^4 a^4 B–M^{12} N^8. Volume II: A^6 B–O^{12} P^2.

Press figures: Volume I: viii-6 12-3 23-2 38-3 48-2 *or none* 58-2 69-3 94-5 98-6 142-2 144-3 157-3 172-5 215-6 216-2 240-1 277-2 278-5. Volume II: 22-5 24-6 46-5 58-5 61-3 87-6 93-2 98-3 120-2 132-5 156-5 167-3 180-3 190-2 214-3 229-2 230-6 259-6 264-3 275-3 288-6 312-2.

Typography: Volume I: Catchwords: 48 ^said] "said 94 ^sequence,"] "sequence." 168 —The] ^The No catchwords: 25, 71, 148, 198, 204, 237. Volume II: Catchwords: 177 "pudent] "dent 192 judice,] justice^ 286 "^Alas!] "—Alas! No catchwords: 6, 15, 30, 69, 86, 157, 164, 206, 213, 262, 292, 304.

Copies: University of Illinois (x823 Sm7r 1774); McMaster University (B1999–2000); National Library of Scotland (AB.1.94.30); Oxford University, Bodleian Library (Vet.A5e.1685–86); University of Toronto (B-10 64723).

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Press figures: 2-7 4-7 45-7 58-7 82-7 106-7 122-7 154-7 178-7 198-7 226-7 254-7 274-7 298-7 333-5.

Typography: Catchwords: 16 labar] lalabar 93 who] ~, 133 admitted,] ~. 148 ged] ed 155 entering,] ~, 165 vent] vant 213 "proud,] "proud,".

Copies: British Library (10025.aaa.11); University of Chicago (G460 C73); Cornell University (G160 S66); University of Kansas, Spencer Library (B7273); Newberry Library (G12 81); University of Toronto (B-10 4510); Yale University, Sterling Library (IM Sm79 756).

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Collation: 12° (172 x 104 mm) A^1 B–P^{12} Q^3. Pp. *i* title, 1–342 text. Plates: 1, 12, 26, 50, 58, 149, 257, 313.

Press figures: 10-4 28-7 63-6 85-1 94-4 118-4 134-1 166-3 168-9 191-7 214-7 226-6 240-4 252-8 286-3 322-3 335-5 338-6.

Typography: Catchwords: 144 The] Next 249 sented] presented 325 evening;] evening:

Notes: The type in gathering Q is slightly larger than that in the remainder of the volume, although all the pages have thirty-eight lines. Often a change in type suggests a different printer, but Strahan charged the partners for printing ninety-three sheets for both editions. The title page was probably printed as part of this four-leaf gathering.

Copies: British Library (1045.a.10, 10027.b.28); Cornell University (arV 4098); Edinburgh University Library (RB.s.1624); Huntington Library (1012); McMaster University (B7217, B7221).

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